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WHAT I THINK OF PELMANISM -

By Judge
Ben B. Lindsey

PELMANISM is a big, vital, significant contribution to the mental life of America. I have the deep conviction that it is going to strike at the very roots of individual failure, for I see in it a new power, a great driving force.

I first heard of Pelmanism while in England on war work. Sooner or later almost every conversation touched on it, for the movement seemed to have the sweep of a religious conviction. Men and women of every class and circumstance were acclaiming it as a new departure in mental training that gave promise of ending that preventable inefficiency which acts as a brake on human progress. Even in France I did not escape the word, for thousands of officers and men were *Pelmanizing* in order to fit themselves for return to civil life.

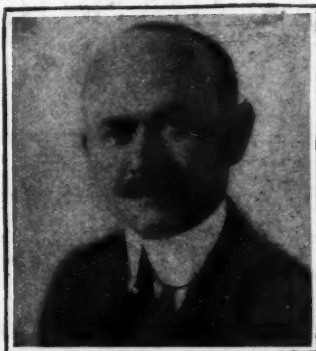
When I learned that Pelmanism had been brought to America, by Americans for Americans, I was among the first to enroll. My reasons were two: first, because I have always felt that every mind needed regular, systematic and scientific exercise, and secondly, because I wanted to find out if Pelmanism was the thing that I could recommend to the hundreds who continually ask my advice in relation to their lives, problems and ambitions.

Failure is a sad word in any language, but it is peculiarly tragic here in America, where institutions and resources join to put success within the reach of every individual. In the twenty years that I have sat on the bench of the Juvenile Court of Denver, almost every variety of human failure has passed before me in melancholy procession. By failure I do not mean the merely criminal mistakes of the individual but the faults of training that keep a life from full development and complete expression.

It is to these needs and these lacks that Pelmanism comes as an answer. The "twelve little gray books" are a remarkable achievement. Not only do they contain the discoveries that science knows about the mind and its workings, but the treatment is so simple that the truths may be grasped by anyone of average education.

In plain words, what Pelmanism has done is to take psychology out of the college and put it into harness for the day's work. It lifts great, helpful truths out of the back water and plants them in the living stream.

As a matter of fact, Pelmanism ought to be the beginning of education instead of a remedy for its faults. First of all, it teaches the science of self-realization; it makes the student *discover* himself, it acquaints him with his sleeping powers and shows him how to develop them.



JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY

Judge Ben B. Lindsey is known throughout the whole civilized world for his work in the Juvenile Court of Denver. He says,

"The human mind is *not* an automatic device. It will *not* 'take care of itself.' Will power, originality, decision, resourcefulness, imagination, initiative, courage—these things are not gifts but results. Every one of these qualities can be developed by effort, just as muscles can be developed by exercise."

The method is *exercise*, not of the haphazard sort, but a steady, increasing kind that brings each hidden power to full strength without strain or break.

The human mind is *not* an automatic device. It will *not* "take care of itself." Will power, originality, decision, resourcefulness, imagination, initiative, courage—these things are not gifts, but results. Every one of these qualities can be developed by effort just as muscles can be developed by exercise. I do not mean by this that the individual can add to the brains that God gave him, but he can learn to make use of the brains that he has instead of letting them fall into flabbiness through disuse.

Other methods and systems that I have examined, while realizing the value of mental exercise, have made the mistake of limiting their efforts to the development of some single sense. What Pelmanism does is to consider the mind as a whole and treat it as a whole. It goes for mental team play, training the mind as a unity.

Its big value, however, is the instructional note. Each lesson is accompanied

by a work sheet that is really a progress sheet. The student goes forward under a teacher in the sense that he is followed through from first to last, helped, guided and encouraged at every turn by conscientious experts.

Pelmanism is no miracle. It calls for application. But I know of nothing that pays larger returns on an investment of one's spare time from day to day.
(Signed) Ben Lindsey.

Note: As Judge Lindsey has pointed out, Pelmanism is neither an experiment nor a theory. For almost a quarter of a century it has been showing men and women how to lead happy, successful, well-rounded lives. 650,000 Pelmanists in every country on the globe are the guarantee of what Pelman training can do for you.

No matter what your own particular difficulties are—poor memory, mind wandering, indecision, timidity, nervousness or lack of personality—Pelmanism will show you the way to correct and overcome them. And on the positive side, it will uncover and develop qualities which you never dreamed existed in you. It will be of direct, tangible value to you in your business and social life. In the files at the Pelman Institute of America are hundreds of letters from successful Pelmanists telling how they doubled, trebled and even quadrupled their salaries, thanks to Pelman training.

"Scientific Mind Training" is the name of the absorbingly interesting booklet which tells about Pelmanism in detail. It is fascinating in itself with its wealth of original thought and clear observation. "Scientific Mind Training" makes an interesting addition to your library.

Your copy is waiting for you. It is absolutely free. Simply fill out the coupon and mail it today. It costs you nothing, it obligates you to nothing, but it is absolutely sure to show you the way to success and happiness. Don't put it off and then forget about it. Don't miss a big opportunity. MAIL THE COUPON NOW.

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VOL. LXXXIII NO. 5

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Tolerance

By O. O. McIntyre

OLD ROE is a quaint darky character around our little Missouri town. He runs errands, cuts lawns and whitewashes fences. In his feeble mind flames the spark of a vivid imagination. He has never been out of the country, yet he is always just back from his travels with a circus.

"We played the Rocky Mountains last week," he will announce before the morning crowd in the post-office, "and tomorrow I'm going to turn a flip off the courthouse steeple."

No one in our town would think of making sport of Roe and his Quixotic adventures. A fresh baking-powder drummer with a red tie and a middle part in his hair tried it once in front of the Laclede Hotel and Clem Hawk, the livery-stable hostler, loosened four of his upper teeth.

Everybody accepts Roe with admirable tolerance. Even Banker Fink often stops to listen to some of Roe's newest exploits which daily grow in grandeur.

As a small-towner I would like to crow a little that this virtue of tolerance is restricted to the crossroads, but it isn't by a long shot. In Los Angeles last summer I sat next to Jack Dempsey at a dinner in his honor.

A distinguished-looking gentleman of powerful physique, a shock of iron-gray hair and a commanding manner came to greet Dempsey at his table. He was once a learned lawyer whose mind has clouded.

Dempsey as well as other notables present treated him with rare consideration. Harmless and garrulous, he is invited everywhere among those who knew him as a brilliant figure at the bar.

And thus in two easy jumps I come to the city which in my opinion is the most tolerant in the world—and that is New York. Every funny fellow with a Big Message may be certain New York will listen as carefully as it listened to Dowie at Madison Square Garden.

Up around Columbus Circle nightly a half-dozen or more with freak ideas for saving the world are hot-gospelizing from soap-boxes. They are never heckled. Passers-by stop and listen as considerately as they would to President Coolidge.

As a reporter writing about Gotham I have frequently taken a smart-Alec attitude toward the city. Not once have I received from a New Yorker one of those letters a column writer so frequently receives, suggesting I take a broad running jump off the highest peak of the Jersey Palisades.

Men come out of utter obscurity to this Bagdad and in a jiffy are living in mammoth suites in opulent hotels, whereas in the same length of time in their native towns they would not be beyond side-street rooming houses "with or without table board." Instead of the contemptuous sniff, New York has a firm hand-clasp. It is far from the ideal place in which to live, but its gift of tolerance makes up for much.

Every race and every religion is represented at the top of New York's multifarious activities.

A mediocre chorus girl with a hash-sliding past in a depot short-order restaurant annexes a foolish millionaire, bored with his wife because she is old-fashioned enough to darn his socks. The chorine's "I seen" and "He done it" manner does not click with her priceless ermine and sparkling jewels. But Manhattan never laughs. It is too tolerant to smile.

New York is the only American city I know that does not burst out in a wide grin at spats or a monocle. I am convinced a man could walk up Fifth Avenue with his head projecting from one end and his feet from the other end of a barrel and most passers-by would merely catalog it as a new advertising racket and let it go at that.

THE nightly shin-kicking, elbow-jabbing and eye-gouging subway rush would culminate in a free-for-all riot anywhere else. I have seen men with torn collars and smashed hats and women in a state of complete dishevelment, after being jammed through the doors by hired huskies, actually laugh as though it were all a lark.

Women touched by the red-forked tongue of scandal and those dragged through the slime of a sensational divorce find their didoes forgotten

overnight. I have often seen Harry Thaw dining in state in the smartest places in town.

Fatty Arbuckle, pilloried by a nation's press and pulpit, chose New York as the starting-point of a comeback and found a first-night audience rising to its feet with a welcome cheer.

I know a California banker who carries a cane and a Texas state senator who sports a wrist watch when they come to New York, but they leave them with city friends before returning among the home folk.

They feel their disgrace would be terrible, but in New York no one cares.

New York will stand for an incessant building rat-a-tat-tat that would drive most communities goofy. It will permit insolent taxi drivers to chase pedestrians off their rightful path. It permits second-rate newspaper columnists to call it a Great Big Hick Town.

It has never murdered an uppity theater box-office man in cold blood.

It allows its dapper Mayor to arrive late and upset every public function and hails him with a stirring and enthusiastic screech. It looks the other way at jay-walking and never questions its hooch. It will pay a golden note for an insolent head waiter's bow.

Yes, indeed, there is a world of tolerance in this brisk metropolis.

Why, the editor even prints this!



Illustration by R. V. Culter

By CHARLES



The Man Who Talks

S DANA GIBSON



ks About His Grandchildren

By JOHN ERSKINE



CONVERSION

Illustrations by W. T. Benda

MESSIRE THIBAUT was a great man. And so young! He was the richest lord in his part of the country, master of acres and cattle, and husband to the handsomest lady of her time. What more could he want?

Well, for one thing, he wanted a son. There ought to be someone to inherit the property and carry on the name. Could all this wealth be said to have value if the Thibaut family were not to control it? Wouldn't he and his wife look well, carved on the top of their tombs, with their toes symmetrically pointed and their hands folded in prayer—and all the time a stranger, a distant cousin, taking his ease in their best castle! At thirty-five Messire Thibaut began to bend a little under the weight of disappointment.

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His wife was touched by the same shadow at the same time, though she was but thirty. Not a gray hair showed as yet among her raven locks—nor among his, for that matter, but she felt that youth had passed, and in vain. On general principles she had wanted children, enough of them to fill up the table in the castle hall. Daughters, of course, as well as sons. Her husband would have been satisfied with an heir, but she had the temperament for a large family.

Moreover, if there had been several boys, the eldest could have succeeded his father, and some younger brother, inheriting brains from her, could have been a priest. She hadn't what you'd call a mystical nature, but she was devoted to the church. Fanatically so. She never failed to attend mass, and she delighted to distribute her husband's money in substantial offerings.

Who Told Us ALL WE SHOULD KNOW About HELEN of TROY and GALAHAD



The PRIVATE LIFE of a Lady of the XVth Century

If ever a proper, capable, administrative, aggressive and efficient wife earned the right to have children, it was she.

When her thirtieth birthday reminded her of lapsing time, she began to ask why children were denied her. She addressed herself to the question profoundly, of course, seeking the cause behind the cause.

For a mind so direct, the solution was easy; it was her husband's fault. His attitude toward the church was abominable, and Heaven was seeing to it that no second generation imitated his skepticism.

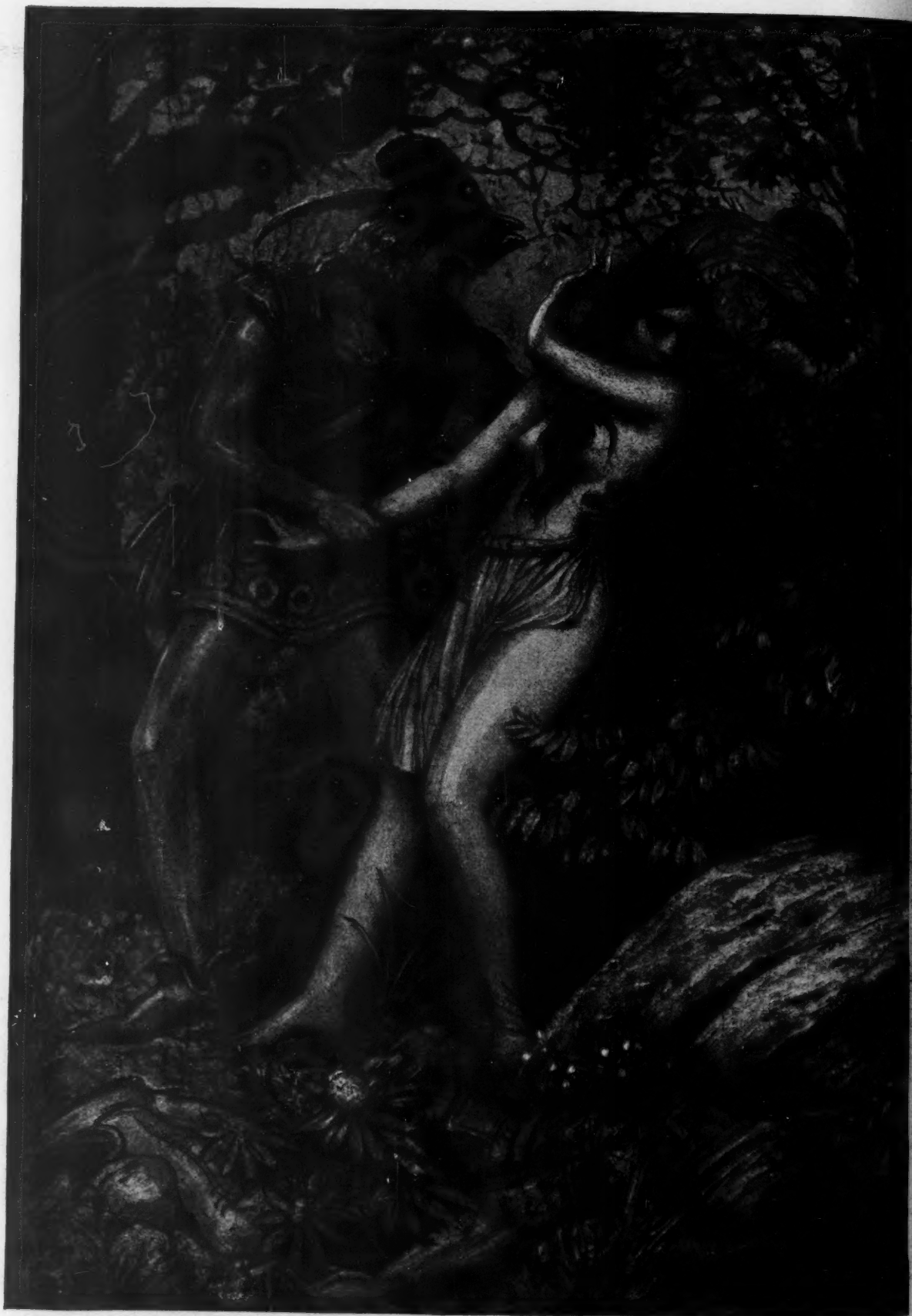
A disinterested observer, be it said, might have been less harsh with Messire Thibaut. Essentially his religion was sound, however careless his observance of feasts and fasts. Though he rarely went to mass, yet as he once told his wife, he stayed away in good faith. But she asked herself how the son of such a man could conscientiously become a priest; by gradual stages

she approached the sad truth—there never would be a son till her husband saw the error of his ways.

She explained her point of view one day after dinner, while they were enjoying the castle garden. He was fond of her, in spite of the hand with which she ruled him. She really was beautiful—tall and buxom. He tugged at his mustache to keep from smiling, as she laid before him her version of the divine strategy; he was to remain childless until he had confessed his sins to Father Constant, and had heavily endowed the neighboring shrines. After this atonement, a son would be permitted.

"Blanche," said Thibaut, "even if I were as bad as you say, wouldn't it be a little unjust to punish such an admirable woman as you? If absence from mass renders me childless, think what a progeny should be yours, who attend as regularly as the priest himself. A fair average, now—"

"Scoff if you like," said his wife, "but it doesn't become you,





but she had little leisure for pity. "Kill me!" she said. "I'm awfully sorry, bandit. "Before such beauty as yours, I always become ridiculously tender-hearted."



Thibaut's son was a saint. When they made him a bishop, Thibaut was

and it's no kindness to me. You know I want a son. How can you refrain from doing what I've suggested? Even if there's no other result, you will have made your peace with God."

He didn't like to answer a plea so serious, yet he foresaw trouble if he gave in. She wanted him to offer Father Constant half the property, or thereabouts, if the church would guarantee a son. She said it in other terms, but that was what she meant. Father Constant was a good man, but for the church's sake he would probably accept any reasonable offer, and if the Thibaut estate should be dissipated in the purchase of an heir, what would the said heir inherit? Even if he arrived, that is; and in his coming so many factors were involved, you couldn't be sure what the transfer of deeds and mortgages had to do with it, nor what the blessing of the church could avail. He and Blanche had been blessed once already, at their wedding. Messire Thibaut accounted for the lack of children by a theory of his own, not for publication.

"Peace with God is an excellent thing," he said. "Suppose we begin cautiously. I'll go down to Father Constant and confess my sins, the ones I remember best, and we'll see if anything happens."

"That's what I'm asking you to do! And be sure to make your penitential offering."

"I'll save that up till later. It may have a better effect, in case I have to try again."

"Ah, your niggardly heart!" she said. "If I'm so familiar with it, how obvious it must be to God! He won't forgive you, Thibaut."

"Well, in that case there'll be plenty of time to reconsider. The main emphasis ought to be on the sins and the penitence."

"The sins need no emphasis! The ones I know of would blight any soul, and if you add those I suspect—"

Messire Thibaut pulled at his mustaches again. The allusion awakened happy thoughts.

"My dear wife, the escapades of my youth were expiated long ago."

"I'd like to know when, and how!"

"By matrimony." He kissed her hastily, to atone. "After all, Blanche, even if my sins are the cause—and I admit they may be—your confounded jealousy is also sin, and worse than mine. Jealousy is an offense of the spirit."



incoherent with joy, and Blanche wondered whether she ought to be proud, and if so, what of.

"In my case," she said, "it's a duty. It would be sin only if it were groundless."

"This repartee isn't getting us anywhere. Just what do you want me to do?"

"Go to Father Constant, confess whatever won't shock him too much, and make a generous gift, to prove your repentance."

He considered a moment. "About how much would you think right?"

"The southern farms, and the lands across the river, to begin with."

"Good Lord, Blanche, those are the best I have!"

"You should offer your best."

"Blanche, if I give so much, and we do have a son, he'll be a poor man!"

"That's as you look at it. He'll have a respectable father at last, and to enter the religious life he won't need wealth."

"I won't make a priest of him, if that's what you mean. He'll be a man of arms and of affairs, like all my people. Enter the religious life! Do you ask me to sacrifice my self-respect, confess as sins what any man knows are the natural pastimes of good society, and give away my property, all to impose on the world

another shaved head and dusty cassock? You must think I've lost my mind!"

"Your soul, Thibaut. Your mind is no feeble than one would have the right to expect."

She walked into the castle, with dignity, and left him there. He understood the gesture. In his younger days he had supposed these stinging exits marked, as it were, the abandonment of the subject. Now he recognized the close of the prelude, the pleasanter part of the debate.

When he reached the village church, Father Constant was leaving it, but at sight of Messire Thibaut he returned to the confessional. His white hair was matched by wisdom within. If he was surprised, he didn't show it. If the habitual formulas of the confessional came to his tongue, he put them away. Messire Thibaut, he knew, would need special handling.

"Father, it's some time since I've been in this place."

"Son, I'm wondering what mercy of God brought you now."

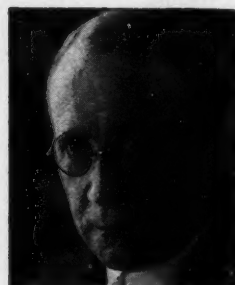
"It isn't the mercy of God, Father, it's my wife. She wants a child."

Father Constant reflected for a second or two. Messire Thibaut was embarrassed to observe (Continued on page 201)

On These Two Pages You Find the *Latest Views* of Th

DORSEY

The Author of "Why We Behave
Like Human Beings" Tells



What Every New-Born Babe Should KNOW

EVERY new-born babe should have parents to teach it and a social environment to give it a chance—otherwise it will not behave like a human being, for human behavior is made and not born. But every normal new-born is fit to learn, and—generally speaking—can learn anything.

You, yourself, may be convinced that you could learn anything—or you may not; but I can aid you to analyze yourself with the hope of discovering why, for example, you can't get as many votes as Coolidge, play tennis as well as Helen Wills, write as well as Kathleen Norris, crack jokes as well as Will Rogers, or shed as much light as Thomas Edison.

The babe is potentially a genius or a scoundrel, an ornament to society and a joy to its parents, or an outcast from society and a calamity to its parents. You and I also began as babes, and if we can make an analysis of the forces or factors or mechanisms which collectively conspire to make or break the individual, possibly we can learn why we have made a success or a mess of our lives.

We can make such an analysis, and thereby get understanding; but we never can get certainty. The chemist and the astronomer make fairly accurate predictions because their materials are comparatively simple. There is nothing simple about human behavior, about new-born babes, or about any one of the billions of cells of its living body; in fact, any one living cell is more complex than the sun.

Because of this complexity of new-born babes and of the forces which play upon it, and the ceaseless change taking place in the growing infant, child, youth and adult, our analysis often crumbles to dust in our hands.

We never can know with certainty what a human being will do because we never can know all that has gone into that human being. A colt bred of horses renowned for generations for fleetness of foot may be fit only for the family phaeton or the doctor's gig—and no horseman or veterinary surgeon knows the cause of its failure to show speed.

The babe may be proclaimed by the doctor "sound as a dollar" and acclaimed by the family as the finest girl ever. And so it seems. It grows normally, perfectly, gloriously, radiantly. And at the age of thirteen this handsome lass enters upon that lunar cycle which normally characterizes woman's life for thirty years or so.

A year later she has the normal figure of a well-developed girl of fourteen, and at seventeen is even more a normal young woman, more beautiful in the eyes of male youth, more interested in their eyes than in those of her own sex.

Romance ahead? No; this is not fiction. This is a true story, a miracle in the olden days, today a "case" in medical science, described by Professor John J. Abel in a bulletin of the Johns Hopkins Hospital. But the case fits my point: human beings are inconceivably complex structures, eternally played upon and molded by incalculably numerous forces; we never can know just what any one human being will do because we never can know just what any one human being is.

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Out of a clear sky this girl of seventeen passed a lunar period. That is not normal. Why had she passed that month? Or the many succeeding months until she was twenty-three years of age? Medical science had no answer. But medical science and her family could see; and this is what they saw: almost a normal young man of twenty-three years!

The change had been gradual, but the net result was that in looks and behavior she was now more young man than young woman. The hair of her head, chin, lips and cheeks was that of an adult male. Her lower limbs were covered with the short crisp hair often seen in males but never in a normal female. She was as flat-chested as a normal male; masculine too were her large hands and well-muscled arms.

She presented the characteristic shape of a young athlete; and her body in every way was more male than female.

And her behavior otherwise had changed markedly. She had lost interest in male society and preferred that of women. She submitted to examination without the shyness and modesty which might have been expected from a girl of her social class.

She (or he) then began to complain of a pain in her abdomen. An operation revealed a benign tumor in a little gland just above the kidney. Thirty-six days after that tumor was removed she resumed her lunar cycle; her masculine hair fell out and disappeared, her scalp hair was soon replaced by the luxuriant hair of a woman, her breasts redeveloped, and her body in general became entirely feminine again. She was again in every respect a perfectly normal woman.

THERE are probably a thousand papers and articles, on the adrenal gland, and as many on the sex glands, for both are enormously important since the adrenals are necessary for life and the sex glands for immortality. Science thought it knew the main facts of their functions, but this astounding case popped up to take the wind out of their sails; so science tacks again and sails on to discover more about the rôle of adrenal and sex glands in determining human behavior.

Yet there are those who would have foretold that girl's future from a teacup, a pack of cards or an almanac; or from the shape of her nose, or of her ear, or the color of her eyes, or the lines in her hands; or from the previous record of her germ-plasm!

What will her future be now? That is an inscrutable riddle which we may pass up for the more profitable problem of what her future would have been had that tumor developed before the days of antiseptic surgery, or before the days of any surgery at all. Having pondered that, I conclude that every new-born babe should have not only the parts nature allows it but also an intelligent mother to start it off and an understanding age which will practise at least as much charity as it preaches.

There it is, naked and unashamed, an unknown quantity, incalculably complex, a portentous potentiality for an angel or a skunk. It will be played upon by light from the sun and stars, and by such light as there is in mother's and father's eyes. And while being played upon, (Continued on page 196)

vs of The Two Most Individual Thinkers of Our Day



Engraving—Pieris MacDonald

DURANT

The Author of "The Story of
Philosophy" Asks—and Answers—

What Really IS the Meaning of LIFE?

HOW shall one express in an article a complete philosophy of life? It is impossible; for life is in its basis a mystery, a river flowing from an unseen source; and in its development an infinite subtlety, a "dome of many-colored glass" too complex for thought, much less for utterance.

And yet the thirst for unity draws us eternally on. To chart this wilderness of experience and history, to bring into focus upon the future the unsteady light of the past, to bring into significance and purpose the chaos of sensation and desire, to discover the direction of life's majestic stream and thereby in some measure, perhaps, to control its flow: this insatiable metaphysical lust is one of the noble aspects of our questionable race. Our grasp is greater than our reach; but therefore our reach is made greater than that grasp.

So let us try, however vainly, to see human existence as a whole, from the moment when we are flung unasked into the world, until the wheel on which we are bound comes full circle in death. And as we pass through the ages of man's life—through childhood, youth, maturity and old age—let us face the major problems of philosophy, in metaphysics, ethics, politics and religion, and make our little walk together a circumnavigation of the intellectual globe. It will subject us to inevitable superficiality, platitude and error; but it may bring us just a trifle closer to the worth and meaning of our complex lives, and to that total perspective which is truth.

"After the argument," says Walt, "a group of little children, with their ways and chatter, flow in, like welcome rippling water on my heated nerves and flesh."

We like children first of all because they are ours, prolongations of our luscious and unprecedented selves; but we like them, too, because they are what we would but cannot be—coordinated animals, whose simplicity and unity of action are spontaneous, whereas in the philosopher they come only after struggle and suppression. We like them because of what in us is called selfishness—the naturalness and undisguised directness of their instincts. We like their un hypocritical candor; they do not smile to us when they long for our annihilation. *Kinder und Narren sprechen die Wahrheit*—"Children and fools speak the truth"; and somehow they find happiness in their sincerity.

See him, the new-born, dirty but marvelous, ridiculous in actuality, infinite in possibility, capable of that ultimate miracle—growth. Can you conceive it—that this queer bundle of sound and pain will come to know love, anxiety, prayer, suffering, creation, metaphysics, death?

He cries; he has been so long asleep in the quiet warm womb of his mother; now suddenly he is compelled to breathe, and it hurts; compelled to see light, and it pierces him; compelled to hear noise, and it terrifies him. Cold strikes his skin, and he seems to be all pain. But it is not so; nature protects him against this initial onslaught of the world by dressing him in a general insensitivity. He sees the light only dimly, he hears the sounds as muffled and afar. For the most part he sleeps.

His mother calls him a little monkey, and she is right; until he walks he will be like an ape, and even less of a biped, the womb-life having given his funny little legs the incalculable flexibility of a frog's. Not till he talks will he leave the ape behind, and begin to climb precariously to the stature of man.

Watch him, and see how, bit by bit, he learns the nature of things by random movements of exploration. The world is a Chinese puzzle to him; and these haphazard responses of grasping, biting and throwing are the pseudopodia which he puts out to a perilous experience. Curiosity consumes and develops him; he would touch and taste everything from his rattle to the moon. For the rest he learns by imitation, though his parents think he learns by sermons. They teach him gentleness, and beat him; they teach him mildness of speech, and shout at him; they teach him a Stoic apathy to finance, and quarrel before him about the division of their income; they teach him honesty, and answer his most profound questions with lies.

Our children bring us up by showing us, through imitation, what we really are.

The child might be the beginning and the end of our philosophy. In its insistent curiosity and growth lies the secret of all metaphysics; looking upon it in its cradle, or as it creeps across the floor, we see life not as an abstraction, but as a flowing reality that breaks through all our mechanical categories, all our physical formulae.

Here in this expansive urgency, this patient effort and construction, this resolute rise from hands to feet, from helplessness to power, from infancy to maturity, from wonder to wisdom—here is the Unknowable of Spencer, the Noumenon of Kant, the *Ens Realissimum* of the Scholastics, the Prime Mover of Aristotle, the *To ontos on*, or That Which Really Is, of Plato; here we are nearer to the basis of things than in the length and breadth and thickness and weight and solidity of matter, or in the cogs and pulleys and wheels and levers of a machine.

Life is that which is discontent, which struggles and seeks, which suffers and creates. No mechanistic or materialistic philosophy can do it justice, or understand the silent growth and majesty of a tree, or compass the longing and laughter of children.

CHILDHOOD may be defined as the age of play; therefore some children are never young, and some adults are never old. Youth is the transition from play to work, from dependence on the family to dependence on one's self. It is a little anarchic and egotistic, because in the family its every whim or want was favored by unstinting parental love. Passing into the world, youth, petted for years and now for the first time free, drinks in the deep delight of liberty, utters its wild barbaric yawp, and advances to conquer and remold the universe.

Good oratory, said Demosthenes, is characterized by three points: action, action, and action; but he might have said it just as well of youth. Youth is as confident and improvident as a god. It loves excitement and adventure more than food. It loves the superlative, the exaggerated, (Continued on page 191)

The FIRST of the Stories of a Chorus Girl and a Jockey

OF COURSE, you don't have to believe this, as Gulliver purred to the grinning ship-news reporters who interviewed him about his last sensational voyage. However, I give you my word that every bit of the following is true, and I'll have you know I'm a young lady who's not in the habit of giving her word—or anything else—without plenty of due consideration. Comb that out of your mustache!

Remember "Good Night, Sweetie!" the Broadway girl-and-music wow that killed the out-of-town buyers a couple of seasons ago? In dear old Boston, you know, they squawked like nobody's business about our costumes, accusing us of disinheriting their imagination—they said we left nothing to it! Don't you cherish that? An order came around that the chorus simply must wear something more—or else—so we wore an air of refinement to make these poisonous reformers be still. A reformer, you know, always thinks "legs" when he views "limbs" and he wants 'em covered.

How silly, when it's against the law to carry concealed weapons!

Well, gentle readers, I'm Jessie Girard, one of the principal reasons "Good Night, Sweetie!" kept 'em from yawning out in front during the show. When the ensuing excitement happened I was a "lady of the ensemble" and a twenty-year-old blonde of the type preferred not only by gentlemen but by scoundrels too, tra la!

I'd vocalized a mean solo in the choir at my home town, learning the difficult hymns with the same ease that I later learned the less intricate "hims." Dancing came as natural to me as bathing does to a shad, so I bounded into New York out of the West—West Hoboken, N. J.—to try to run a splinter into a lumber yard. I thought that what it required for success I was all broken out with and what I didn't know I could fake. I was familiar with my vegetables, or so I imagined, and the target I was shooting at was the stage.

Once in Gotham, it didn't take me long to crash the footlights—a mere two and a half years—during which time I was cast as a stocking model, a stenographer, and cashier in a restaurant, a department store and a movie theater. Nearly every gentleman I met displayed a decided leaning towards the Anita Loos theory, telling me I was a trifle deranged to be where I was and that I positively belonged in the "Follies" and no place else.

Unfortunately, none of these boys was named Ziegfeld.

However, one day in Times Square I stumbled over Rita Worth, a kindergarten chum of mine, who was then being featured in a vaudeville production act. When we got through exclaiming about each other we taxied to her hotel and had one grand conference. I told Rita I was crazy to be a chorus girl and she heartily agreed with me, but she finally weakened under my enthusiastic sales talk and promised to help me click. The next day a few words from Rita to an old peach of a manager, a few assorted lies to him on my part regarding my theatrical experience, some eye-work, in which I recognize no superior, and clunk!—I was started on my mad career, eventually landing in "Good Night, Sweetie!"

It was while rehearsing with this dizzy frolic that I discovered Urania La Tourette, or Rainy, as the rest of the girls called her because she simply loathed it. When she told me her name I murmured sweetly that her parents must have been a couple of Pullman cars and she just burned. She was really a beautiful thing, with the blackest hair imaginable, a perpetual "Come

Jessie's



C "You can tune me out of this I snapped. "You'll soon get sick

hither!" look in her eyes and a smile that would have been adorable if it hadn't been so fixed. Honestly, she was an eternal advertisement for that one of the five who *didn't* catch pyorrhea. Later, Urania became real nice to me, breaking down and confessing one day that her real name was Agatha MacDonald and she hailed from a place she called Boise, Idaho. That was a horse from another glue factory and she soon became my closest friend. She was Scotch, you know.

She asked me what she should call me and I told her truthfully

e's James

By H. C.
Witwer

Illustrations by
J. W. McGurk



our lithesome figures at a cunning little apartment in a perfectly lovely neighborhood. This had a hotel cheated and as I'm something of a sensation with cooking utensils, good people, it worked out beautifully. Our photos hit the rotogravures pretty regularly and both of us got flocks of invitations to back into one of those glittering marble palaces on Park Avenue. It wouldn't have cost us a penny—in money—but the other terms were a bit exorbitant, I thought!

Urania's chief weakness was her mad yen for these after-the-show parties, and honestly, you'd think our phone number was the only one in the book. As she seldom swept into a night club without a free-spending mob in tow she was the patron saint of many of Padlock Boulevard's biggest deadfalls. Her entrance was usually the signal for hysterical applause—started by hidden hired men of the club—and the spotlight followed her party to the best table in the place, where every unoccupied waiter formed a welcoming committee. All this, of course, goaded Urania's boy friends and made the champagne at thirty-five dollars a quart less painful to order. I once told her that I thought her collecting ten percent of the check from the management was a bit cold-blooded, and turning that everlasting smile on me she purred, "But that's all they'll give me, girle!"

Isn't that gorgeous?

However, Urania herself paid for her laughs by frequently head-lining in popular sanitariums. Being about the best-known chorine on Broadway, it was no feat at all for our press-agent to get that fact and her likeness in the newspapers. Checking up on the score in the public prints, I found Urania's appendix had been "removed" four times, she'd been a victim of "ptomaine poisoning" on seven occasions, "auto accidents" had laid her low three times, "influenza" five, and her tonsils had been "taken out" at least twice. So much for the clowning.

When Urania had her sixth annual "nervous breakdown" she went to a trap I'd just played an engagement at myself, but my illness was catalogued as "shock" and it was on the up and up. You see, lads and lassies, a horribly rich uncle of mine signed off out in Real Estate, California, and left me an income of seventy-five dollars a week till death us do part. I expected to get about five hundred a week and wept myself into this rest cure. I adore those places! They're simply gold-mines for the burglars who run 'em—ask the man who owns one. They began by taking my temperature and before I escaped they had taken me for my last dime, I wouldn't fool you!

Well, anyway, I went to call on Urania, tripped over a rug a few feet from her room and fell head over heels in love.

"Thank you very much!" I stammered politely, and then gazed around with pardonable curiosity to see whose arm was holding me up.

"That's all right!" said a pleasant masculine voice. "I'm a Boy Scout and that's my good deed for today.

Anyways, I hate to see a innocent young girl fall!"

I gazed with decided interest into a grinning, good-looking face and swiftly inventoried a slim, young, self-assured fashion-plate who wasn't as tall as I was, and I've been told by catty colleagues that I could stand erect under a sofa. At once I was afraid I was going to like him, and his kid blush when I removed his arm from my waist was another vote for him. A twinge in my ankle as I turned away made me gasp and the next second my new-found friend assisted me to a chair on a little porch at the end of the corridor. I thought Urania could wait for a moment and I sat down.

show any time you want. I'll manage to eat!"
of them drug-store sandwiches," sneered Charley.

that my parents had decided on Jessica Girard, but everyone else greeted me as Jess, or Jessie, or Baby. Those who called me the last I usually gave a running start, for even if I am what is known as "petite," I'll state I'm nobody's idiot and that "Baby" thing always did make me run a temperature!

It wasn't long before "Good Night, Sweetie!" became the talk of the industry and settled down to one of these "try-to-get-in" runs.

So Urania and I hauled off and leased parking space for

Jessie's James



**A few assorted lies
to the manager, some
eye-work, and clunk!
—I was started on
my mad career.**

"What might your name be, kind sir?" I smiled at him. "It might be Mussolini," returned my opponent, promotion just howling from his wide blue eyes, "but it ain't, it's—ch—you've heard of Will Hays, ain't you?"

"Of course," I nodded, "but—"

"Well, my name's James Joseph Cooke," he shut me off. "Some call me Jimmy, some call me Skeets, and what some call me after the races is nobody's business!"

"Races?" I lifted my comely eyebrows and again I viewed him carefully. "Oh, I bet I know what you are!" I exclaimed. "You're—are you a jockey?"

"Well, it's a cinch I ain't a horse!" he chuckled. "I hope to tell you I'm a jock—in fact, heaven's gift to the sport of kings. What's your trick, Precious?"

"My name isn't Precious, it's Jessie Girard," I chilled him, rising and frowning down at him from my quarter-inch advantage in height. "And I have no trick! I'm with 'Good Night, Sweetie!' Does that tell you anything?"

"Does which tell me anything?" inquired James.

"Good Night, Sweetie!" I repeated.

"Good Night, Darling," he grinned impishly. "But don't rush off yet, please!"

"I must," I told him. "I'm calling to see a friend of mine who's ill here."

"He'll get better when he sees you, what I mean," said Jimmy. "The big stiff!"

"It's a girl," I smiled.

"That's a good break for me," he laughed. "And it reminds me—I got to dash in and see a pal of mine which got himself a bit shop-worn in a jumpin' race the other day. This lad's mount fell on him and broke his ribs, but you fell on me a couple minutes ago and broke my heart! When do we get together again?"

"You can see me in the show," I stalled. "It's at the Gaiety."

"Good!" he said. "And you can see me at Belmont Park. Just to show you how you've panicked me, Jessie, I'm goin' to declare you in on a sleeper which goes to the post tomorrow at anywheres from ten to twenty to one. I been raised with this baby and I'll boot him home in front as sure as you're somethin' to think about. Put everything but your reputation on his nose and after the race you'll go crazy wonderin' just what you can do to thank me!"

"You're quite fond of yourself, aren't you?" I laughed.

"Fond?" he retorted. "I'm triple cuckoo about me. Why

wouldn't I be?—look me over! Should I wish to split up my affections, Miss America, what did you say your wave length was—you know, just in case?"

"My phone number's in the book," I answered. "You haven't told me the name of this horse yet."

"I ain't been thinkin' of horses, either," he grinned. "The colt's called Carmelite and don't forget to remember it, for he'll throw mud in the others' faces from the time the gate goes up till I turn to wave at you under the wire!"

As I knocked on the door of Urania's room I thought little Jimmy Cooke cute. He had a perfectly priceless line and he certainly knew how to sell it.

Inside my playmate's bower I imagined at first glance I'd stumbled into the executive office of a florist's convention, I honestly did! The room was simply littered with expensive posies of every description—really, it wasn't a room at all, it was a garden in full bloom containing every flower known to man or beast, including one remarkable orchid. The orchid was Urania.

"How do you feel, dear?" I asked her as the nurse stepped quietly outside.

"Like a corpse!" she returned irritably, with a wave of her hand at the floral offerings. "I'm positive there's either seven or eighteen hundred dollars' worth of these bouquets here and I have the same crying need for them as I have for some more ears. These boy friends of mine must think I'm the Unknown Soldier—if as much as one more fern comes in here I'll suffocate and I don't mean smother!"

She was sitting up in bed, the picture of health.

"Urania, you're selfish!" I said. "I think it's awfully sweet of everybody to remember you. Those beautiful flowers cheer up the room and they'll help you to snap out of it in no time!"

"Yes?" she came back with a yawn. "Well, listen, Jessie, one diamond bracelet would put me on my feet even swifter than that. Roses are red, violets are blue, but they're both apple sauce when the rent comes due!"

"Don't you adore that?"

"Taking up that angle," I remarked, "I've just bumped into a wonderful chance for us both to make a lot of pennies."

"I wouldn't put a dime in an oil well if they named it after me," said Urania firmly. "And I'm all washed up on toying with Wall Street, so—"

"This is as safe as betting that Thanksgiving will fall on a Thursday in November this year," I interrupted. "We just can't lose—it's a steal!"

"I know I'm going to bust out laughing, but what is it?" she asked me.

"I have a tip on a horse-race," I began. "That—"

"Jessie," Urania solemnly shut me off, "I'm glad you came to this sanitarium in time. You can get the room next to me at a very reasonable rate and the nourishment here isn't bad at all. It's not like most of these come-on institutes where the food is fearful, because they know when you're sick you won't eat anyhow and as soon as you get well enough you're going to escape, so why coddle you? Ring for that nurse and I'll get you checked in."

So I had to explain all about Jimmy Cooke and Urania's hysterical giggles finally changed to rapt attention. I told her the name of the equine I was scared was going to make us rich was Carmelite and she could use her own judgment as to whether or not she invested therein. Personally, I was going to try to do myself some good. To tell you the truth, friends of radioland, I wasn't quite sure what I'd do, for my chum's sarcastic cracks regarding gambling on horse-races had made me thoughtful.

"Milk this funny jockey of yours for all the inside information you can," was her parting advice to me. "Meanwhile, I'll ask Charley about the race when he comes in to pay his respects today. If there's really going to be a hog-killing, you can bet all the coffee in Java that Charles is in charge of the barbecue!"

Now if there was anybody in this so-called world who honestly poisoned me it was this same Charles—Charley Cash, to give him his entire title. He was a full-blooded bookmaker and Urania's latest expense account, but to me he was just a double order of nothing, no jesting! As he had a "piece" of our show, he was back stage nearly every night, trying to get as intimately acquainted with all the girls as a telegraph operator is intimately acquainted with everybody's private affairs. In order to hold

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H. C. Witwer

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their jobs, most of 'em put
up with this fat, loud-
mouthed error, but not me!
He broke his neck trying to
get me to play around with
him while Urania was in
dry-dock and the big false
alarm never even got to first
base. Honestly, every time
he came near me I got posi-
tively seasick!

Well, Urania must have
had a hunch that her heavy
gentleman friend was win-
dow-shopping during her
absence, for without the
slightest warning she re-
turned to "Good Night,
Sweetie!" that very evening.

During the big opening
ensemble—sixty girls—she
began to cross-examine me
about Jimmy Cooke and
Carmelite, out of the side of
her mouth.

"What's the latest about
your personal jockey and his
feed-box special?" she whis-
pered as we hoofed merrily
about the stage.

"I haven't seen him since,"
I told her.

"Well, for heaven's sakes!"
she exclaimed under her
breath. "You're not going
to let that Christmas present
get away from you, are you?
This is just the time you
should build him up. He
might come in handy with
these long shots of his."

That hit a nerve!

"I don't intend to make a
patsy out of Jimmy," I said
indignantly. "I like him!"

"But if you grabbed your-
self a few thousand on his
tips, your love wouldn't turn
to hate, would it?" asked
Urania sarcastically.

You know, we were all
supposed to be singing the
chorus of the song hit,
"Savannah Days," and here
the two of us were arguing
back and forth between
howling snatches of this
ballad. Three words of the
song and then twenty words
about Jimmy Cooke—some-
times sung at each other to
the air of the number. The
girls on each side of us were
in stitches, and when we
pranced off, the stage-man-
ager fairly ran at us.

"You two dizzy cut-ups
clown the next one and I'll
fine you fifty bucks each!"
he raged. "What d'ye think
this is—amateur night?"

"Leave the girls alone,
Crockett!" booms a familiar
voice and Charley Cash
stepped from behind a drop.
"How are my babies tonight,
eh?" he wheezed to me and
Urania.

She smiled sweetly at him
and as we weren't wearing
enough costume to make a
bathing (Cont. on page 176)



"Should I wish to split up my affections, Miss America," Jimmy Cooke said, "what did you say your wave length was—you know, just in case?"

The FIRST of *E. Phillip's Oppenheim's* A Book Upside

THE *mise-en-scène* was a fitting one for the coming drama, the neighborhood grimly suburban, one of those thickly populated districts stretching eastward, but which never, even with the aid of tram and omnibus, seem to escape from the gloom and pall of the City.

The street, however, in which the last desperate struggle was to take place between the police and Crawley Martin's infamous band of criminals, was situated well away from the main artery of traffic, and had undoubtedly seen better days.

It was at the corner of this thoroughfare, out of sight of anyone who might have been watching from the windows, that Inspector Henslow marshaled his men. He listened to the striking of a distant clock and compared the hour with his watch.

"A quarter past eleven," he announced softly. "Martin should have been there an hour by now—time enough for him to have settled down. You are sure you saw him enter the house, Brooks?"

"It's a dead cert, Sir," a shadowy form in plain clothes replied from the outside of the circle. "We got on to him in the Three Crowns in the Mile End Road and marked him to the door. Saunders was with him, and Rastall—the man we want for the Highgate burglary. Eddie Joseph we know to be in the house too. He's got a bad arm and hasn't been out for days."

"And how many more, I wonder?" the Inspector mused. "I can't exactly say, Sir," the detective admitted. "It's a pretty sensitive neighborhood here—too many inquiries, however carefully they're made, and the bird's flown."

The Inspector nodded. "That's right," he agreed. "It's a bunch we want very badly, but it's got to be a surprise job or it doesn't come off at all. Let's see, how many are we? Seven. That ought to be enough. You three," he went on, pointing to the motionless trio in the background, "with Sergeant Pryce, get round to the yard gate. When you hear my ring at the front door, stand to attention round by the lower windows and the rear entrance. Directly you are sure I am inside the place, come in, but leave one man on guard. You understand?"

There was a muttered chorus of assent. The men drifted away and disappeared up a passage. The Inspector patted his hip pocket, tightened his belt and motioned to the other two.

"We'll go round to the front," he announced. "Now the question is, which of you shall I take in with me?"

He looked thoughtfully at the two guardians of the peace, keeping step with him through the misty twilight which had already begun to savor of fog. Police Constable Druce on his left was a well set-up man with a hard, resolute face and broad shoulders. Police Constable Benskin on his right hand, however, was of a weedier type,

with much narrower shoulders, more sensitive and less forceful face, and a couple of inches shorter than his comrade. Nevertheless, he was the first to volunteer.

"I'm not afraid of a scrap, Sir," he declared.

"Handle your gun all right, eh? Not scared of it, like some of these beginners?"

"I won the prize at last week's shooting competition," Benskin confided.

Druce, however, had a trump-card up his sleeve, and he promptly played it. "I took Billy Drew single-handed, Sir," he reminded his superior, with his eye upon another stripe.

"So you did," the Inspector admitted. "A fine piece of work, that! I'll take you, Druce. Give you a chance next time, Benskin. You've got to watch the gate. Something might come your way."

Benskin did his best to conceal his disappointment. "I'll look after it, Sir," he promised.

The Inspector stepped out into the open, pushed back a rusty iron gate and tramped up a weed-grown path. A moment later he was ringing the bell, Druce by his side—two stalwart, menacing figures. There was a delay of not unreasonable length, and then the door was opened a few inches by some unseen person. The visitors passed into the dark passage, and the door was shut behind them.

Whatever tragic events were transpiring in that closed house, they were conducted, so far as the world outside was concerned, in silence. Police Constable Benskin, after his first sigh of disappointment and wistful glance at the disappearing backs of his superior and favored colleague, concentrated upon his task. He watched the door fixedly; he kept an eye, too, upon the exit from the empty house next door. At the same time, he maintained an air of casual loitering intended to dispel any suspicion on the part of passers by that he was engaged upon a very important and particular errand.

Ten minutes passed—twenty—half an hour. Every moment now he expected to see the door thrown open, the captured men hauled out, and to hear the Inspector's shrill whistle blowing for the patrol-wagon. When at last the door opened, however—which it did with a quick, nervous jerk—the Inspector appeared alone. He walked swiftly to the gate.

"Come with me as far as the corner," he enjoined quickly. "We've got 'em, all right, but there's been some ugly work. I'm off to Newly Street Police Station."

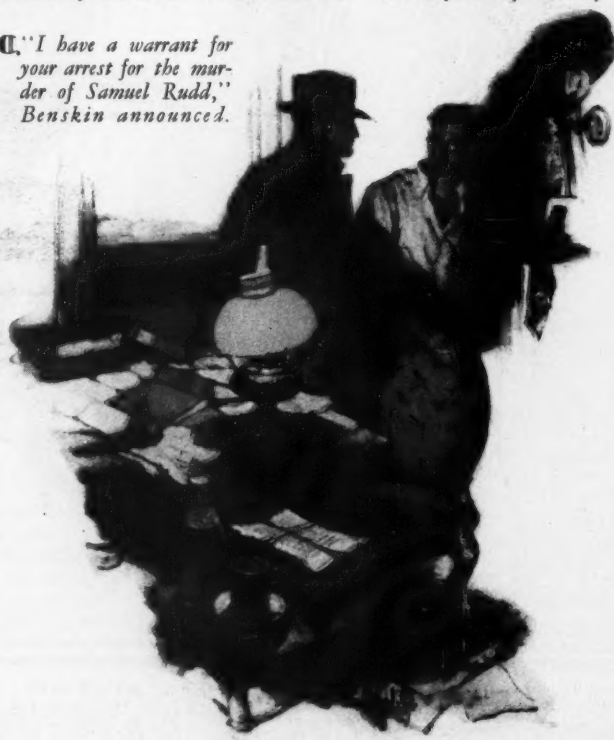
Police Constable Benskin kept pace with his superior for half a dozen strides, and then there was more "ugly work." The Inspector suddenly felt his arm gripped and the boring of something unpleasant into the middle of his back.

"Stay exactly as you are," Benskin ordered tensely, "or I pull the trigger. The slightest movement, mind, and you'll have six bullets through your body."

The Inspector stood quite still. "Now put 'em up!"

There was just a shiver of hesitation, the slightest added pressure of the gun against his back, and the hands came together. There was a click. Benskin reached for his whistle

"I have a warrant for your arrest for the murder of Samuel Rudd," Benskin announced.



m's New Stories de Down

Illustrations by
Jules Gotlieb

and blew loudly for the patrol-wagon. His captive turned slowly and looked at him. In the venom of his expression all likeness to the Inspector had disappeared. "An ordinary cop!" he muttered, in a tone of intense disgust. "Serves me right if I'm lagged for life."

"What's happened to the Inspector?" Benskin demanded.

"He got his," was the curt reply, "as I hope you will before long."

"You don't mind if I keep the book, Miss Mason?" asked Benskin. "I don't think it's much use looking for finger-prints, but you never can tell."

The patrol-wagon rattled up. Benskin escorted his charge inside and seated himself in a position of security. They made a brief call at the nearest police station, and sent reinforcements to the silent house in case they were required. Benskin, resisting his passionate desire to return with them, did what he conceived to be his duty and conducted his prisoner to headquarters. The sergeant in charge looked up in amazement at the entrance of the two men.

"What's the meaning of this, Benskin?" he inquired. "Why, good Lord, it's Inspector Henslow!"

Police Constable Benskin smiled the smile of justifiable pride. "Not on your life, Sir," he rejoined. "That's the bluff he tried to work on me. This is Crawley Martin, the chief of the bunch we were after tonight."

The sergeant's eyes glittered. He motioned two of the policemen who were seated upon a bench to guard the door. "If you've got this right, Benskin," he observed, "it will be the biggest day's work you ever did. Come along," he added, dipping his pen in the ink. "Let's have the charge and get him down to the cells."

Benskin heard the whole story at Inspector Henslow's bedside the following afternoon.

"It was Brooks let us down a bit," he confided. "They were as thick there as rats in a sewer. They rushed the back entrance,

and half a dozen of them got away. While some of our chaps were after them, I went for Martin and chased him into a room, only to find five of them waiting there. One of them got me right over the head from behind, and when I woke up it was here, last night."

"Well, we got Martin anyway, you know," Benskin observed, with a little pardonable exultation.

"You got him," the Inspector said weakly. "A real fine show, that. He passed two of our men on the stairs, and they never dreamed of stopping him. What made you suspicious of him?"

"Several little things. He took longer strides than you, for one.

He hadn't stopped to change his boots, for another, and he started walking on the right of me, whereas you always walk on the left."

"A fine piece of work, Benskin," the Inspector approved as the nurse came forward with a warning shake of the finger. "Get you promotion, sure!"

Benskin was hurried away and returned to Scotland Yard with a deep sense of satisfaction in his heart. Arrived there, he found on the call board a summons which brooked no delay. Within ten minutes he was standing respectfully before the desk of Major Houlden, the Deputy Chief Commissioner. The latter leaned back in his chair and looked curiously at the young man before him.

"A very creditable performance, Benskin," he declared. "How did you tumble to it?"

"Well, what started my suspicions, Sir," Benskin explained, "was the Inspector coming out alone, which seemed to me queer. Then we didn't keep pace very well. He walked on the wrong side of me, and, though his voice was a very good imitation, it was thicker and throatier than Henslow's."

"A useful habit, that, taking note of trifles," Major Houlden observed. "Now, we want to do something for you, Benskin. How old are you?"

"Twenty-seven, Sir."

"I HAVE your record here," the Subcommissioner continued, glancing at a paper by his side. "Seems you were the son of a clergyman and went to a public school. What made you start as a policeman?"

"Couldn't find another job, Sir, and I liked it better than indoor work. I hoped it might lead to something else."

"Well, you're one of those lucky men who've had their chance offered and taken it," Major Houlden said kindly. "You'll get your stripe at once, Benskin, there'll be a money gratuity, of course, and you'll be on the 'Watched' list. How does that suit?"

"Most flattering, Sir," was the prompt reply, "but if I might be permitted, without seeming ungrateful, I had a request of my own to make."

"Make it by all means," Major Houlden assented.

"I should like to exchange into the Detective Force, Sir," Benskin confided.

The Subcommissioner nodded and looked momentarily thoughtful. "Well," he admitted, "that isn't an unreasonable idea. It may not mean quite as rapid promotion, you know, Benskin. I can't put you over the heads of a lot of good men all at once."

"I quite understand that, Sir," was the cheerful reply, "but if you'll allow me to be frank with you, I should like to say that I only joined the constabulary in the hope of being able to exchange some day into the Detective Force. I've had a fancy for it ever since I was a lad."

The Subcommissioner looked his *vis-à-vis* over curiously. Benskin's frame was not exactly an athletic one, but he was wiry and not ungraceful. His keen blue eyes, and a certain boyishness of expression, made him look younger than he was, but his mouth was the mouth of a man.

"You must have nerve," he reflected, "to have tackled that murderous villain Martin in the fashion you did."

Benskin smiled. "I've had private lessons in ju-jutsu and boxing, Sir, besides the police instruction," he confided, "and though I may not have a great deal of muscular strength, I am quick with my hands and on my feet."

Major Houlden nodded. "Well, Benskin," he announced, "you're enrolled on the detective staff from today on. If you were a novice I should feel it my duty to warn you against being led away by the glamour of what so many people seem to think is a life of perpetual excitement and

adventure. Of course you know it's nothing of the sort. Three-quarters of the work you'll have to tackle will be as dull and hum-drum, perhaps more so, than your present job."

"I quite understand that, Sir," Benskin replied. "It's the other quarter I'm looking forward to."

Detective Benskin glanced round the small second-hand bookshop with the keen, practised eyes of a man who has schooled himself to search for hidden values even in the most trifling phases of life. After a year of tedious routine work this was the first big assignment which had come his way, and this had come to him by chance. Burton, his senior, had had the case in hand until he had been stricken down by influenza, and Burton, upon handing it over, frankly admitted that he could make little of it.

"This much I can tell you, Benskin," he had confided, after explaining the simple facts of the case, "there isn't a hope outside. I've done that part of the job thoroughly. If there's anything remaining in the shape of a clue to be picked up, it's in the bookshop itself."

So Burton had betaken himself home and to bed, and Benskin, after collecting all the information he could, made his way down to the bookshop. The young lady whom, through the medium of a diminutive errand boy, he summoned from the inside premises, in due course made her appearance. She was dark, good-looking, but somewhat sullen of expression. She frowned questioningly at the newcomer.

"My name is Benskin," he announced, raising his hat—"Detective Benskin."

"What, another of you!" she exclaimed. "There's been a Mr. Burton messing about the place for more than a week, asking all sorts of questions."

"Mr. Burton, I am sorry to say, is down with influenza," Benskin told her. "I have had to take over his work."

She looked at him with somewhat supercilious curiosity. "Well, he didn't seem to do much good," she remarked. "Took up hours of everybody's time and never got a step forward. It seems a rum thing to me that a harmless old gentleman like Uncle Sam should have been done to death here, not fifty yards from Holborn, and you Scotland Yard men who think so much of yourselves haven't been able to do anything about it."

"The case is not given up yet," Benskin reminded her. "You should appreciate the fact that there are special difficulties to contend with. Although, as you say you are so close to Holborn, this street itself is a very quiet one, and, according to Burton's report, although everyone in the neighborhood has been questioned and cross-questioned, not a soul was seen to enter or leave the shop within even half an hour of the time of the murder. That doesn't give us much to start on, does it?"

"I suppose not," she admitted indifferently.

"Do you mind showing me exactly where your uncle's body was found?" he asked.

She lifted a flap of the counter and came reluctantly out to him. The shop was lined with book-shelves, with two winged ones protruding at right angles into the room at the farther end. She pointed to the space in front of one of these.

"That is exactly where he was found," she said. "He was lying flat upon his face with his skull beaten in. I hope I don't have to tell any more of you about it. It gives me the shivers every time I look at the place."

"I am sure you won't be troubled again," he told her sympathetically. "If I have to pass the case on to someone else, I shall be able to tell him all that is necessary. I have a little plan of the way your uncle was lying. The suggestion seems to be that he was struck down from the left-hand side. It must have been from somewhere about here."

He placed himself between the two shelves and nodded thoughtfully. The girl stood by his side, patient but gloomy.

"It is true, is it not," he asked, "that your uncle must have been called into the shop while he was putting the shutters up—



"The slightest movement and you'll have six bullets through your body!"



Q: "I chased Martin into a room," said the Inspector, "only to find more of them there. One got me over the head—and I woke up last night."

these things sometimes at first hand. This is how I see the matter, then: Your uncle was putting up the shutters when someone entered the shop—perhaps without his seeing him at the time—and strolled round the shelves, looking at the books. Your uncle suddenly became aware that a probable customer was there—he may have attracted his attention by some means—and left the shutters to go and serve him. He came this way, and as soon as he had passed the corner

of the wing of the bookcase which hid the murderer from sight, he received the blow which killed him."

"That's all right," the girl agreed, "but who did it?"

"The person must have been standing," Benskin went on, without taking any notice of the interruption, "just about where I am now. Presuming he knew what he was going to do, he would probably have been examining some of these books to account for his presence here. Let's see if any of them have been disturbed."

He examined the shelves within arm's length of him. Suddenly he stretched out his hand. "Here's (Continued on page 153)

that they were half up, in fact, when he was found murdered?"

"I've told Mr. Burton all this," she nodded discontentedly.

"Please be patient with me," Benskin begged. "I like to hear

From My Own BITTER
EXPERIENCE, I Plead

TELL YOUR Daughter

By Ethel Mannin

AT SEVEN years old my little daughter knows those simple, elemental facts that people like to call rather sensationally, "The facts of life." When she was three years old she knew the simple, not-so-very-interesting fact that all baby-creatures come from the mother-creature. I say "not-so-very-interesting" because she knew it along with a lot of other just as interesting, but no *more* interesting, facts such as that flowers unfold from buds, and rain comes out of the sky, and birds out of eggs, and eggs out of birds.

O happy Jean! The child that was to grow into the adult who became your mother came not so simply by the knowledge that is the root and the secret of all life. As vividly as though it were yesterday I remember a summer Sunday when I was a painfully shy, not very attractive, child of ten. I was walking home from Sunday-school with two girls whose names, I remember, were Perry. One was my own age—her name was Mary; the other was a year or two older, and I have forgotten her name; she was merely my friend's sister.

I remember so well her pretty flushed face and excited manner, and the curiously furtive, knowing look on her sister's face.

"Got something to tell you," said Mary. The sister giggled. "Found out where babies come from!" Mary's tone was half triumphant, half shamed.

I do not remember exactly what I said, but I remember how utterly incredulous I was. Had I not with my brother, three years my junior, talked it over many times and decided that where babies came from was a secret which doctors knew but would not give away for trade reasons, they being, as it were, the retailers of the babies?

"It's in the Bible," explained Mary's sister. "That bit about Esau," she giggled. "You tell her, Mary."

Mary drew me close to her side, while her sister stood watching us with that queer shamed, excited look on her face.

In a low, furtive voice Mary read me enlightening passages from Genesis. To say that I was shocked does not adequately express my receipt of this astounding information. It was utterly dreadful!

When I went into the house my mother and father and brother were already seated at tea.

I said breathlessly, as I took my seat, "I know where babies come from!"

I always remember that there was watercress for tea and that Mother was pouring tea out of the "best" Doulton teapot. There was a silence whilst my parents exchanged glances and my brother's eyes grew round with wonder.

"Oh," said my mother, casually, "and where *do* they come from?"

I blurted out what I had heard and burst into tears.

"Well, now you know," said my mother. "Get on with your tea and don't be silly."

"But it's beastly," I sobbed. "I don't ever want to have a baby when I grow up."

"Well, you needn't, then. Get on with your tea."

I was utterly miserable for a few weeks, brooding over the thing. Then we moved up into another class at school where there were older, adolescent girls who added to our information. There was a girl called Marie who had a brother of sixteen. He had told her a lot of things.

"I don't believe it!" I cried passionately. It was so utterly dreadful that I broke off my friendship with Marie. I formed a friendship with a simple girl younger than myself, named Winnie.

Life seemed then an entirely revolting proposition. I never said any more to my parents, and they never said a word to me upon this all-absorbing topic.

The discovery of certain physiological facts concerning ourselves was for Winnie and me horror heaped on horror's head. We were ashamed of our parents for having conceived us; boys

and men were our enemies; we resented our sex; life was simply—beastly. Beastly. All of it.

In the violence of our reaction we became something approximating child religious maniacs. For a year Winnie and I went to church on every saint's day; during Lent we went to an evening service for the whole period—forty evening services in succession, and our school home-work to do when we got back! It was a way of counterbalancing the beastliness in life.

But after a year Winnie fell in love with a boy of twelve. She was very conscience-stricken about her lapse from grace, but she explained that it was all a pure love; they lent each other Henty's books and they never kissed although they sat on park benches together in the evenings as late as nine o'clock.

I was violently contemptuous of Winnie's lapse, and it only served to renew my own religious fervor. A prize was offered at Sunday-school for the best religious poem, and I won it, and chose for my prize "The Imitation of Christ." I used to take this book into the woods on the common near home and brood over its exhortations. Many nights I wept with my head under the bedclothes because Jesus Christ was crucified and in spite of that I was still so wicked—my chief and most grievous sin being my irritability with my young brother. I shut myself up in a solitary world where there was neither marrying nor giving in marriage.

But the most frightening thing of all was the terrible attractiveness of some boys. They had power to make your heart beat quicker and to give you a funny, excited feeling inside. Boys that you just saw in the playground of the boys' school, or in the street; boys that never looked at anyone as plain and shy and unclever as I was. "The Imitation of Christ" seemed increasingly difficult to live up to because it became increasingly difficult to disguise from myself the fact that the opposite sex was like some perilous, forbidden delight. Other girls of fourteen had their boy friends, but my stirring emotions were kept cloistered within myself like nuns in a convent.

AT FIFTEEN I met an artist of twenty-five in the studio of the advertising organization in which I was junior stenographer. I was reading voraciously at that time, and it amused me to find the firm's youngest and shyest—and possibly least attractive—stenographer with Wilde's "Dorian Gray" under her arm.

We walked down the road together and because he evinced an interest in books I put aside my first instinctive distrust of him as one of the enemy sex. We had tea together and that was the beginning of a friendship which is still strong today, after ten years, and which in one year had the most profound influence on my evolution. He not merely taught me to think for myself instead of accepting traditional dogmas, and expanded the field of my reading, but, when he discovered my attitude towards love and the opposite sex, talked to me sanely on the subject.

There was, nevertheless, no trace of any sex-awakening in the love which I eventually developed for this young artist who seemed to me so tremendously old and wise at that time. (Twenty-five, when one is fifteen and quite inexperienced, seems almost middle-aged!) I loved him with a curiously sexless passion. I worshiped him to a degree which I now perceive must have been positively embarrassing. I regarded him as a god among men—and the rest of the sex remained enemies.

The only thing he told me which I could not bring myself to believe was that in about two years' time I would think differently on the subject of love. I was quite convinced that although I loved him—"because you are different"—I would never love anyone else.

The exigencies of a war-time world took him out of my life after a year and I was emotionally widowed. But my adolescence, having for a year been, as it were, married to love, the inevitable process of awakening was set in action. I was writing a series of articles about books for an unimportant (Continued on page 200)

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Ethel Mannin and her daughter Jean. The author of "Sounding Brass," in spite of her youth, has led a life packed with unusual personal experiences and professional achievements.

Photograph © Raphael

The Lion Tamer

The Story So Far:

IN THE colorful, active world of Marqueray's Mammoth Circus one man stood out from his fellow performers. Juan, the lion tamer, Marqueray's right-hand man, whose masterly handling of his great cats was equaled by his influence with the motley crowds of the circus. He was the son of Juanita la Bella, a famous woman animal trainer, who had loved too well and had died guarding the secret of her betrayer. The mystery of Juan's parentage had been a cause of endless speculation in the circus.

Juan wanted nothing from the man who had deserted his mother, but the stain on his birth rankled and he felt that, being nameless, he could not ask any woman to be his wife. His pal, Jim Manners, ex-gentleman and now Marqueray's best clown, often wondered what would be the result of Juan's attitude toward women, for he knew that Juan possessed a fascination for them that his indifference only piqued. Especially in the case of Madeleine, of the Shooting Stars, a fiery little Frenchwoman whose unencouraged attentions a year before were a source of much annoyance to the lion tamer. And Madeleine and her partner Maurice had just returned to Marqueray's after a year abroad.

After an absence of several days, Juan returned to the circus to find that a new equestrian act had joined up, and he learned from Manners that the owner of the act, Ricardo, had already displayed a brutality that had caused him to be hated by their little world.

While they were talking a girl's scream testified to the truth of Jim's account of Ricardo's cruelty. And later, in response to a message from Juan, the burly Ricardo challenged the lion tamer to a showdown. Juan refused to fight, though he warned Ricardo that he would encounter trouble if he didn't change his tactics.

That evening, arrested by the sound of sobbing as he went to his dressing-room, Juan entered the horse-box to find Ricardo's girl, a pathetic, half-starved figure. Juan persuaded her to have dinner with him and by his persistent kindness won her shy gratitude.

She told him that she was seventeen, to his surprise, for she seemed but a child. And his anger at the man who had her in his power was fanned by the knowledge that the girl slept in the box with the horses.

Next day Juan saw Madeleine and his hope that her infatuation had been diverted to someone else was dispelled all too soon by her impetuous greeting. Juan's sympathy was all for Maurice, the victim of Madeleine's temperamental outbursts.

While he was talking with Maurice, a summons came from Marqueray and in the ensuing interview Juan met Marqueray's son Richard, a peevish idler, ashamed of his father's business but ready enough to spend the money it had brought. Marqueray was in a bad humor, and he embarrassed Juan by making him witness a dispute with his son. But he was pleased at learning from Juan of his stay with Harvey Weston, the millionaire, a man his son had met in Florida.

As soon as he could, Juan hurried away. Why had he been dragged into a family disagreement? he wondered. Puzzled, he went to his dressing-room to get ready for the afternoon performance.



“OH, PLEASE, may I hold him—just for a minute? Will the mother mind? She wasn't a mite angry when you took him out. An' I'll be careful. I won't hurt him, not a teeny bit. I just always wanted a kitty to cuddle.”

They were standing in the narrow railed-off space between the lion cages and the alleyway, and from the family groups of lionesses and cubs he was contemplating, Juan turned to Paul at his side, smiling at her eagerness.

“Didn't you ever have a pet more sizable than Satan to play with?” he asked.

A shadow passed over her face, and for a second she glanced down at the terrier that lay curled on the floor close by. “I had a little dog once, just like Stumpy,” she said slowly; “and I loved him a lot. But he—he got killed,” she added, with an involuntary little shudder. And Juan, who saw the swift look of horror that momentarily dilated her eyes, had not much doubt in his mind who it was had killed the dog she had loved.

It was a Sunday again, the circus empty and quiet as on the day when he had first seen the girl who had stirred him to more pity and interest than he had ever felt before.

And in the weeks that had elapsed neither pity nor interest


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A Novel by **E. M. Hull**

who wrote

*"The
Sheik"*

Illustrations by
Herbert M. Stoops



Juan was conscious of
but one thought—a
savage desire to kill the
man who had tortured
the child he loved.

and brewing for her cups of the strong, hot coffee for which the old negress was famous.

Today, watching Paul, Juan thought he had never seen her look so badly. The first excitement of playing with the cub over, she was sitting listlessly, her slim figure drooping, the thin, almost transparent-looking little hand that was still languidly stroking the sleeping cub going up to her forehead from time to time in a gesture that was significant.

"Headache, kiddy?" he asked at last.

"No—thank you."

"Tired?"

"No—thank you."

Juan stooped suddenly, slipping a hand under her chin and raising her face to his.

"Truth and honor, kiddy?"

Under his searching glance a flush crept into her pale cheeks, giving her a transitory appearance of health, but her heavy, dark-ringed eyes told their own tale.

"A little," she admitted reluctantly, and so softly that his quick ears could scarcely catch the faint murmur.

"Why do you always lie to me?" he asked, almost angrily.

had lessened. The engagement in Buffalo was over, and for two weeks Marqueray's had been established in New York, from where began the real start of the extended tour through Europe.

For Juan the prospects of the tour were brightening. Montana, the chief cause of his uneasiness, was gone at last. Not without difficulty had he achieved the giant workman's dismissal. There had been more stormy arguments, far eclipsing any that had ever taken place, between Marqueray and himself.

Since the day of their first meeting Juan had managed to steer clear of Ricardo. While Ricardo, for his part, had subtly changed his tactics, masking the cruelties he still practised with a diabolical cunning that gave no chance for interference. Though his treatment of his horses was no different, he no longer beat his daughter openly and in public.

Mammy Zoë, at Juan's instigation, had sought out and tried to befriend the lonely girl, offering her the run of the workroom

He saw her slight shoulders heave, and a glistening tear that made him want to kick himself fell on the cub's tawny coat. "I don't," she answered quickly, "except when you ask me silly questions you know I don't like. An' what's being tired, anyway? Everyone's tired sometimes. Guess I got a chill or something, but I just hate to whine. I'll be all right in a day or two." Scrambling to her feet as she spoke, she dropped a light kiss on the cub's round head and held him out to Juan. "Put him back," she said, with a regretful little sigh.

"You just want some fresh air, that's what's the matter with you. Hanging around those stables all day the way you do, it's small wonder you get headaches. You'll be real sick if you ain't more careful. And what'll Marqueray's do then, without its star equestrian turn? I got to think of the show, you know."

She gulped again, her downcast eyes beginning to blink. "Then it's Marqueray's you're thinking about most—not me, really?" she asked, in a small, quavering voice.

"Don't you flatter yourself," he retorted teasingly. "'Course it's Marqueray's. Who'd trouble their heads about an insignificant little piece of goods like you? You're only a turn, same as we all are. Just a cog in the machine—but it's my job to see the machinery keeps running smooth. And if I see a flaw anywhere, I have to put it right. You get me?"

The bantering note in his voice had given place again to a more serious tone and, fearful that he might really be angry, she forced herself to look at him. But there was no anger in the kindly, quizzical eyes that met her timid glance, so, taking courage, she brushed away her gathering tears.

"I get you," she whispered, "an' I'll try not to be a—flawed cog—in the machine."

"Good kid," he nodded approvingly. "Now you're talkin' sense. Thought you'd see my point if I put it to you. It's cooperation we want at Marqueray's, and you can help me a lot more than you know if you can keep your turn running smoothly. Who plans your stunts, kiddy? You or—him?" he added abruptly, jerking his head in the direction of the stables.

"I do—mostly," she answered, rather unwillingly.

It was the conclusion he had already come to, and again he nodded approval. "Thought so," he observed.

"But I can't make a new stunt," she protested earnestly. "I only just think of somethin'—an' he works it out, an' teaches me."

Juan looked down at her with an odd little smile. "Does he, now?" he said dryly. "Well, all I can say is, he's mighty lucky. Anyone can work out a stunt once they're given the notion. But it's the idea that matters. Now what about a walk?" he went on briskly. "You run and get a coat—it's real cold this morning—and tell your lad you'll be off for a couple of hours. I'll be waiting for you in five minutes at the side door by the office."

And to the side door, in five minutes, she came obediently,

clad in the same old storm-coat and battered felt hat she had worn the first time he had coaxed her into taking a meal with him.

"That reminds me," he said. "Don't you think it's about time we went to look for some lunch, kiddy? I've broken my watch, second time in a month"—with a rueful glance at his wrist—"but I've a feeling inside it's long past noon. Jim'll be swearing—if he's happened to remember he made a date with me for today.



I told him last night to meet me at a place near here at noon. Why, kiddy"—as he saw her falter and the happy contentment of her face give place to a look almost of dismay. "You don't mind Jim, do you?"

"N-no," she answered, rather uncertainly. "I don't mind him. But he frightens me—sometimes." She gave a little shiver, and without seeming to be aware of her own action pressed closer to the man beside her. "It's his eyes," she went on rapidly. "Oh, you know what I mean, Juan! They're terrible. So lonely, an' so—so desperate. I saw eyes like that before, once, in a picture, in a little Catholic church I went into one Sunday, in Mexico. It was a painting of a man chained to a big post, with flames burning up all round him. An' his eyes were just like Mr. Manners's. An' they looked alive. They scared me so I ran right out, an' I've never forgotten them."

"You don't have to be afraid of Jim, kiddy. He's had a heap of trouble and he can't help his looks, poor devil. And don't you worry any more about him looking at you in the arena. I'll see he quits before you come on, after this."

"But you won't tell him what I said!" she gasped, almost tearfully. "It's only 'cause I'm stupid an'—an' nervous I mind him looking the way he does. I shouldn't like him to think I—I—I mean, I just couldn't bear to hurt his feelings."

Juan's hand closed warmly over the cold fingers clutching at his sleeve. "Don't you fret, kid," he said reassuringly. "Jim's feelings ain't going to be hurt, not a little bit."

When they reached the restaurant, Jim Manners was leaning

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meal with
about time
my watch,
his wrist—
wearing—
for today.

with habitual weariness against one of the columns of the portico. Beyond a mute reference to his watch, which he languidly extended for Juan's inspection, he made no comment on his host's lateness, nor did he seem to resent the unexpected addition to what had originally been planned as a purely masculine *dîné-dé-tête*. But his cynical lips curved a trifle more cynically as he followed the girl who, looking nervously about her, kept so close to the tall, graceful figure that was threading an easy way

*Before Juan could still
Paul's pitiful sobs, Ri-
cardo brought the leathern
quirt down with crashing
force across his face.*



between the crowded tables.

The little restaurant had become a favorite resort of a certain section of those members of the circus who had taste enough to appreciate its delicate cookery and who were able to afford its rather exorbitant charges. And Juan, who was already well known, had taken only a few steps across the room when the smiling French proprietor appeared to bow him to an empty table in a quiet corner.

Seated, he studied the menu that had been thrust with a fine flourish into his hands, and then looked up questioningly. "What's anybody's fancy?"

But Paul was too shy to formulate any wish; and Manners, leaning back in his chair with closed eyes, was no more helpful. "Anything. I don't care," he said wearily. "It'll all taste like dry chips and sawdust to me."

"Well, then"—turning to the proprietor—"I guess it'll have to be something simple, Jules. What's ready?" And bending his dark head once more over the printed slip, Juan held a murmured colloquy with Jules, selecting in the end a meal that was chosen more with a view to Paul's requirements than to tempt Manners's jaded palate.

The orders given, he attempted the more difficult task of drawing his silent guests into conversation.

"Wake up, Jim," he laughed, administering a gentle kick under the table while he pushed a cigaret case across the spotless cloth.

Directly across the room from Juan were the Shooting Stars, for once apparently engaged in amicable conversation. Madeleine's back was to him and she had not yet become aware of his proximity. But Maurice, who had a full view of the room,

now caught Juan's roving glance and waved a hand in friendly greeting.

His action caused a sudden break in his little partner's rapid chatter, and following the direction of his eyes, she turned quickly, to begin waving and beckoning with excited gestures, while she uttered an imperiously worded summons to come to her own table that rose shrilly above the clatter of knives and forks.

Shaking his head, Juan indicated his companions. And as Madeleine, craning her neck to see whose society he preferred to her own, caught sight of Paul, the radiant smile vanished from her face, giving place to a look of rage and disdain. Pushing back her chair suddenly, she half rose, her cheeks crimson, her eyes blazing. But whatever her intention, she got no further. His own face quivering with anger, Maurice reached out a swift hand and forced her down into her seat, where, turning on him furiously, she broke out into a torrent of speech that

ended in his shrugging wearily and rising to exchange places with her.

The coveted position gained, and quite indifferent to the amused smiles that were making her companion writhe with mortification, Madeleine petulantly thrust plates and glasses out of her way, planted her elbows on the table and cupping her small chin in her heavily ringed hands, relapsed into sulky silence.

What did that fool Maurice want to bring her here for, anyway? Juan asked himself angrily. Paul, ignorant in her isolation of what was common knowledge to the rest of the circus, had seen without understanding what she took to be merely an ordinary dispute between the Shooting Stars. And the caustic jest that had risen to Manners's lips had died away unspoken, after one look at his friend's face.

Talk drifted through the usual channels (Continued on page 179)

By
Arthur
Somers
Roche

Hard



"Oh, you're a nice girl, I know that. But you got the wrong idea," said Minnie.

TEENA adjusted the lips; she daubed her nose and chin with exactly the right amount of powder; she wriggled her young body until the straight black satin frock—\$18.50 on 125th Street and \$65 on the Avenue—hung smoothly; she twisted and saw that the seams ran perfectly straight up the backs of her calves; she made one last adjustment of the tightly fitting black hat, from underneath which peeped curls that were reddish gold.

Minnie Curtin giggled. "Watch your step, boys, for here comes Trip-'em-up, the most natural blonde on Broadway. Out with a John, Teena?"

Teena looked at her friend. Her blue eyes were altogether too hard for twenty-one. "Out with the John," she replied.

Minnie pursed her lips in a silent whistle. "Can he take it? You look like you're all set to let him have it right on the chin. Like Grant took Richmond, eh?"

Teena's lips curled. "Why, that old beaver sat himself down in front of Richmond to spend his declining years! What I take I take quickly."

"Hard-boiled, ain't you?" jeered Minnie.

"China egg, that's me."

The older girl grinned with gentle mockery. "The toughest egg will crack if you drop it, you know."

Teena Johnson shrugged defiantly. "You've got to pick an egg up before you can let it fall, and nobody's swung this chicken's heels off the floor yet."

"First an egg and then a chicken. Well, it seems logical," said Minnie. "But when a chicken crows it means she's going to crawl soon."

"Chickens don't crow," laughed Teena.

"No, they just cluck when Mr. Right comes along."

"You talk like Peoria on the way to church!" exclaimed Teena.

"Maybe Peoria's got the right slant," suggested Minnie.

Teena's mouth curled again; the sneer defaced her beauty. "You think so, eh? Marry the bookkeeper in the Sixty-Eighth National, do your own cooking, bring up the babies all by yourself, and go to a movie Saturday night. It's a slant that will never do for Teena."

"Of course not. You've got it so soft here in the Errors. Eight shows a week, with rehearsals almost every day for the new bits they put in the show, and what you got left of your forty bucks when Monday morning rolls around?"

"But at least I have a chance to meet someone with dough," said Teena.

"What good's meeting them?" demanded Minnie.

Illustration by John LaGatta

d Boiled

The Story of a GIRL Who Wanted NOTHING LESS THAN A MILLION

Teena dimpled deliciously. "Maybe I'll answer that one in the morning."

Minnie Curtin held up a detaining hand. "Listen, girlie. I've known twenty girls to move over to Park Avenue. The broadtail coats and the limousine and all the rest of it ain't worth a whoop. Pretty soon the fat old broker gets tired."

"Notice anything about me that makes you think a fat old broker can stick me in a flat?" demanded Teena. "It'll take two men to get me and one of them will be a minister."

"Oh, you're a nice girl. I know that," said Minnie soothingly. "But you got the wrong idea."

"Sure," jeered Teena. "I know what the right idea is. A walk-up flat up-town. You settle down to love a guy for the next forty or fifty years. You marry him because you love him, and pretty soon you get to wondering if your mother dropped you when you were quite young. Because there must have been something the matter with your dome to make you want to move in with the sap you married. Don't talk to me about Mr. Right. My mother married Mr. Right and what a time she had with him! She had me the first year, and if she had anything else but worry I never heard about it." She lighted a cigaret, in defiance of the back-stage rules. "Dough, that's what I want. I'm decent, and I'm going to stay decent. But if I can work a guy up to where he talks matrimony, I'll not bother about loving him."

"You can't live with a guy without love," said Minnie. "Ain't I tried it often enough?"

"You forget I'm hard-boiled," laughed Teena.

SHE ground the cigaret with the toe of a small slipper, blew a kiss at Minnie, and left the dressing-room. The stage door-keeper smiled benevolently as she passed him; he didn't often see as pretty a girl as that. A little hard, maybe, but with a good head on her shoulders. He hoped she'd not fall for one of these rich young guys. He shook his head doubtfully as she stepped into an imported car. Well, it was none of his business, and after all she was able to take care of herself.

Young Kyle Stannard flushed with joy as he took his seat beside her. "This is the fourteenth time I've seen the Errors, Teena," he said, "and you get better all the time."

"Tell that to the producers and maybe they'll add ten to my forty per," said Teena.

"You wouldn't need to worry about money if you listened to me," he told her.

"Plenty of men are ready to talk money to me," she said.

"I believe that, but do they talk love?"

"What they call love," she replied.

"But when I talk love I mean it," he assured her.

"Every man means love when he's talking about it." Teena's voice was hard with the experience of two years in the choruses of Broadway.

"There's no give to you, Teena," complained Kyle.

"I was born on the 'take' side of the street," she laughed.

"You just try to seem hard," he expostulated.

"Try to make me seem soft," she challenged.

His young arms went around her, and his handsome face was close to hers. But she pushed him back.

"I thought we were going out to dance," she said.

Kyle reddened. "Don't you care for me a little, Teena?" he pleaded.

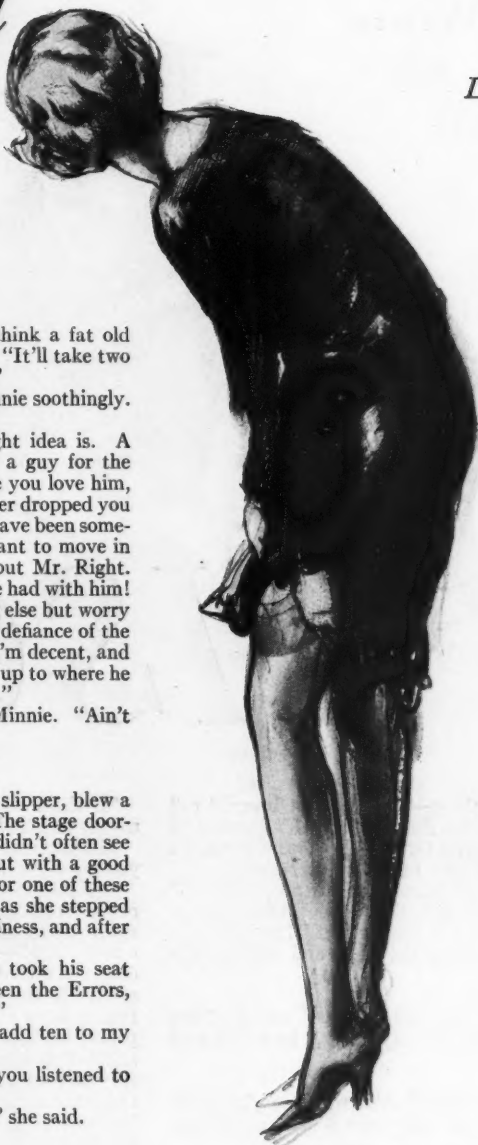
"What good would a little do you?" she evaded.

"If you loved me just the least bit I could make you love me a lot," he assured her.

"Lord, you men have confidence! No one's ever going to make me love him."

"Just the same, you needn't get angry if I try," said Kyle.

The car stopped before a night club, the latest after-theater place of amusement. As Kyle checked his hat and coat, Teena stared at him appraisingly. He certainly was good-looking. Tall,



"Dough, that's what I want. I'll not bother about loving him," laughed Teena.

slim and athletic. She liked the way his black hair grew on his forehead. She liked his gray eyes and his merry mouth. Maybe the face was weak; his chin was none too strong; but he was only twenty-four.

"Finding excuses for him," she said to herself. "Only, they're really for me. And I don't need any, beyond the fact that his father has fifteen million, and that Kyle is his only son."

A head waiter met them at the top of the short flight of stairs that led to the restaurant. He beamed upon them. Not only were they as handsome a couple as would grace the floor tonight, but the Stannard name was magic anywhere in New York. A reserved sign was immediately removed from a ringside table, and the new arrivals were escorted to it. A moment later and they were on the floor.

"Teena, you're the best dancer in the world."

"Kyle, you can step a bit yourself."

"Teena, I wish we could go on dancing forever."

"Kyle, did you think up that thought all by yourself?"

"Teena, you're always making fun of me."

"Kyle, there are lots of men in the world that would just love to make me laugh."

He held her a little closer than the dance required. "I'm wild about you," he whispered.

"That has a familiar ring. Wonder where I heard it before," smiled Teena.

"Seems to me I've said something along those lines to you," laughed Kyle.

"Can't you think up something new and original?" she mocked.

"Yes, I can. I can ask you to marry me."

Her blue eyes met his for one fleeting moment, then dropped lest he read the triumph in them. "You can, but have you?" she asked.

"I have and I am. Teena, what's the answer?"

Here it was, the goal arrived at. Don't think that Teena was thrilled because a man had asked her to marry him. All sorts of propositions, including marriage, had been made to Teena. But this offer came from a Stannard. Fifteen (Continued on page 117)

A Drama of the
OZARKS
By the Young Woman
who wrote the play
"CHICAGO"

Illustrations by
Joseph M. Clement



POISON

"SHE'S an odd little thing—'fey' the Scotch would call her." Preacher Meister flecked Circus, his snow-white horse, who could take an Ozark hill or ford a mountain stream better than any car man ever made.

Alec Graham snorted: "'Fey'! *Murderess* is the word I'd use!"

"Faith-healing isn't murder," the other reminded him mildly.

"It is." The young doctor was firm. "It is. For it keeps a regular physician from attending the case and making the proper prescription."

"But if she cures them——"

"When there's nothing the matter they get well and she takes the credit. And she's been darned lucky so far," he added with gloomy wrath.

"Ummm."

"What do you mean by 'ummm'?" Alec was nettled, furious. "Why do you say 'ummm'? Do you mean it *isn't* luck? You don't believe in her, do you?"

"Yes. No." The older man quoted thoughtfully: "I do not believe her miracles but I believe her eyes."

"Rot!"

"And I don't understand. It may be something beyond us, something——"

"I give up!" The young doctor threw out his hands. "It's the encouragement—or at least the silence—of people like you that enables this faker, this charlatan, this cheap, meretricious——"

"She's none of those, Alec. I've known Hetty Babb for nineteen years and she's as fine and sincere as—well, as you. And she believes just as strongly in her power and the right—no, duty—to use it as you in your——"

"But it isn't a question of belief! And sincerity's no test of right and wrong. The Hindu mother who throws her child to the Ganges *believes* . . . It looks hopeless: she can't be arrested for practising medicine without a license, for she uses no drugs; and you can't get out an injunction against praying. And that's all she does—believes and prays, prays and believes!"

"And it wouldn't help if you could, so long as the people believe in her," said the minister quietly. "You can pass all the ordinances in the world and legislate all you please, but Mt. Tabor, Clay County, Missouri, won't budge one inch unless their emotions are aroused. And then—look out!"

46

"If she'd only lose a case!" the young jaw clicked and the mouth was set in a straight, hard line.

The preacher darted a swift glance of shocked appraisal. "Do you mean you'd be willing to see someone—die?"

"'Willing'! Glad!" Alec's tone was savage. "In fact, I'd half commit murder myself if it would wake them up to what she's really doing and stop this senseless—— I've been here six months now—the preacher smiled to himself; he had held his charge for thirty years—"and I'll probably spend the rest of my life in this forsaken hole, a thousand miles from anywhere, twenty from even a railroad, trying to keep men from buying patent medicine by the gross and women from feeding tea and salt pork to six-months-old babies! Talk about city tenements—they at least have milk-stations and district nurses. But here: the State Experiment Station will send out a man to tell them how to feed their hogs or assist with a litter of pigs, while their owners—— Look!"

They were passing an unpainted shack that hung like a hornet's nest on the yellow clay of the hill.

"All of them just alike, with a woman bending over a tub and a half-dozen children hanging to her skirts, day in and day out. It's bad in the cities, but there's change, noise, bustle, movies, dances, while here there's nothing—nothing! I wonder they don't go mad!"

"Some of them do," said the preacher quietly—"her mother for one. Then hung herself in a well."

"Ah!" Alec's eyes gleamed triumph, no touch of sympathy "That accounts for it, perhaps."

"No"—the other shook his head; "you'll find her as sane—well, as sane as you yourself. 'Fey'—that's the only word I can think of . . . Here we are."

Circus slowly rounded the curve, pulled up to the hitching-post and settled himself for a comfortable nap. Meister tossed the reins over the whip and climbed out. Alec followed.

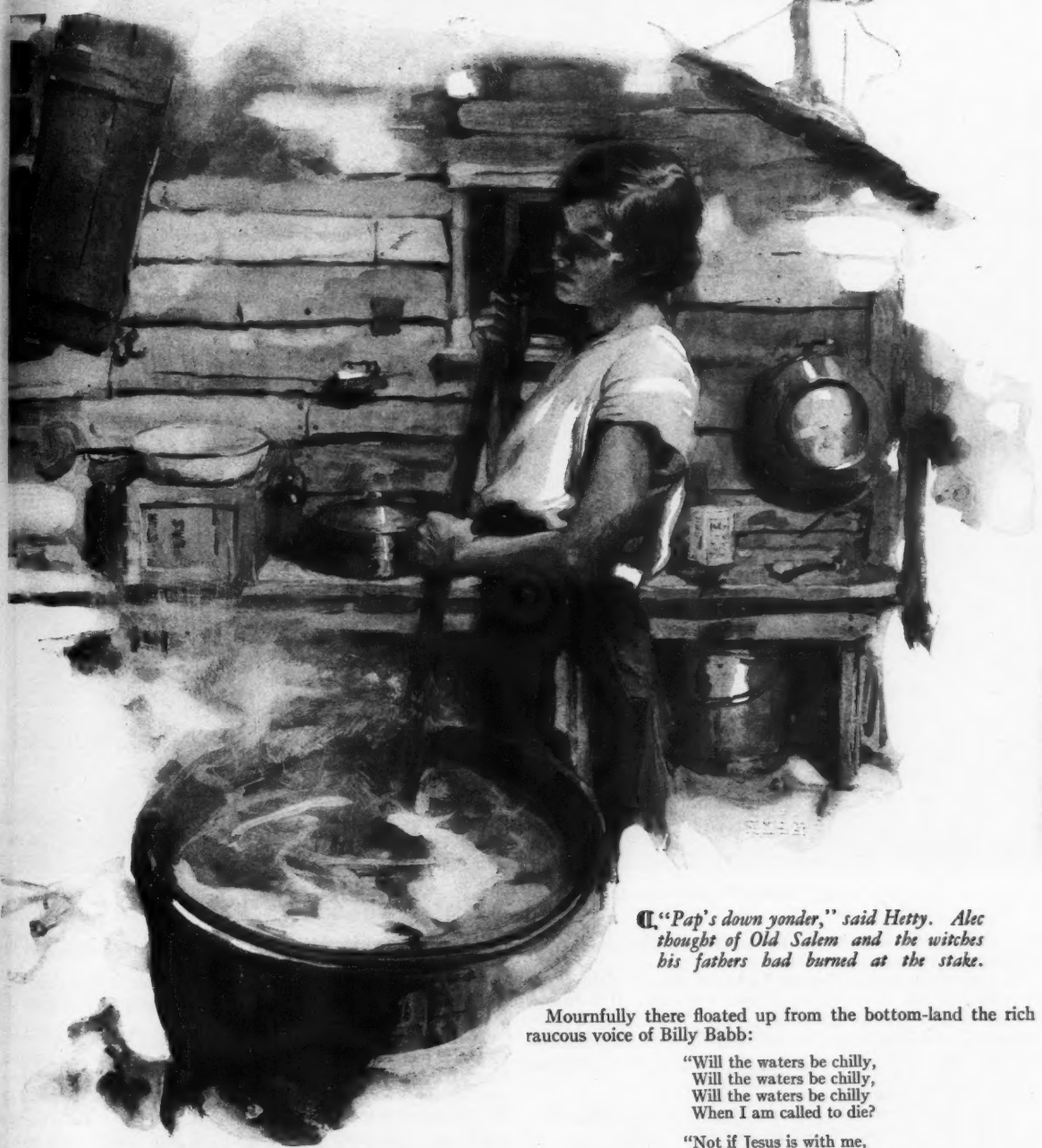
"Won't you talk to her, make her see——"

"I have. But it's no use, Alec."

"Then I will."

He strode ahead. Meister followed, shaking his head: two young fanatics on his hands, one the Apostle of Science, the other a Disciple of Faith.

By MAURINE WATKINS



"Pap's down yonder," said Hetty. Alec thought of Old Salem and the witches his fathers had burned at the stake.

Mournfully there floated up from the bottom-land the rich raucous voice of Billy Babb:

Will the waters be chilly,
Will the waters be chilly,
Will the waters be chilly
When I am called to die?

"Not if Jesus is with me,
Not if Jesus is with me—

Giddap, you blankety blank blank."

"You'll have to excuse Pap today," the girl explained hurriedly. "He ain't quite hisself."

Meister nodded. He had known Billy Babb for thirty years and not once had he been "hisself." His body made its way regularly and automatically from mourners' bench to blind tiger, then back again to the blessed fount; there must have been some fraction of an instant when his spirit poised midway between religious zeal and drunken carousal, but no one had ever found it.

"This is Doctor Graham, Hetty." Meister turned half-way down the hill in afterthought.

Left alone, they stared at each other—the young man in hostile unbelief and the girl in grave courtesy.

"Won't you set?" She led the way magnificently to the scoured and darkened front room with its four-poster bed covered with crazy-quilt, horsehair chairs, wax lilies, stand-table with

A fire was laid on the hard yellow clay that was caked and split in the August sun, and over it swung a huge black kettle from which came the odor of lye and fat. A woman was stirring the mixture—an awkward creature in gray calico.

Soap. Alec sickened. In this year of our Lord making soap.

Suddenly a gust of wind swept around the shack, whirled a few parched leaves and an eddy of dust, fanned the fire into smoke and flames that licked the black pot fantastically and entwined the shapeless figure and wreathed the white face with Medusa locks. Or an angel's halo.

For, while Alec Graham thought of Old Salem and the witches his fathers had burned at the stake, Preacher Meister saw the Maid of Domremy.

Then the wind ceased and the fire died and it was only an Ozark girl with ash-colored hair and thin, pale face and eyes now dull and lifeless.

"Pap's down yonder," she volunteered.



“Git out!” Hetty commanded Alec. “You don’t know we ’uns and you don’t want to. You’ve come to

conch-shell, Bible, and—to his amazement—a plaster copy of the Winged Victory.

She noticed his gaze and crossed to the figure with the sure, quick step of the blind although she could see. Her hands were outstretched, alive and eager, with the sensitive fingers curved back till they seemed almost curled. They caressed the gallant wings.

“Putty, ain’t she, standin’ high that way?”

“Yes; they think from the prow of a ship.”

She shook her head: “Oh, no, a hilltop, I’d say: a hilltop with the wind on her face and mebbe the rain lashin’ down.”

Alec was annoyed; he had not come to discuss Greek sculpture, but he had no intention of giving in to such ignorance.

“From the prow of a ship,” he repeated firmly. “It’s a Winged Victory.”

The windows were closed, the air stifling. He sat. So did she—on the floor, with the figure in her arms, like a child with a doll.

“Victory.” She was talking half to herself, half to the statue, certainly not to him. “The victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.”

Faith! The word irritated him—he had heard it so often since coming to these mountains. A word that he had thought forgotten, scrapped as outgrown, outworn in this day of science and reason. Faith—ignorance and superstition! Else how could they believe—

He stopped his nervous pacing and looked at her again.

“You are younger than I expected,” he said abruptly.

Her eyes met his gravely. “I’m turned nineteen—last April.”

“Do you realize what you’re doing?” Impatiently he painted

for her as he had for Meister the conditions that he sought to remedy in the community.

She listened blankly—stupidly, he thought; it was clear she had no vision at all of the freedom and abundance and glory of the life beyond these hills.

Then timidly she tried to answer him, but her words to him meant nothing—archaisms—half-forgotten phrases from the King James Bible—emotions and sentiments that belonged to another age, another world; and tears streamed down her face as she struggled to make him understand.

“HOW can I teach them to live sanely and follow the everyday rules of health and hygiene—exercise, fresh air and diet—when you come along and upset it all by an abracadabra and promise of some cheap miracle?”

Her color rose, but her voice was low and steady. “I don’t promise nothin’.”

“You’re ruining their lives—”

“But it can’t ruin their lives—just believin’ in the Bible,” she protested.

“You’re shutting them off from all science could do—”

She flared at that as he had at “faith.” In these two words alone they had contact—a contact that was tinder.

“Science! I’d rather they’d die believin’ than live forever by science! But you notice”—her voice rang out triumphantly—“they ain’t—they’re cured, they’re healed.”

That pricked.

“It’s luck, not any power of yours!”

“It’s a power, but it ain’t mine.” She moved swiftly to the table, replaced the Victory, and picked up the Bible. “It ain’t



tear down our faith with your blasted old science!"

me at all—it's the faith, the believin'—just like it says right here."

The book fell open at the page and she read with throbbing awe:

"And these signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues;

"They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.

"So then after the Lord had spoken unto them, he was received up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God.

There!"

The book closed and she looked up in triumph. "Ain't it simple? Ain't it clear and plain? 'Them that believe . . . they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover.'"

Her slim fingers caressed the covers as she laid the book back on the table and went on wistfully:

"Parson says it don't mean now, that it was just for those days and His own disciples. But it don't say that, does it? 'Them that believe . . .'" A mystic quality crept into her tone.

"You or me—Parson—anyone—we're all His disciples, ain't we? See them hills yonder?" She pointed through the window to the great mounds of white oak. "Why, you could move *them* if you just had faith enough—even so much 'as a grain of mustard," she quoted softly.

"Why don't you try that?" he asked curtly.

"I ain't testin' my Lord," she answered with dignity, "but doin' His will."

"Of all senseless, idiotic, criminal—" Alec broke out in disgust. His hand accidentally fell on the Bible and in sheer nervous

exasperation he gave it a shove. It fell to the floor. Her eyes widened, she gasped and swayed, then slowly sank on her knees beside it. She shook with sobs and gathered it to her heart, then slowly lifted her head.

The tears were gone, her face was set and her eyes were black: a lean mountain girl who reached for the gun behind the door—it was the harsh voice of Billy Babb's daughter that spoke:

"Git out! You don't know our mountains, you don't know we 'uns and you don't want to. You've come here to tear down our faith with your blasted old science and I'll see you in Hell first—git out!"

He looked at the young Roundhead—Bible clasped to her heart with one hand, gun pointed at him with the other; a symbol of the narrow, bigoted intolerance he so despised.

He left.

MEISTER was waiting in the buggy. "Well, any luck?" His tone was cheerful. Alec shook his head. The other grinned sympathetically. "I thought not."

The young man paused a moment, then turned abruptly. "There's one question more—"

He was back at the door where she stood, without Bible, without gun, with eyes serene and blue.

"Where did you get it—that Victory?" He indicated the statue.

She turned. "Stephen sent it to me."

Stephen Meister, the minister's son, his college friend still in the East—as they called Kentucky. He looked at her with new eyes. Stephen had never mentioned her, and yet he had sent, to be jogged over twenty miles of mountain road, this lovely winged figure.

"Are you—are you in love with Stephen?" he heard a dry voice ask. It was his own—he had to know.

She eyed him calmly: "No, I shall never love anyone—ever."

Strange that his question had not been, does Stephen Meister love you? That was what he meant; that was why he was glad—that the friend he cherished most deeply had not been so ensnared. Then, too, it would have been hard to fight, as he meant to fight, to the very death, a woman dear to Stephen.

He stumbled back to the road. He could scarcely see. And there pounded in his ears like a medieval chant—the renunciation of a nun, the vow of a *religieuse*—throughout the long drive and the days and nights that followed:

"I shall never—love—anyone—ever. . ."

Why had she said it, this mountain girl with ash-colored hair and eyes now black, now blue? And why had she said it to him?

He did not see her again for several months. And it seemed somehow that he must have dreamed the whole affair; it was too fantastic—what was the word Meister had used?—too fey, for the practical, workaday world about him.

For life in the Ozarks was very practical that fall. First, there had been a drouth. There was always a drouth, or a flood, or hoof-and-mouth disease, or cholera, or rust—always something that sapped the hope and vitality of those who lived on the farms and made them, in the subsequent depression, prey for every disease of mind and body. Then the water supply of the little town had become polluted, and typhoid followed. And there were, of course, the usual epidemics of measles, mumps, chicken-pox, and whooping-cough, to which each child was deliberately exposed on the theory that "he might as well have it now and git it over with." And always the ever-present "chills and ager."

And Doctor Shoemaker, the other physician, jogged comfortably on the way he'd followed for thirty years, treating each case with physics and pills and powders, knowing that an all-wise Father sent sickness and pestilence to try the soul of man and that the best he could do was to alleviate the immediate suffering of the individual.

But to Alec it was not just a challenge to his medical skill but a glittering opportunity to lay the foundation for a sound, scientific attitude toward disease. It (Continued on page 112)

Man Not Overboard

By Ring W.
Lardner

BEN BRAINARD posed for the newspaper photographers on the deck of the Gargantua, saying to himself: "There's a picture for page one—'Young Novelist Kills Himself at Sea.'"

He went into his cabin and opened his two bags. In one were a couple of clean handkerchiefs. The other was empty. He would tell the steward he had come in a terrible hurry, had not had time to pack. The truth was that after eleven o'clock that night he would need nothing in the world, not even the clothes he was wearing. He wondered vacantly how long a man's clothes outlasted his body in salt water.

He sat down on the bed and felt pressing against him the little gun he had bought on Third Avenue a week ago, the day when he had planned this thing he was going to do. He would have been a week dead now but for his not exceptional aversion to funerals and his preference to die at sea, and the added fact that it was not quite a year since he had taken out insurance for \$10,000 in favor of his mother and sister and the suicide clause would still, five days ago, have been in force.

The mother and sister had very little and he realized that he was hurting them enough by just killing himself without, in addition, leaving them penniless.

His plan had been carefully made. The Gargantua, on which his friend Phil Runyon was purser, would dock on the eighth and sail again on the tenth, just a week from his Third Avenue shopping tour. He would be on board and would have Phil for a witness of his death to avoid any balking on the part of the insurance company. And he would spend the intervening days and nights in boundless drinking, such as would cause him to be remembered around New York as something more than the writer of two popular books and one which no publisher would accept. (Perhaps they would accept it when he had made his name better known by doing what he was about to do; if so, the royalties would help his poor mother and sister.)

Well, he had had his orgy, opening and closing day clubs and night clubs till early yesterday morning, when he had been taken home and put to bed by his friend the purser after a party of whose details he remembered nothing at all.

The Gargantua was gliding smoothly out of New York Harbor. Ben Brainard went into the lounge and ordered three quick drinks to steady his hand so that he might write farewell letters to the members of his family and to the Girl whose heartless treatment of him had made life intolerable. His last act would be to entrust these letters to good old Phil Runyon, just previous to his embarkation to another World.

To his mother and sister he explained the reasons for his deed—the failure of his latest and greatest work to win appreciation, and the loss of the most wonderful and lovable of all girls. He asked their forgiveness. He knew they would understand.

To the Girl he wrote over two thousand words that would make her at least a little bit sorry even if she were really as hard-hearted as she had appeared at their last meeting. (The Girl was Pauline Lannin of the chorus of "Hit the Deck" and he might have known that a chorus girl, what with making quick changes and one thing and another, would never have time to digest two thousand words, especially as the ordinary daily extent of her reading was the captions in an evening tabloid.)

The bugle blew for dinner, but of what use was dinner to a man who had only four hours more to live? What Brainard needed was enough Scotch to sustain his resolution, for it really is tough to pass out at the age of thirty, when you are a genius and there is so much good writing God wants you to do.



Illustrations by
C. D. Williams

Ben wrote 2000 words to
the Girl whose heartless
treatment had made life intolerable—

Portrait of a Young Man Disappointed in Love



—but he might have known a
chorus girl would never have
time to digest 2000 words.

It was this fear of weakening at the last moment that had influenced him to buy a gun. He was an excellent swimmer and if he toppled overboard without shooting himself first, a natural instinct of self-preservation might keep him afloat until the Gargantua's sailors had rescued him.

He had had one drink and was about to order another when a stranger stopped at his table, a man of robust health, apparently about fifty-five years old. "Do you mind if I join you?" he asked. "I am all alone and I like company when I have a drink."

Brainard was going to lie and say he expected a friend, but it occurred to him that the time would pass more quickly if he had someone to talk to; listen to, rather, for he was not in a mood to do much talking himself.

"Sit down," he invited. "I am ordering a Scotch high-ball. Perhaps you'd rather have a cocktail."

"No, make it two high-balls," said the stranger, and added to the waiter, "Bring me the check."

"You can buy the next one," Brainard said. "I suppose we ought to introduce ourselves. I am Benjamin Brainard, of New York."

"Not Benjamin Brainard the author!" the other exclaimed. "Why, I read two of your books and enjoyed them immensely. But I certainly never would have guessed you were such a young man; your novels show such a wide knowledge of life."

"I guess I've lived!" said Brainard with a bitter smile.

"My name," said his new companion, "is Fred Lemp. I'm just a plain business man, with very little business," he added good-naturedly.

"Where are you bound for?" Brainard inquired.

"Paris," said Lemp. "Paris and Château-Thierry. And you?"

Brainard's face wore a queer expression. "I don't know," he said.

"You don't know!"

"I only know that it's a long way off," said Brainard.

"Oh, I suppose you are just wandering around, in search of material for a new book."

"I have written my last book."

"You mustn't say that! A man your age and with your talent! You owe it to the world to keep on writing."

"Thank you, but I am sure I don't owe the world anything."

They had had four drinks and Brainard was now ordering another.

"I don't know whether I'd better or not," said Lemp hesitantly. "I hardly ever drink more than three, because after three I get talky and bore everybody to death."

"It doesn't matter to me if you get talky," said Brainard, and added to himself: "I don't have to listen to you."

"Well, it's on your own head," said Lemp, and ordered his fifth high-ball.

"Mr. Lemp," Brainard said, "what would you do— Never mind. I guess I'm getting too talky myself."

"Not at all," said Lemp. "I'd like to hear what you were going to ask me."

"Well, I was going to ask what you would do if you were an artist in a certain line and nobody appreciated your work—"

"I'd keep at it anyway if I knew it was good work."

"I wasn't through. What would you do if you suddenly realized you were an unappreciated artist, and then, on top of that, a Girl broke your heart?"

"Is this autobiographical?"

"Perhaps."

"Well, I'd try my best to forget her and I'd go ahead and

do such masterful work that she would be very sorry for what she had done to me."

"Forget her!" Brainard's tone was bitter in the extreme.

They were awaiting a sixth drink.

"You said you were going to Château-Thierry. I was in the fight there. I wish I'd been killed!"

"My boy was," said Lemp.

"And you are going to visit the grave?"

"Yes, and also to visit a little Frenchwoman who ought to have been his wife. Every year I pay her a call, to see if there is anything I can do for her and her child. Every year I try to coax her back to America with me, but she won't leave France. I wish she would. I'm all alone now and the youngster—he's nine years old—he's a mighty cute kid and would be company for me. A man gets lonesome (Continued on page 138)



By Peter B. Kyne

The Story So Far:

BENT on seeking his fortune, young Dermod D'Arcy set out from Illinois mounted on his thoroughbred horse Pathfinder, and reached California in the spring of 1848 with two pack-mules and five hundred dollars in cash. On the way he met with many adventures with Indians and white men, including an encounter with a ruffian named Alvah Cannon, whom he was obliged to give a thorough trouncing; and Cannon vowed vengeance in the future.

Among the dons of Spanish California, D'Arcy's courage and graciousness made him welcome, and he was invited to attend a great horse-race and *fandango* at the ranch of Don Emilio Espinosa. Here he determined to race Pathfinder, with the purpose of adding to his slender supply of cash. By now he had heard of the discovery of gold in California and was fired with eagerness to join the gold-rush himself; but he needed more money for equipment.

The splendid thoroughbred won the race, and D'Arcy departed five hundred dollars the richer. But besides his winnings, he took with him the heart of a dark-eyed Spanish *señorita*. He had met Josepha Guerrero at the Espinosa rancho, and each

A "Dermod D'Arcy you will not see again, I girl of his own people. I know." Josepha's

Tide of Empire

Illustrations by
W. Smithson
Broadhead

had fallen in love with the other, though between them there was apparently only that quick hostility which is often the forerunner of love with high-spirited people. D'Arcy, being a homeless adventurer, was too proud to become Josepha's suitor, and anyway she was already half engaged to young Tomas, the son of D'Arcy's host.

D'Arcy now journeyed to San Francisco, purchasing on the way a number of pack-mules and hiring a mounted half-breed servant. In the city he encountered one B. Jabez Harmon, familiarly known as Bejabers, an honest and humorous soul who kept the local jail. Since he had received no pay for months, and the city officials had gone off to the gold-fields, Bejabers was readily persuaded to go into partnership with D'Arcy, setting free his eight prisoners, seven of whom joined the party, and taking from the jail a quantity of supplies, a wagon, and mustangs. All set out northward under D'Arcy's leadership.

At Carquinez Straits the ferry had broken down and a long line awaited their turn to cross. Here D'Arcy again came upon Cannon, who,



"bink," said Don José. "When he has found gold, he will return and marry a
"minine wisdom, however, told her her father really knew nothing of any importance.



C "We must hang together," D'Arcy urged his followers. Men with a rich claim hear of a richer and lures them elsewhere, and they spend their time wandering



"Gold brings with it a peculiar sort of madness—the madness of dissatisfaction—abandon their claim to race to the next strike. Then the will-o'-the-wisp like gipsies. I propose that if we had a claim, we work it to a finish."

with a gang at his back, was hustling a party of peaceful Spaniards out of their place in the line. D'Arcy, interfering and driving Cannon back, found that among the Spaniards were Josepha and her brother Romauldo.

A few moments later D'Arcy had to rescue Romauldo from the water, the boy having tried to make a foolish display of horsemanship aboard the crowded ferry. In the confused delay incident to this, a bystander referred to the Guerreros as "greasers"—an insult D'Arcy would have avenged at once had not Josepha claimed the privilege for her brother. When she and D'Arcy parted, he promised to seek her at her rancho, and she promised to wait for him.

A little later that evening D'Arcy's party was joined by a picturesque if somewhat disreputable Irish baronet, Sir Humphrey O'Shea, who had deserted from the British Navy, and his comrade, the Reverend Obadiah Poppy, a black sheep from Boston. And still later the enmity of the ruffian Cannon was further aroused when Jim Toy, a Chinese cook in D'Arcy's group, shot and killed one of Cannon's followers who was caught stealing a bag of flour.

BEJABERS HARMON spread his tarpaulin and blankets, removed his boots and rolled up for the night. "Law and order," he announced to his fellows. "Law and order. That's what we need and that's what we're coming to. Necktie parties! Quick action and no mercy!"

"God have mercy on that sinner's soul," Mr. Poppy murmured piously.

"Dermid, my boy," said the Bart, "this shocking tragedy has shaken me a bit. Would it not be a good idea to have one little nightcap to settle our nerves before retiring?"

"No!" Bejabers roared, and sat up, as belligerent as a broody hen. "That liquor's for medical purposes only, and if I catch you or his Reverence broachin' our medical stores I'll make you hard to catch."

The Bart replied with great dignity. "Who, may I inquire, is the commanding officer of this party?"

"D'Arcy is, Bart, but where you're concerned, I am. I won't have you imposin' on his good nature just because you seconded his father in a duel and because you're both from the same college and the same part of Ireland. Personally, you don't rate high with me, Bart. You be quiet."

The Bart snorted indignantly, murmured something about having been accustomed hitherto to the society of gentlemen, and retired to the saddle-blanket he had appropriated.

"You sleep on the ground, Jim Toy," D'Arcy commanded, "otherwise somebody will sneak up and cut your throat. You sleep a different place every night."

"Me heap savvy, Boss."

McCready spoke up sleepily from his blankets. "And it wouldn't be a bad idea if you got out of the habit of standing between Cannon's camp and the light of that camp-fire, D'Arcy."

"An excellent idea, Mac. I don't think we'll have any more visitors tonight, so I'm going to turn in, but tomorrow night we'll have a camp guard." He poured a bucket of water on the embers, removed his boots and crawled under his blankets.

It was after midnight, however, before he dropped off to sleep. Impulsive of action though he was, he was not impulsive of thought. He resigned himself now to a study of the problems confronting him, to a consideration of the problems that would be community matters in the days to come.

He was in a new country, where new customs were even now overriding the old traditions. Pastoral California was not gone, but it was going fast. A man in San Francisco had told him it was conservatively estimated that there were four thousand men mining in the country bounded by the Merced River on the south and the Feather River, with its forks and branches, on the north, and of these perhaps two-thirds were native Californians, Chilenos and Mexicans from Sonora and Sinaloa. Gold had been discovered in February. It was now August; hence the news had, by now, reached around the world.

Well, the spring of '49 would find thousands of men arriving in California via ships, but the real rush could scarcely come before the spring of '50, when the overland emigrant would arrive. Then would come a mad scramble for a place in the sun; then would human selfishness and greed, jealousy and mendacity, come to the front, particularly if the placers were as rich and widely scattered as report indicated. The country would be overrun and the feeble government, still functioning along much the same lines as had obtained under the Mexican régime, would be a government in name only.

He had heard that Johann Sutter and John Marshall had entered into some sort of mutual agreement as to the exploitation of the mineral rights on the land which Sutter held under a Mexican grant and upon which Marshall had made the original discovery of gold. Unable to work the bars along the river themselves, they had attempted to exact a ten percent royalty from the men who did, and for a short while this royalty had been regarded as just, and paid. More recently, however, subsequent arrivals had declined to pay the royalty and jeered at the claims of Sutter and Marshall.

It had not escaped D'Arcy's notice that no man, in that long line of restless adventurers waiting to cross the Carquinez Straits, was without pistol and bowie-knife, openly displayed. These weapons, he reflected, would be the courts of first instance.

His mind dwelt on the tragedy which had just been enacted. Jim Toy had killed a thief, yet there would not even be a coroner's inquest, no official investigation, since there were no officials to investigate. In the morning there would be no court save that of public opinion, and public opinion was not at all likely to bother itself with the matter, since public opinion must ever be fanned to interest by some magnetic leader.

Cannon might attempt to do that, but—he was not a leader. If he attempted the impossible, D'Arcy would oppose him and, with competent witnesses, prove the killing to have been justified.

But what if the killing had been a cold-blooded murder? In that event, Jim Toy would probably leave the camp and no man would be sufficiently interested to follow him and demand an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life. D'Arcy doubted if even the dead man's comrades would risk losing their place in line to avenge him. A white man, one possessed of unusual hardihood, probably would not bother to absent himself under the circumstances, trusting to the inchoate social conditions as his best protection, backed up by his weapons.

"It will be a mad scramble," D'Arcy reflected. "Sutter's Fort at New Helvetia is the place I must visit first. That is the main base of supplies and the starting-point of men bound for the placers. There I can, doubtless, glean information that will be of value to us in our future movements. I must learn something of local customs, methods of operation and routes of travel. In this adventure the lad who keeps his head, who is not swayed by popular excitement, who prepares well and then acts wisely, is the fellow who will reap the greatest reward."

His thoughts adverted to the original dwellers in this sweet land, the kindly, indolent, unimaginative, contented children of the sun. Soon such fellows as Cannon and his men would be raiding their ranch commissaries for food, lifting their horses and slaughtering their cattle. And following in the rear of the miners would come the gamblers, the oafs, the thieves and blackguards, the conservative, cold-blooded, adroit Yankee traders, the lawyers and lawyer-politicians, who batten on the crumbs that drop from the tables of the proletariat. When the fools had amassed a fortune the camp-followers of fortune would take it from them!

IT OCCURRED to D'Arcy that, in a broad sense, California had not been discovered until the previous February, when John Marshall had found coarse gold in the race at Sutter's sawmill. As a result, California would be admitted into the Union within two years, if this long line of gold-seekers, of whom he was one, was a portent of the hordes to come.

What, he reflected, will become of the unskilled miner when his work shall have been done—when the gold-rush, like a tidal wave, shall have expended itself on the beach of disappointment and disillusion? He answered his own question. The miner of today will be the farmer of tomorrow. He will go back to his ancient heritage, the land.

"The Hispano-Californians have secured, by grant, the most fertile and best-watered lands in California," he told himself. "And the gringo will covet those lands. He will attack their titles, he will formulate laws to disinherit the dons and open their land monopolies to colonization, on the principle that such action is necessary for the greater good of the greater number."

"At this moment the finest grazing and agricultural land in California has little or no value—perhaps twenty-five cents per acre would be an excessive valuation. But when the tide sets back from the mines—when the women and children come across the plains by the hundreds of thousands—well, they will not go back. They will not abandon such a land as this, to endure again the miseries and hardships of the return journey."

"California will have been discovered, but the discovery of its gold will rank second with the discovery of its fat lands and equable climate. Dermid D'Arcy, if fortune smiles upon you and you acquire gold, invest it in land while land is cheap and



C*The darling of the ladies, Romauldo was a throwback to his mother's primitive Indian ancestors.*

neglected. Don't stay too long in the hills, for the real wealth of California lies in her valleys."

Ten days D'Arcy and his party camped at Martinez before their turn came to go aboard the ferry, and when they departed the line of adventurers was twice as long as it had been when they arrived. The cautious Bejabbers, having urged D'Arcy to purchase their transportation on the date of their arrival, was in excellent spirits, for the price of a crossing had since trebled and but for the little man's forehandedness they would have been without sufficient funds to purchase transportation now.

Each night in camp they had maintained a guard, relieved at two-hour intervals, but no further raids upon them had been attempted. Nor had the news of the killing of a white man by a

Chinaman caused a ripple in the camp. A few curious men dropped in at D'Arcy's camp to discuss the matter with him, after Cannon had tried in vain to arouse some public interest in it, but upon ascertaining the circumstances they disseminated D'Arcy's report and the matter died a natural death. Nor did Cannon or any of his men again approach the D'Arcy camp on any pretext, even in daylight, until the moment came to leave the Martinez shore, when Cannon and two of his men led their horses aboard the ferry with D'Arcy's party, in order to make up a full load.

From Benicia a dusty trail leads across country to Sutter's Fort and they set forth upon it immediately. Two hours later the Cannon party trotted by them. Four days later they crossed the Sacramento River at a point where (Continued on page 208)

Pre-War

Illustrations by
Charles D. Mitchell

The Love Story of a YOUNG MAN with a LOT of MONEY

FREUD is really quite passé; contract bridge and mental agility tests now provide the table-talk that psychoanalysis and the stuff dreams are made of once did. Yet humans do continue to dream, as Bettina was to dream of Peter Leicester after their first encounter, although when she sat on the edge of her bed at two o'clock of a March morning she had no such expectations.

The frock she still wore, revealing her sweetly modeled young shoulders and most of her straight slim back too, suggested what her evening's activities had been, as did the dancing slipper that, with a frank yet charming yawn, she was removing. She was not thinking of Peter; she was thinking only that the second her head touched the pillow she would drop off into sound and dreamless sleep.

Sleep she certainly did. It was almost eleven when her eyes blinked open and she yawned again. She felt luxuriously revitalized. So much she realized before she remembered her dreams. For them she might have blushed. Instead she grimaced.

"Of all men, him!" she thought with amused disdain.

And that is the twist that what once might have proved a perfectly good example of love at first sight is apt to take—in 1927.

For nowadays love at first sight has become almost as passé as Freud. The hapless young male who challenges feminine interest at first glance is very likely to be subjected to a second glance that suggests not the rose-tinted glasses of romance but a microscope. Those who say men are slow to marry because girls demand so much are quite right. Girls do.

Especially when they have what is known as the father complex. Bettina had it. Badly. A young and, at that moment, very much ruffled psychologist had only recently assured her so. "Your love image," he had informed her, "is the product of your association with your father. You adore him."

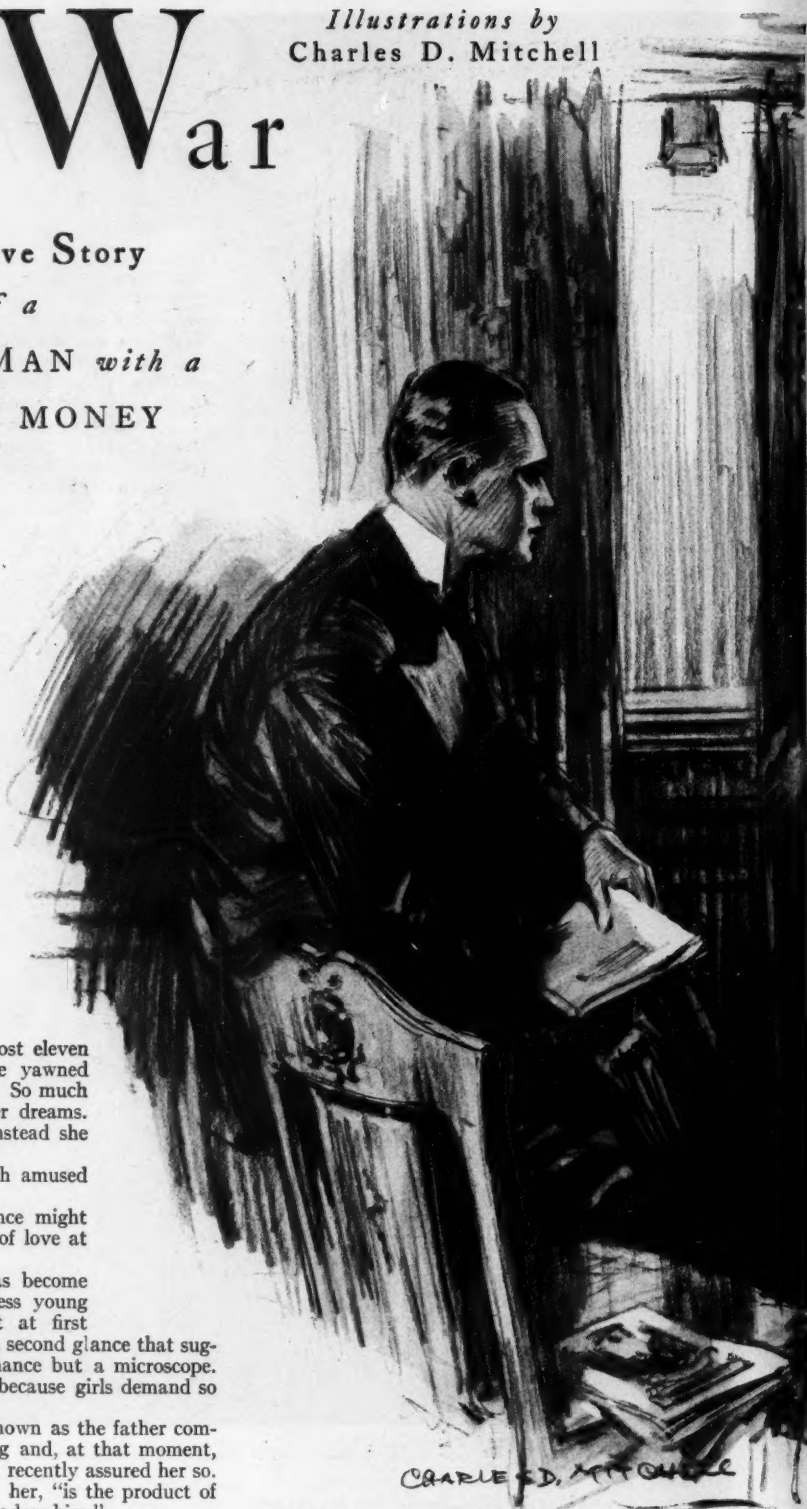
"Gracious!" Bettina had commented. "Is that a crime?" "Your interest in all his affairs," he had gone on, ignoring her frivolity, "your effort to strengthen purely blood ties by becoming his private secretary as well as his daughter—"

"And I thought it was really so commendable of me to study stenography so I might do just that," she had mourned. And had asked with misleading meekness, "Well, what would you do if you were me?"

The remedy he had suggested had left her unimpressed. She had told him so.

"Lest I seem too personal," she had added, "I'll confess that men don't interest me particularly. Young men, that is. They

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CThe play was—just a play—less interesting than the slice of life Bettina and Peter found themselves acting out.

seem—well, all so wet behind the ears if you know what I mean." "I do," he had admitted bitterly. "Your love image, built around your father, demands the outstanding business ability he typifies."

The young psychologist was quite right. As Peter was to discover.

They—Peter and Bettina—had met at the ball which formally

Stuff

By Royal Brown



opened Boston's newest hotel. Bettina, who in Boston was a stranger in a strange land, had gone only because the owner was a friend of her father's.

"I don't know anybody and I'll be bored stiff," she had prophesied.

Nevertheless, being Bettina and, after all, only twenty-three, she had worn the frock that revealed both shoulders and back

and did not at all suggest the competent young secretary she had made of herself for her father's benefit. Rather was it precisely the sort of frock that would give any young man the impression that there was in it a girl he'd like to meet.

Even before Peter arrived several, obeying that impulse one need not be a psychologist to understand, had succeeded in securing dances with her. She was dancing when Peter saw her first. And he, also obeying impulse, had crossed the floor to demand that her partner surrender her to him. Bettina had glanced up at him when this was accomplished.

"And who are you?" she had demanded coolly.

"I have," he had retorted as coolly, "no claim to distinction save what this moment gives me."

This was not at all true. The name he bore was well-known in Boston and throughout New England. He was the third of the department store dynasty that had been founded by his grandfather, a hard-headed old Yankee who, starting with a small store which he even swept out himself, had lived to see his lengthened shadow grow into that institution known as Leicester's.

"You can probably match it at Leicester's," women had assured each other as long ago as the eighties. Or "I bought it at Leicester's—they're having a sale there."

In 1927 shoppers of another generation said: "You can leave your car in the store garage and take the bus to Leicester's." Or "Have you seen the new dancers at Leicester's? Well, you must take afternoon tea with me there."

In brief, the first Leicester had been a penny-scrimping merchant all his days. The second, Peter's father, had gone to Harvard and rowed on the crew. After graduation, though he had "started at the bottom," he had played excellent tennis, essayed golf and owned fast boats.

The third Leicester—Peter—had gone to St. Paul's, then to Harvard, where he had achieved an H in football and at hockey.

"I suppose," his father had said to him after his graduation, "that I ought to set you rustling packing-cases. But I've got a hunch, Pete, that the less you see of this particular business during the next couple of years the better you'll be equipped to step into my shoes some day. I hope you're in no hurry."

"None at all," Pete had assured him with a grin.

"My idea is to have you travel," his father had added. "See America first—particularly our big department stores. They'll all teach you something. You can spend a year doing just that. Then another year or so should be spent seeing the world—and the world markets. You can only sell

what you buy, you know, and I'd like to have you get an idea of where all this stuff comes from—how it's made and where. Then if I decide to set you rustling cases you will at least have vision to help you on and up."

And that had been Pete's pleasant program up to the moment when a cablegram had summoned him back. That, cabled and recabled, telegraphed and retelegraphed, had reached him in



Bettina was taken by surprise when Peter called her up to suggest a show she might care to see—with him, naturally.

India where a native runner had found him taking tiffin—in long glasses—with the British officers with whom he had been playing polo.

"Get in touch with London office," the message he so casually opened had read. "Prepare for bad news."

They had tried to soften the shock—the men who, later, were to put every obstacle in his path. They had had no thought of the wild ride that lay before him or the hours of mental torment he was to endure before he discovered how very bad the news was.

Less than a month later he had sat down with the minority stockholders in Leicester's for the first time. Today he had sat down with them for the last.

"An awkward moment," he had commented after signing certain papers which were ready for him. "I realize I am supposed to say something, preferably gracious. But I prefer merely to say—good-by."

And, with cool insouciance, he had risen and passed out of the board room where a Leicester had always had the last word.

YET if, when he danced with Bettina, he felt bitterness, there was none in his eyes as they smiled down at the loveliness she turned up toward him. Why he had evaded her question he could not have said. He never dreamed, certainly, that she was the daughter of the William West who, representing a Western syndicate which was really William West, had finally achieved its purpose and added Leicester's to its holdings.

Nor did she have any reason to connect him with that shadowy Peter Leicester to whom her father had made casual and not particularly complimentary reference.

"I suppose," had been her comment on Peter's evasion, "that that stuff goes well with the butterflies. But I'm a business woman—and business women prefer facts to flattery, you know."

"You don't suggest a business woman," he had assured her. And had added, with an engaging grin, "But then—would you ever guess that I was a retired business man?"

Bettina had glanced up at him. "Never," she assured him. And added deliberately, "You look much too young to have retired from anything—save, perhaps, college."

"I'm old enough to have retired from business," he had replied and for a second his eyes had shadowed. Then, "Although I'll admit that my experience was brief and that I only retired at four o'clock this afternoon. You see, I sold my inheritance for a mess of pottage and—"

"At four—this afternoon?" she had echoed. Her widened eyes had met his. "Is—is your name Peter Leicester by any chance?"

"By the chance of birth," he had confessed. And, surprised himself, had asked, "But how did you know—"

"Because," she had answered—Bettina being a great believer in the truth—"my name is West—Bettina West, daughter of William West."

It had taken him a minute to get that. Then: "Oh, I see," was all he had said.

"And what are you going to do now that you've retired?" she had asked.

"Enjoy myself—have a lot of fun, I

hope," Peter had assured her coolly.

Which was where what might have been the beginning of a perfectly good love story took an unmistakable flop. For to Bettina, business was the modern field of cloth of gold from which he had been ignominiously routed.

"Retired business men usually go in for travel—is that your plan?" she had suggested, no more than making conversation as her feet followed the pattern his set to the music.

"I had almost two years of travel," he had replied. "So—I think I'll stick around Boston for a time."

As he spoke his eyes had met hers. He was still smiling, yet she glimpsed in them something—well, perhaps it was that something which had been responsible for the perfectly idiotic dreams she had had of him. Dreams in which, she remembered as she still luxuriated in bed this March morning, he had tried to kiss her.

"And did," she further remembered with no diminution of serenity.

With which, reaching for the phone, she ordered breakfast served in her room.

Now eleven o'clock, ante meridian, is not the hour that most private secretaries breakfast. But Bettina would have denied that she was specially privileged. She handled her father's more intimate correspondence and this was dictated to her at all hours.

"Anywhere from nine o'clock one morning till two the next," was the way she put it.

They might be in Boston a week or a month. She didn't know. Her mother was in Europe, domiciled in a villa on the Riviera.

"I have one daughter," her mother sometimes told inquirers, "but she spends her life trying to be a son to her father. That is why you never see her. She prefers to tear around the country with him, living in a trunk."

Bettina did. She adored it.

TODAY her father would be at Leicester's, laying the lines for reorganization. She would be lucky if she saw him at dinner. In the meantime, finished with breakfast, she began to go through the mail that awaited him. In spite of his humorous references to her activities, he did admit that she had a flair for determining what he should see and what he needn't.

So, winnowing wheat from chaff, she came to a letter which caused her eyes to widen.

"Good gracious!" she gasped, and read it through a second time.

The meat of it was in the last paragraph. "The enterprise," this read, "will be known as the Peter Leicester Shops, Inc. If this suggests grounds for legal action, I suggest that you turn the agreement I signed over to your lawyer as I did to mine before I put my signature to it."

And this was signed by Peter Leicester!

"But he said he was going to enjoy himself—have a lot of fun," Bettina remembered dazedly.

The letter went into the pile that waited her father's attention. He was late and he came in frowning. But being his daughter as (Continued on page 142)



C"Why not go?" suggested her father. "You can question him deftly—and report back on his activities—if any."

By Honoré Willsie Morrow

THIS morning, at the breakfast table, I read aloud the story of Jonah: not merely of his escapade with the whale but of that more subtle encounter with the gourd and the east wind. At the table were my own three children, also my niece and nephew.

Said my niece, seventeen: "That's a good old story."

Said my nephew, two years older: "Some fairy-tale!"

Said my son, two years younger: "Oh, beans!"

My older daughter of eleven said virtuously: "I like the Bible."

"Some parts of it," said my daughter of eight, "are nice."

"Still at the same old Bible!" murmured my nephew. "Would you mind telling me just why?"

My nephew is of a decidedly scientific turn of mind.

"It's the only history of a people that I know about that's told in terms of the moral struggle," I replied. "It's the greatest source of ethical discussions to be found anywhere. I suppose we Anglo-Saxons have a natural affinity for the Bible because we're more preoccupied with moral questions than any other race has been save the ancient Jews—and the Chinese."

The young man looked at me thoughtfully, obviously playing with the idea. I probably shall be torn to shreds by him, later.

In the meantime, I have escaped to my desk and sit staring at it in perplexity. Piled in the middle of it is a heap of unanswered letters from people who read an article I wrote for *Cosmopolitan* a few months ago on the immorality that obtains so widely among present-day youth. They tell me that, having written a destructive article, I ought now to write a constructive one. If I object so strenuously to the training these boys and girls have had, where is a better to be found? What sort of moral training, they ask me, can you give a child today that will be as a rod and a staff through this strange world the automobile is producing. What sort of religion, they ask will help a child, if any?

They ask this of *me*—of me, who have so long wandered over the barren wastes of atheism; of me, who after years of struggling with the moral training of children, go each night to rest with a sense of bafflement or, all too frequently, of failure. Who am I to answer these questions?

Yet those letters call me to account; I must answer them.

My earliest recollection of connected thinking is associated in my mind with spiritual yearnings. I remember as a child—I must have been very little because I saw the vision through the bars of my crib-bed—I remember lying half awake, half asleep and seeing a gigantic figure of Christ moving from the floor upward along the wall and disappearing into the ceiling, and observing that He beckoned to me. My struggle to get to Him through the crib bars woke me. A curious dream! The memory of that anguish of eagerness with which I sought to obey His gesture has returned to me frequently.

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GOD in the

God or not, God did not trouble me for a long time. I had my mother. She stood between me and the Almighty and every other too-weighty problem. Then—this was before I entered my teens—God and my mother both failed me.

My little sister fell ill of diphtheria. My mother could not help her. God did not save her although I prayed to Him with great faith and with fervency.

She died, that little thing of three years.

What sort of being was this God with power to save, but Who chose to slaughter? with power to give joy, but Who preferred to visit grief on me and on my mother whom I never before had seen in tears? I would have none of Him. I turned from Him as completely as did the folk of Nineveh in the days of Jonah.

Some curious by-products grew out of this young apostasy. It was after this that I first knew fear. Before, one sent to the cellar after dark for a plate of apples could pray as one went, and God in the darkness was protection enough. Now the dark was Godless and horrible. Our town was smitten by a succession of epidemics—diphtheria, scarlet fever, measles. Once, God would have saved a praying child. Now there was none to whom one might pray. So one knew that most insidious and recalcitrant of all cowardices, fear of disease. And there increased the mystery

My Adventure In Trying to Help My CHILDREN to THINK STRAIGHT

orange and burnt umber shot with pale rose. From its summit, one looked north to the snow-capped ranges of Nevada and south to the tortured lavender bed of a dead sea, east to the endless swell and fall of jagged peaks and west to the golden infinity of the desert.

I had bad news and I climbed to the peak to be alone with what seemed to me a terrific trouble. Up there was hot wind and searing yellow light and sky. I won to the difficult height to face my problem. And behold, when I was seated with my face to sky and desert, the sensation that enveloped me was one of fear.

Who am I? What am I? Less than a midge! What do my troubles matter? Nothing cares. Nothing watches or knows. All is impersonal—

impersonal as God, and there is no God. Myself—and this impersonal, brooding silence, this cruel beauty! I shivered in the intense heat.

Unless I was part and parcel of all of this, I was nothing.

O f n o
more

Darkness

of evil. Now one never knew, where once there had been God to speak through the conscience . . . One had in the watches of the night or in quiet places a distinct sense of loss.

There were many difficult problems and a few hopeless troubles to be met during the high-school and college years. One learned to meet them stoically, with no appeal for help. One learned to scoff at the folk who could not stand on their own feet but must have the crutch of religion. One gloried in one's intellectual superiority, which left idol-worship to the primitive-minded. One knew there was no such thing as soul and that mind was a physical product. One left college equipped to meet life full front. One was a brazen, ignorant young fool and didn't know it.

Well, to earn a living at writing didn't seem to require God. Still, I didn't seem to get anywhere with it, and blindly seeking knowledge of my own country, I wandered to the Arizona desert.

Picture to yourself two great, barren, orange-colored mountain ranges running north and south; between them a valley of yellow sand fifty miles wide—sand thick-dotted with gray-green clumps of cactus and cat's-claw. On the eastern range of mountains, looking west, imagine a group of pin-pricks. This is the mining camp where I lived in a tent that opened on a sweeping view of yellow valley and blue sky. Back of my tent rose a sheer peak,

import
than that
rattler sleeping
on the ledge fifty feet
below me.

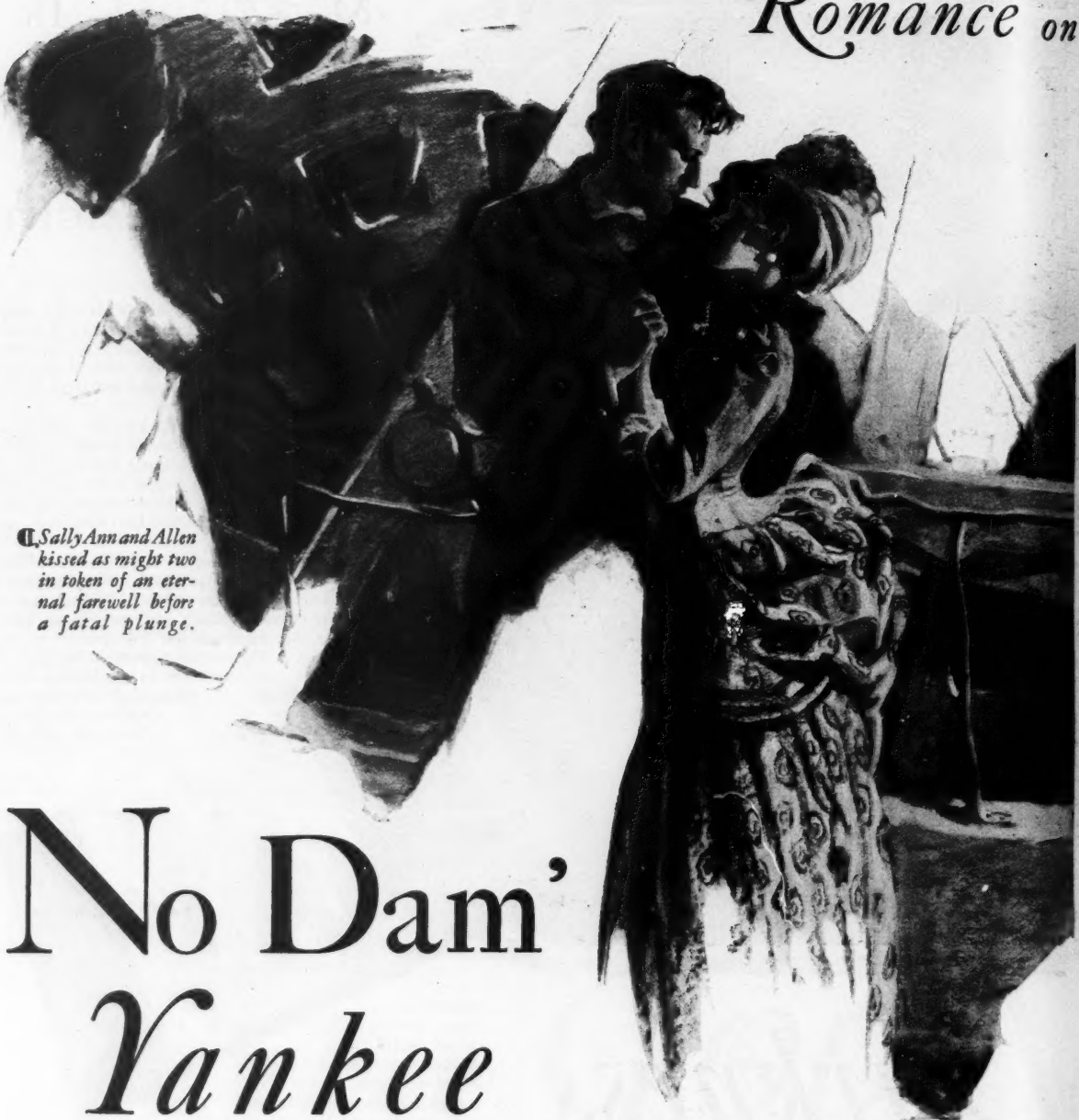
And if I was part of it, had I any significance other than the contribution my body would make to the earth's supply of fertilizer? If that was my only significance, why this struggle to maintain ideas we called ideals—honor, integrity? If all this—and I a part of it—was a thing of mere automatic chemistry, why the struggle toward decency? . . . Oh, for the faith of my fathers in an all-seeing, all-loving God and a Heaven where one found everlasting peace! Perhaps they conceived the faith because no human mind could long face what I was facing and maintain its decencies.

Chemistry. Well, chemistry was a logical thing, based on fact. And each fact discovered led to a causing fact back of it. Back and back and back to the last cause. And that last cause wouldn't have produced chemistry alone, but in producing chemistry it would have produced the possibility, nay, the inevitability of all things, even of me. One perhaps could name that remotest cause God. Perhaps.

For the first time in many years the foundation of my unbelief was shaken. Was the basis of atheism any more authentic than that of faith? Was it not simply the other fellow's guess?

A little edge of the loneliness of spirit I had known since childhood seemed to give.

The howl of coyotes beginning their night prowls sent me back through the dusk to my tent. I was conscious of a certain grim resolve. If faith was fallible, so was (Continued on page 164)



*Sally Ann and Allen
kissed as might two
in token of an eter-
nal farewell before
a fatal plunge.*

No Dam' Yankee

EVERYBODY on that river knew Major Marmaduke Todd. He was forever traipsing back and forth on that river. He was a commissioner for the National Military Park up at Shiloh. Our government has a different arrangement now, probably a more businesslike if a less sentimental arrangement; but once upon a time it was provided by act of Congress that there must be three commissioners and that all three must be men who had seen active service on the battle-field of Shiloh, two of them to be Unionists and the remaining one an ex-Confederate.

Major Todd was the chairman of this commission. A former colonel of volunteers and a former brevet brigadier were his associates. The Colonel was a small, high-tempered, terrifically patriotic old gentleman who had been a congressman until a shift in politics divorced him from the pay-roll and turned him into what Washington called a lame duck, and paved the way for his descent into this present easy berth.

On the other hand the Brigadier was an extraordinarily plump old gentleman, serious with that intense seriousness which seems so very remarkable when you find it in a fat man and, to the eye, an easy-going old gentleman. But that was where your eye would be fooling you, because he really was

very set in his ways. He took his membership and his duties with an impregnable solemnity and maintained a sort of polite but exceedingly poisonous feud with the Colonel.

But the Major was not little and peppery, neither was he large and ponderous. He was tall, raw-boned, walked with a curious gait, and he could take a joke or a drink, and he would. An important part of his task as he conceived it was to play the part of peacemaker as between his confrères.

They knew him—and it might be added, liked him—on the packets he rode, the *Lady Slidell*, the *Promised Land*, the *City of Iuka*, the *Linda Smythe* and the rest of them. He traveled to and fro so often that the crews came to regard him almost as one of themselves and, as he often said, he felt more at home on a steamboat than he did on dry ground. It was one trip on the *Linda Smythe*, of the *Withers Line*, that he had his famous little set-to with the lady passenger from down in Mississippi—an episode which the old-timers like to recall even to this good day.

The lady from down in Mississippi was from very far down in Mississippi, where the opinions, like the levees, nearly all ran the same way. She was an elderly lady and her own opinions had solidified with her age until she was practically, as you might say, adamant. Mr. Dorsey Dozier, the chief clerk, introduced Major Todd to her and he sat down by her

on the River

By Irvin
S. Cobb



Illustrations by
Forrest C. Crooks

on the boiler deck and they talked together of this and that. Before the conversation had gone far it was inevitable that the subject of The War should come up.

North of here people spoke of the war between the states—if, indeed, they spoke of it at all—as an event of a past century, which it was, the Christian world having already turned the corner into its nineteen-hundred-and-somethinged year. But down here when they spoke of it, which someone invariably did, it was as though it had ended only last week or last month.

It was at this point that the lady from Mississippi fell into an error, one, though, for which she scarcely could be blamed. In the first place, the Major used an accent akin to hers—perhaps a trifle more strident but nevertheless closely enough related for all purposes. Then, too, he had stated that he was a good Democrat although he needn't have included the qualifying adjective because to her all Democrats were good. So when Shiloh was referred to and he happened to mention that he had been wounded there—in the left shoulder and again in the leg—the lady, being by this time thoroughly deceived, naturally jumped at conclusions and, as one devoted partisan to another, spoke feelingly of a common love for the Precious Cause which had become a Precious Memory.

The Major looked at her and smiled. He said: "Madam, I'm afraid that unintentionally I've been sailing under false colors before you. When I told you just now that I fought at Shiloh I forgot to tell you which side I fought on."

"Oh!" she said. She plainly was shocked. "Oh, I certainly do beg your pardon," she went on, her tone growing chillier by the syllable, "but your manner, your bearing—so like that of a true Southern gentleman! Why, I should never, never have suspected that you were, that you could be a—a—"

From motives of a ladylike delicacy she did not finish the sentence. There was no need that she should finish it. All persons residing below Mason and Dixon's Line knew there was one swear-word which when employed in a given connection was no swear-word, not even though it fell from the unsullied lips of a gentlewoman of what might be called the mid-Jefferson-davisorian Era.

"Madam," said Major Todd, and he arose and bowed low

before her, "permit me to make myself clear. For at least three generations my people on both sides have been Southern people. I myself am Southern born. I have always lived in the South. I expect to die here. I was one of three brothers, I being the youngest. The other two were Confederate soldiers. My father was a strong Confederate sympathizer. I claim to be an orthodox Southerner in my habits and tastes.

"I think anybody who prefers pumpkin pie to sweet-potato pie suffers from a derangement of the intellect. I never take maple sirup if I can get New Orleans molasses. I maintain that a cook who deliberately puts sugar in corn bread is a menace to our national civilization. A man who would crush the mint in his mint toddy would put scorpions in a baby's bed.

"But you see, Madam, back in 1861 there happened to be a slight difference of opinion in our family touching on secession and it also happened that I formed a strongly prejudiced minority of one. In accordance with the dictates of my conscience, which has never reproached me since on this score, I enlisted in a Northern regiment and served four years in it.

"I am not ashamed of that fact." He fingered gently the little button of the Loyal Legion in his buttonhole. "I am exceedingly proud of it. This is not an apology, Madam, it is an explanation. Madam, I am a Union veteran in good standing. But, Madam, I am no dam' Yankee!"

Afterward recounting the incident the Major said he was afraid the laugh had been on him. Some people thought the laugh had been on the lady from down in Mississippi.

Be that as it may, such was the Major's declaration of independence, his platform of principles, his motto. He was a Southerner—and don't you forget it! He had been a volunteer in the Federal army, going in as a private, coming out as a scarred-up battalion commander. He never let you forget that, either. But no dam' Yankee!

Now, it was decreed by the little deputy fates who post up the ledgers for we lesser earthlings that there should be an affair of the heart between the children of Major Todd's fellow commissioners, or to be specific about it, between the General's youngest daughter and the Colonel's only son by his second marriage. It furthermore was decreed that in this matter the main item of bookkeeping should be complicated with cross-entries and with debits greatly in excess of the credits. There was a good deal of red-inking to the whole transaction; any expert accountant will tell you what that means.

And finally, it was so ordered that the Major should be projected headlong into the tangled equation. In fact, before the record was closed on this particular case, one whole page of destiny's docket practically belonged to him and his gimpy legs and his romantic if sixty-odd-year-old soul.

Any day and for a valid reason or for none at all, one or more of the commissioners might visit Shiloh, but all three of them made a point of being present for a whole week in the latter part of each April. It was the week during which fell the anniversaries of those two great days of fighting there; and in it the three transacted such accumulated business as properly was brought before them, and they bestowed their official greetings upon the veterans of both armies, who came by the thousands—for in those days there were thousands of veterans to come—and they sat in judgment on divers petitions.

Then ensued a great shaking of hands across the once gory Chasm, a great and hearty slapping of friendly palms on receptive backs, a great professing of eternal amity and everlasting concord—with certain mental reservations on either side. Yet under the surface courtesy, under the intermingled currents of hospitality graciously extended and hospitality graciously accepted, you might have detected now and again the lingering sparks of an olden and a deadly flame.

You could forgive but you didn't have to forget, did you?

That, more or less, was as it went on, and this time while it went on, a good-looking, upstanding young gentleman from the North, to wit, one Mr. Ethan Allen Van Duzen, attorney at law, of Battle Creek, Michigan, and an exceedingly pretty young lady from the South who, to-witting some more, was no less a personage than little Miss Sally Ann MacAllister, reigning belle of Pine Bluff, Arkansas, were pledging their faith forever and ever world without end till death did them part, beneath a green canopy where a pair of mating thrushes discussed housekeeping arrangements on a limb which Minié balls may have pierced. And close beside them winding off through the fragrant grove, ran a sunken road that once, on just such another fair April afternoon as this, had been brimful of dead men, dying men, stricken men, but now instead was full of soft brown leaf mold and wild violets.

But with the sweet, unreasoning, entirely reasonable selfishness of youth, these twain conceived that the violets were out on their account, that the amorous gentleman thrush sang his song to them and not to his own speckle-breasted lady-love, that this trysting-place, with its whispering memories of slaughter and pain, of heroisms and agonies, had been especially contrived by nature for their present and exclusive usage.

The couple occasionally paused from plighting for long enough to wonder why the Providence which had been so kind as now to bring them together could have been so unkind as to keep them apart until now.

BEHOLD how simply Providence had operated to produce this altogether so lovely an outcome: Colonel Van Duzen's son had other plans for the month of April, but at the eleventh hour those plans failed and he decided—it seemed to him a whim then, but today he recognized it as a happy hinge for the turning of one of Creation's most perfect schemes—he decided to come along with his father and look upon the scenes of his father's honorable and gallant achievements in the realm of military distinction. Simultaneously and at a point far distant, General MacAllister's daughter, having it in mind to visit a former schoolmate at Knoxville, found she could spare a week on the way for viewing a spot where not one alone but several of her breed had most valorously acquitted themselves.

Both of them at the outset had looked forward to rather boring experiences; either of them, looking back on it, could take credit for having been inspired by a desire to please an older person. Wherefore and lo, the bread cast upon the waters of affection was returning—not after many days, but after a miraculous few—as wedding-cake. Or was it?

Because a brace of lions stood in the path roaring. At least, one of the lions roared. The testy growlings of the second might sound less ominous but were just as hostile to their future rose-colored intents.

The lion which roared was old General MacAllister; the lion which growled was old Colonel Van Duzen. After years of consistent disagreement these eminent gentlemen at last had found an issue upon which they might stand together firmly united. Neither desired that his child should be in love with the other's child; or if love already had come, that the affair should go further. They equally were ready to transmit to the generation oncoming the quarrel of the generation outgoing.

For to General MacAllister this saucy Sally Ann of his was as the apple of his eye. She had been born to him in his middle



life; she had been the baby of his household; by his jealous reckonings she still was a baby. He wanted her to have beaux a-plenty, else he had not been a true Southerner. He wanted her within bounds to flirt with them; it was a part of her heritage to flirt. Of course he did not want her to die an old maid. But when the day came for her to marry—a day hopefully regarded by him as being still far distant—he wanted, father-like, to have a hand in picking and choosing the bridegroom.

Above all things else, though, he wanted no serious entanglements with the house of his ancient foe.

As for the Colonel, he had as much pride—family pride, personal pride, sectional pride—as the next one. He defied any living man to outdo him at nursing a grudge. Publicly he might advocate the burying of hatchets, but inwardly he entertained always the pleasing picture of burying his own private hatchet at the fat-enfolded base of a certain elderly skull. With genuine concern he had observed the ripening intimacy between his dear lad and his enemy's daughter, an intimacy dating, or so it appeared, from the moment when the pair met. With each passing hour spent by them in company his concern had increased, as well it might.

It might be a very foolish form of obstinacy; we'll concede that it was altogether foolish. But nevertheless it was a condition and not a theory. It was the Montagues against the Capulets all over again; it was Lancaster versus York. It was—to bring the metaphor a few centuries nearer—the Hatfields and the McCoys.

So, along with the joy there was trouble for those two who traded passionate vows in their greenwood by the sunken road behind old Shiloh church.

On the Friday Major Todd emerged from a session of the commission and was in a mood of high good humor. Among other matters which had come up there were one or two about which he had his own way.

It wouldn't be supper-time for an hour or so yet. He figured a short walk might stimulate an already healthy appetite. Tacking away from the main driveway leading inland across the parked battleground, he chose to stroll along one of the by-paths. He was tired of crowds. He hoped nobody would recognize him.

The trouble, though, with the Major was that nobody who



C "My father would be against it, and Allen's father. And so we've decided to run away," Sally Ann told the Major.

had ever seen him walking would fail to recognize him again if still he were afoot. To begin with, nature noticeably had made him bow-legged. Then one of those Confederate bullets which winged him in '62 in this very vicinity had accentuated the outward skew of his left leg. He traveled with a sort of scollopy rolling motion. When he went slowly he made you think of gimlets, but when he was in a hurry to get somewhere he made you think of corkscrews. Considered as a pedestrian, he was probably one of the most conspicuous pedestrians that you'd find in any climate.

That twistwise gait of his was a welcome sight for a pair of young persons who hastened across a broad strip of greensward to intercept him in a sort of natural ambushade where the shrubbery offered shields from casual observation.

"Oh, Major," cried little Miss Sally Ann, running up to him, "we've been waiting here ever so long to waylay you! We're just dying to see you."

Once a Kentuckian always a Kentuckian. The Major swept off his large white hat with a gesture which absolutely would have turned any Elizabethan cavalier—say, Sir Walter Raleigh, for choice—as green as a string-bean.

"My dear child," he stated in his courtliest manner, which was a very courtly manner indeed, "I am honored beyond my deserts. I am yours to command."

"Remember, that's a promise," Miss Sally Ann took him up so promptly that he gave a slight start.

"As a matter of fact, Major Todd, we will be very grateful to you for your help," said young Mr. Van Duzen. "There's an emergency and we can't think of anyone else to turn to."

"Hum," said the veteran. It was beginning to dawn upon him that possibly he had been just a trifle rash with his pledge of service. There was something so conspirator-like about this pair, she all tremulous and flushed, he obviously nervous. "Hum," the Major said again, prolonging it (Continued on page 104)

The Story of a Tiresome Husband's Wife



Illustrations by
Samuel D. Otis

WHEN they had been married for twelve years, Lucia decided that something had to be done. She couldn't stand many more years of boredom. Of course she was fond of Harry, fond of him because of the years of propinquity—but there were times when Harry came nearer being murdered than he realized. Maternal affection turned to slow hate. Why stand it any more? She was self-supporting. She had no fear of divorce. She felt that it could be accomplished without scandal or notoriety.

A Happy Ending

By Thyra Samter Winslow

FOR ten years Lucia Carter had been bored with her husband. When this story began to take form, the above sentence seemed provocative enough—had a nice fictional preciseness. The beginning of a well-rounded story, based on the things that Lucia Carter had told me about herself—in a way, the story of Lucia Carter. The story began to be embroidered prettily with those things a writer holds dear. A trick finish. A well-rounded climax. A happy ending.

Then Lucia took the thing out of the realms of fiction by adding her own climax. It is not as ornamental perhaps, and the ending, though far happier if it comes to that, is not the usual conventional one.

Here are the last two paragraphs of the story as it was originally planned. For those who like to look at the ending first to see how the story comes out, this won't be very satisfactory—for this story doesn't come out that way. However, you'll know where this could fit in—and you may fit it in at your own convenience if you prefer fiction. But because this is Lucia's story and because Lucia is to me more interesting than many persons on the printed page, this story has worked out her way.

Well, she had got her husband back! That, anyhow. He might wander again, but he wasn't likely to. He had had a good lesson. Lucia knew that in the years to come she would be as bored as ever with him. All of his remarks would be as tiresome, as stupid. But she had him back! That, after all, was the main thing. He hadn't been able to get away. She kissed him good-by, now, as he left for his office and she was pleased to notice that his kiss was no cooler—and no warmer than ever. He seemed a bit embarrassed but that was all. She had proved her power. She had him again.

How dull he was! What would they talk about all of the years to come? Well, he was back, anyhow! Hardly had he got out of the door than she rushed to the telephone. There was that new Fredericks man. She had promised to telephone him as soon as she could—it was more convenient to put in her own calls. Perhaps he would take her to that new art exhibit—it would be a bore, but he would not be—and to tea later. Life stretched out as calmly and as pleasantly as ever.

Yes, that's the ending as it was going to be—but not the way Lucia worked out her own story. So, if you don't mind, start in all over again.

For ten years Lucia Carter had been bored with her husband. She had been married for twelve. For the first two years Harry Carter had proved adequate enough.

Perhaps even then he hadn't been precisely exciting, but Lucia had had so many other things besides her marriage to think about.

Lucia was working in a decorating shop when she met Harry and he was handling the rather small advertising account. Lucia was "on her own" in the city. She had broken away from Camville, Illinois, with the usual difficulties that most girls of nice families have in breaking away from towns in Illinois. Before that she had had an uneventful childhood, had been as popular as the other girls in the crowd whose fathers were in fairly successful commercial enterprises, had had little defeats and little triumphs through high school, and a smooth two years of it at college. She had made one of the minor sororities, had had her share of dances—and her share of fear that perhaps she would be slighted when important ones came along—and her share of triumph when she wasn't.

Back in Camville, after college, she had decided that the town was impossible. What a bore! Going with the same boys and girls you had known all your life. While in college she had become slightly artistic and had gone in for the rather meager art classes that the university afforded. When she found she couldn't endure Camville dulness she persuaded her parents to let her have an artistic career.

She had a year at the Chicago Art Institute then, working hard at the usual first-year things, drawing from casts and from life in charcoal, experimenting in color, attending afternoon sketch clubs. She even had a couple of rather mild love affairs with eager youths who were a bit more set upon making a name for themselves in the art world than upon capturing her

affections. As she never heard from any of them later she decided that they had not succeeded in their chosen professions any more than they had in their early love affairs.

After her year at the Art Institute, she convinced her parents that New York was the place for her. Didn't everybody go there? She knew, then, that she would not be an artist—that her art talents were of the vaguest—and that it would take too many years even to develop them to make any accomplishments possible. She did want to do something. There were no possible marriages open to her in Camville, unless she chose one of the dumb youths whom she had known all of her life and who were to her the antithesis of romance.

In New York Lucia first went to one of the respectable boarding places for girls which the Young Women's Christian Association obligingly found for her. She enrolled in classes at the Art Students' League, discovered that interior decoration was an easier and a more possible way of making a livelihood than "purer" art—and she found that she had rather a flair for it. She liked color. She became interested in the historical periods.

At the end of six months she got in a small decorating shop. A few months here and she supplemented her training by a year at one of the larger furniture stores, a store which catered to people who were between department stores and exclusive shops in their furniture education.

She met Alice Morrison Parady there. The Miss Parady, whose name you see under so many photographs in the home decorating magazines! Miss Parady liked Lucia. She looked, talked and acted like a lady—a necessary requisite in higher interior decoration circles—and by this time her knowledge of furniture and of color and of decoration had developed so that she was able to give Miss Parady just the sort of assistance she needed. Miss Parady knew that Lucia had no clientele, no "following," usually one of the requirements for a position in one of the more exclusive shops, but she felt that Lucia's personality made up for this.

LUCIA was quite slender with large, rather expressive gray eyes, and fairly long lashes which she made up just a little. Her face was pleasantly oval and her brown hair, clipped a bit shorter than necessary even then, had a modern and smart touch in the days when bobbed locks were not seen with any great frequency. Lucia had a pleasing voice, low, well-bred, with just the smallest trifle of hesitancy between some of her words. This sounded like indecision or like deference or like thoughtfulness and was a valuable ally without Lucia's knowledge.

Miss Parady gave Lucia just enough salary to live on fairly comfortably if she were frugal. She moved away from the dull rooming-house she had chosen after the girls' club became impossible and took a small apartment, which she furnished most attractively, getting things at a discount through Alice Morrison Parady, Inc., and using, too, some of the accumulation of things in the shop which, because they were slightly damaged or a bit wrong as to cut or finish, could find no customer.

Lucia's apartment was delightful. The living-room had smoke-gray walls and the hangings were of printed linen in lemon, orange and black. There was a black davenport with green and lemon-color cushions, a smoke-color rug, darker than the walls, and soft shaded lights. It was comfortable, too. The chairs were soft, the tables conveniently arranged for smoking things, and the lights were where you really needed them. Yes, Lucia was good at that sort of thing. The bedroom was of virginal blue and white, a bit austere. White walls. Prim blue enameled furniture. Swiss curtains. Rag rugs. The way a bedroom might have looked—and didn't—in Camville, where they went in for elaborately carved walnut suites instead. Lucia loved it.

Lucia actually adored her work, too. It was the greatest fun, planning rooms for newly rich millionaires, keeping them from adding horrible atrocities at the last moment, being just a bit superior and a bit conscious of your superiority.

At first Lucia didn't have time for young men. Alice Morrison Parady, Inc., took up all of her excess energy. Then when it

became less of a thrill to decide whether peach or peacock taffeta should be used in a debutante's bedroom, Lucia began getting interested in men again—and there they were, all ready to be interested in, just as they had been in Camville, but with New York superiority. She went intermittently, then, with a couple of young decorators, tall, good-looking, rather effeminate, with charming manners and acquired English accents, a group of college boys, a newspaper reporter she met at a party.

Then she met Martin Stone. Martin Stone was one of New York's unknown millionaires. There are thousands just like him who have made incredible fortunes on the street or through manufacturing household articles that we use without ever knowing that millions were made in making them. Martin Stone made one of the parts that are used in assembled cars, and though he added neither fame nor social prestige he did add millions to the very comfortable fortune his father left him. He was a heavy-set man whose eyes were a little near together and perhaps a little too narrow for beauty.

IT WAS Mrs. Stone who came to Alice Morrison Parady, Inc., for assistance. She had bought an old home in the East Eighties correctly near to Fifth, and wanted the expert advice of the Alice Morrison Parady decorators. She was turned over to Lucia, who was soon busy with plans, making the little rough drawings to be turned into flat "elevations" by the near-sighted youth who spent his time making these water-color drawings. Money was no object with Edith Stone, so Lucia plunged into the job eagerly.

Edith Stone was a vague, rather indefinite blonde, a mere wisp of a woman, full of useless little nervous movements. She constantly wasted energy—but Lucia didn't know what she would have done with it if it weren't wasted, so it did not annoy her a great deal. Anyhow, she didn't have to see Edith Stone very often.

Martin Stone came in one day while Lucia was planning the living-room. She had about decided on twin davenports before the fireplace, using a modified Queen Anne and having the rug woven especially to the rather odd dimensions of the room.

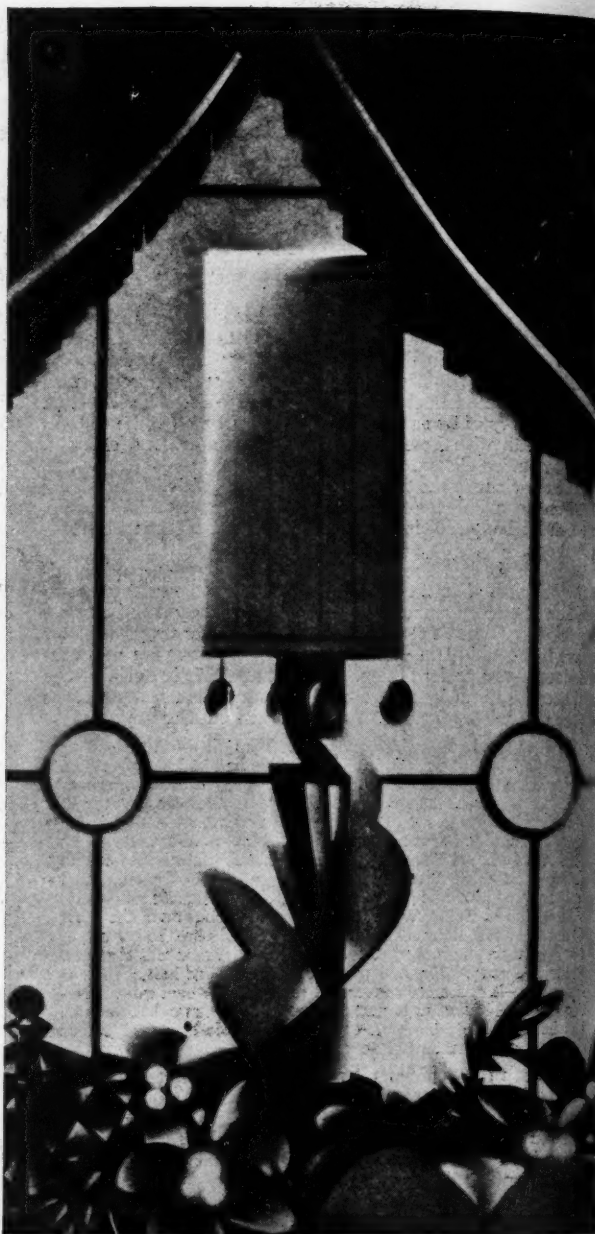
Lucia was attracted by Martin Stone immediately, and was only vaguely surprised when the next day he came into the shop on a pretended inquiry about his house. Lucia had no hesitancy about going with a married man, although up to that time one of her feigned mottoes had been "A married man is the same as a man who's dead." Martin Stone was not dead. He was decidedly fascinating.

Lucia had never been bossed before and she adored it. Stone took her to dinners at restaurants she had entered most infrequently, if ever. He knew just what to order and the things he ordered were usually out of season and amazingly expensive. He knew the right kind of caviar and the right kind of cocktail. He knew the only three sauces possible on fillet of sole. He knew that boiled turkey served with the special sauce of a certain chef was extraordinarily different from the tasteless roasted variety that is served in more ordinary eating places.

Lucia was delighted with all this. She was pleased that, after dinner, she could ask Martin Stone to her apartment and that it was a place she could be proud of. Anyhow, he knew more about foods than furniture. She showed him, casually, the austere and virginal bedroom and did not allow him to examine the rather meager kitchenette. He sent her various *bijouteries* for the place, some carved jade pieces, ash-trays of rock-crystal, figurines in copper for book-ends that a young artist friend of his had recently cast.

He sent flowers in boxes so long that they looked like not-at-all-diminutive coffins, and even then the box had to be cut to accommodate the stems, thus proving without a doubt that the flowers were the most expensive the shop afforded. He sent huge baskets in which fruit and jars of goodies fought for honors. He sent week-end boxes in which cakes and candies rivaled. There were boxes of books—books that he had referred to in conversation, though Lucia well knew that he hadn't read them.

He insisted that she use one of his cars, gave her the number of the private garage and left word there that a chauffeur should be in readiness. Lucia would sink luxuriously into the discreet black limousine of an afternoon when she had shopping to do or even a client to visit, or she would spend an hour driving up the Hudson.



Lucia did not deceive herself. She was not

Lucia did not deceive herself. She knew what Martin Stone wanted. She knew she was not in love with him. She liked him. She was impressed by his money, his manner. She didn't know how much one was due to the other, nor how much of his real personality was tangled up in both of them. She didn't want to "yield" to him.

She liked Martin Stone. His kisses, which had become more frequent of late, gave her a definite thrill. She knew that all of the luxury which he represented would disappear at her refusal.

Should she? Shouldn't she? Should she? Shouldn't she? Her mind became a whirlpool of indecision. Should she give up her job at Alice Morrison Parady's and accept Martin Stone's "admiration"? Or keep on at Alice Morrison Parady's and still accept? Or refuse and go back to the "before Cinderella days," the days of Italian table d'hôte dinners with impecunious interior decorators?

Then, quite suddenly and most welcome, Harry Carter appeared. Not quite magically, but prosaically enough, from the advertising agency that handled the Alice Morrison Parady account, to write the neat and discreet copy that was to appear in the exclusive magazines. Harry was tremendously good-looking and if his chin was not of the strongest and his mouth too small, Lucia didn't mind.



in love with Martin Stone, but she was impressed by his money, and his kisses gave her a definite thrill.

He succumbed at once to her gentle and elegant charm—and she thought him practically an answer from Heaven to her problem. The fact that his salary was slightly less than her own did not bother her. After all, she had never even hoped for legitimate support and at that time had ridiculous notions about a woman's independence. She felt that she was genuinely in love with Harry, even while she feared that it might be partially a reaction.

PERHAPS she did fall in love with him. She was grateful to him because he had taken her from "danger," even though this danger was exaggerated in her own mind. He answered her own very real need for affection. There was a helpless quality about him that appealed to her. He answered her maternal as well as her marital needs. Anyhow, Lucia was twenty-three, a good age to marry.

She and Harry Carter were married three months after she first saw him and she spent the next year being happily domestic at such times as she was home from the Alice Morrison Parady Shop.

Harry Carter fitted nicely into Lucia's apartment. He was a neat enough fellow—that is, he allowed others to be neat for him. It never occurred to him to pick up anything for himself, but this

was due more to indolence than to untidiness. He never thought of sending his suits to be pressed, but he didn't object to their being pressed when Lucia attended to the troublesome details. She bought his socks and shirts and ties for him, and because she had a nice taste in color, his ties were always correct and his shirts less violent than if he had picked them out for himself.

The second year of their marriage, Lucia grew a trifle restless and began to see in Harry less of the charms that had made her want the sudden marriage. He was no longer her White Knight. By the end of the year the first fine rapture of affection was dulled. She saw Harry as he was—an ordinary fellow, a bit weak, a bit dull. Vain. Selfish. Pleasant enough when his temper was not aroused. Almost wholly without initiative.

She tried to yield to his opinions whenever possible—but there were never any opinions to yield to. She would ask his advice and found that he had no advice to give. He read the books she brought into the home. He was fairly civil to the friends she had made. It never occurred to him to make friends of his own. A few months before Lucia had met him Harry had come from a small town in Alabama, and while she felt that his Southern ancestry explained part of his lack of energy, she did not feel that it entitled him to all of the superiority he took toward her friends.

The first years Lucia cooked breakfasts (Continued on page 135)

The Killer



ON A summer afternoon in Texas, just before it rained, they hanged John Ed for killing his wife. Usually darkies get hanged, along with their other affairs down South, in a routine way; nobody pays much attention to them. It happened that John Ed's case was a little out of the run of things.

John Ed was not, technically speaking, a bad negro. It had been a matter of too much squirrel whisky, in the fall of the year when the cotton was in. John Ed came home from town one Saturday night, after some mild revelry down by the wagon yard, where the country folks leave their teams while they do their trading; and he asked his wife, Aunt Ennis, for a piece of money. He knew she had some because she'd sold a calf that week for four dollars. But Aunt Ennis was awake when he got home, and although he knew where she kept her cash, he didn't want any violence. She was larger and heavier than he was.

Quite unreasonably, Aunt Ennis wouldn't give him a penny. All he'd do would be to blow it in with those worthless trash that hung around the wagon yard. She told him that he was an old fool, cavorting and rampaging around thataway. John Ed claimed later, in court, that she laid into him with a flat-iron. At any rate, he was much annoyed, and he took his ten-gage shotgun and shot her with buckshot, both barrels, and she died.

Next day the sheriff came out and got him, and he was brought to trial in the spring. People said it was a plain case, and nobody expected anything unusual, until Mr. Gadsen appeared as John Ed's lawyer. Gadsen's store had carried John Ed on a-credit, as they say, through a couple of bad years, and John Ed owed him about three hundred dollars for supplies and that sort of thing. Mr. Gadsen knew that if John Ed drew the death penalty, he would never get his money; and a life sentence would be just as bad. On the other hand, if he could get the fellow acquitted, or even win a manslaughter sentence from it, John Ed might work out his debt, which, Mr. Gadsen calculated, could well extend through the rest of John Ed's natural life.

Since both parties were darkies, Mr. Gadsen decided that the thing was worth a struggle. He had practised law himself, before he abandoned that profession for the more certain small profits of negro merchandising, and folks said that he was a mighty shrewd man. He took John Ed's case, and he put up a fight which they still talk about in East Texas.

The jury found John Ed guilty as charged, and the judge sentenced him to the pen for life. This didn't suit Mr. Gadsen; he appealed, and had better luck with the second trial, for the jury found murder in the second degree, and the sentence was twenty years.

But twenty years is a long time and pardons are uncertain; so Mr. Gadsen discovered some holes in the

record and got a third trial; in which he made a great to-do about the flat-iron, and the fact that Aunt Ennis weighed three hundred pounds, and otherwise dodged and doubled to the admiration of the most critical; but it was no use. The jury got a little tired of John Ed, and brought in murder in the first degree, and the judge was a hanging judge.

He sentenced John Ed to be hanged by the neck until he was dead, on the first Monday in February. This was fifteen years ago, when they used the rope in Texas.

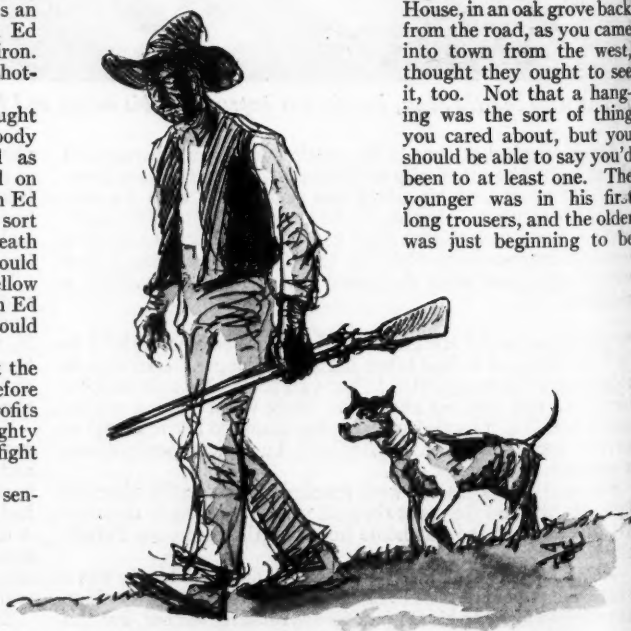
Mr. Gadsen took this very hard. He hated to be beaten; and there was the matter of supplies advanced, besides the time he'd put on the case; the various trials consumed nearly two years. He petitioned a thirty-day stay of sentence, and then another one, and more delays on this ground and that, trying to get the last conviction thrown out; but he couldn't do it.

He managed to keep John Ed alive through the spring. In the early summer his ammunition was exhausted, and he gave it up. And the word got around that John Ed was going to get hanged, and no mistake, in June.

All this had attracted considerable attention. People said, looking over the wagons coming in from the country, that it was the biggest crowd since Joe Bailey spoke in the court-house, last time he ran for the Senate. No circus had ever drawn them from the forks of the creeks like this did.

They came from all over the county, and from up and down the Trinity bottom, and from as far away as Madisonville and Lovelady and Leon Springs; it was a Saturday, too, and there was the regular Saturday crowd, for trading. They came in wagons and ox-carts and on horseback and on foot—negroes, mostly, but a lot of white folks—there must have been all of four thousand people in town. In our part of the state legal hangings were rare, and people wanted to see one.

The two Randell boys, who lived in what the negroes called the Big House, in an oak grove back from the road, as you came into town from the west, thought they ought to see it, too. Not that a hanging was the sort of thing you cared about, but you should be able to say you'd been to at least one. The younger was in his first long trousers, and the older was just beginning to be



By *Capt. John W. Thomason, Jr.*

A Negro Spiritual
in Prose

Illustrations by The Author



which he wore when court met and on special occasions. He was a mournful-looking man with a drooping mustache; he had been a peace-officer all his life, part of the time with the Texas Rangers. People said he had killed lots of men, but he was a slow, quiet-spoken gentleman who never had much to say. He nodded to the boys and murmured that it was powerful warm; wouldn't be surprised if it rained this evenin'. The Randell sprigs agreed with him, and looked at John Ed.

They knew John Ed; he'd been for years a renter on their father's place. They used to go out for 'possum hunts with him, he being one of those darkies who always has a good 'possum dog around. Now they hardly recognized him.

"Why, John Ed used to be a little-bitty nigger—puny, like! Now look at the rascal! Why, he's so fat the grease's runnin' outa him."

"Yeh—got that way lyin' round in ole jail. All he's got to do is eat his meals."

John Ed saw them, and blew out some smoke, and waved his cigar—a ten-center, by its gaudy band—and said: "Howdy, boys. Is yo' folks well? Ah boun' yo'-all's come to see ol' John Ed go to de Lawd, ain't yo'?"

The boys were a little embarrassed. They'd never seen John Ed so brash, and they didn't like to be called "boys," but they mumbled courteously, and looked at him, and looked at each other: just what do you say to a darky that's goin' to be hung by the neck until he's dead, right soon? He had on black clothes, new and stiff, and a little long in the sleeves and the legs, but tight across the middle; and shiny black shoes, and a stiff shirt without a collar: the State always gives a man a new suit to be hanged in. And he smoked a cigar, and patted with unction a fat brown deaconess who flopped about him and wailed. A cluster of negro women surrounded him, and the pastor of the African Methodists uttered a prayer in a booming voice.

Just here Captain Lon Farrell straightened his long bones and dragged out his watch. He said, mildly, "Well, John Ed, it's about time. Is there anything we can do for you before we go?"

John Ed said he thanked him kindly, but he didn't believe there was anything. The white folks, he said, had been mighty good to him. Captain Lon said that was all right; the hack was waiting. At this John Ed drew back.

"CAP'N LON, jes' one thing, Sah. Ah don' wanten ride in no kerridge of pride when Ah goes to de Lawd. Jesus mah Lawd an' Marster, de Lam' Hissel, He walk to He own hangin'—Howsat?" to the preacher, who had whispered something. "Suttinly Ah knows it wuz a crucifyin'—Ah jes' sez hangin'. An' Cap'n Lon, Ah don' want nobody sayin' ol' John Ed he ride whar he Marster walk—nossah! Lemme tell dat hack-drive to go on about he bizness, an' le's us walk to whar it is."

Captain Lon remonstrated: "Why, my sakes, John Ed! It's hot. Close, like—goin' to rain. An' its neah a mile—out on t'other side of the oil mill, on the railroad. You don't want to walk. Why, you'll be all wore out."

But John Ed insisted, and Captain Lon gave in to him. Only, he said he was going to ride himself. "Put on my new boots this mawnin'. An' I neveh did hold with walkin', no time."

The Randell boys spoke with Mr. Jim Rust while they filed out. Mr. Jim Rust said it was right funny about John Ed; all he'd done since he'd been in jail was read the Bible.

"He's learnt it by heart, whole pages of it—spout it right out at you—I neveh see the beat of it. An' preach! Boy, howdy! He's the out-preachin'est nigger I ever see. He was tellin' me he was goin' give it to 'em hot when they hang him. He's got all kinds of religion."

They went out through the edge of town, a small procession, led by John Ed and two sweating deputies with Winchesters, Captain Lon Farrell riding, and a few negroes and small boys trailing on foot. The Randells came behind, walking their ponies, and when they reached the field where the gallows were erected, they pushed their horses up behind the Sheriff and got well into the crowd.

"Boy, did you ever see so many folks? Way they're jammed in here, you could walk on their heads."

concerned about the peg of his, and they both took themselves very seriously. They talked it over, taking care not to mention the subject to their father, who rather held the view that such things were for darkies and poor white trash.

"Course he'd say we couldn't go. But dinner'll be late—you know ole Aunt Sue Sims won't stay at home to cook dinner, with John Ed gettin' hung—she'll make that little yellow granchil' of hers come in an' cook. Dinner'll be good an' late—two o'clock before it gets on the table—we can ride out there an' get back, an' maybe they won't know we went."

"Yeh. But s'pose he asks us where we been."

"Aw—he's got a lot on his min', Satterdays. People comin' in to see him, an' such. Betcher he don't think about it, if we ain't late for dinner"—dinner being with all well-regulated households the noon meal in that pleasant time.

Accordingly the Randell boys rode their ponies over to the jail, soon after eleven o'clock, to see them bring out John Ed. They hitched at the rail in front and lounged casually into the Sheriff's office, where Mr. Jim Rust, the Deputy, was tilted back in a chair chewing tobacco. Both parties said howdy with formality, and Mr. Jim Rust asked them how their folks were. He said he was just so-so himself, and he reckoned they'd come to take in the hangin'. They said, yes, they sort of thought they would; and they examined with interest the corroded handcuffs on the wall, and the Winchester in the corner, and other properties of Mr. Jim Rust's profession.

Mr. Jim said he couldn't get out himself; had to stay around the calaboose when the Sheriff left. He noted that there were a powerful sight of folks in town, but nowhere near as many as he'd seen in Houston, time they hung that train-robber. And anyway, he'd seen a lot of hangin's, he added: they didn't mean nothin' special to him. He wouldn't be surprised if he'd been at more than the Sheriff had, himself.

"Course, it's different with Cap'n Lon. He's got to go to them. An' then, the State pays him fifty dollars bounty, like, on eve'y man. Fifty dollars is right nice money."

The Randell boys agreed that fifty dollars was very nice, and cocked their ears at a burst of singing and shouting from the back of the jail. Mr. Jim Rust spat reflectively at a fly across the room, and said they sho' were giving John Ed a fine send-off—been a bunch of his church sisters, with the preacher, back there with him all morning, holding services and so on. The boys went back to see.

Captain Lon Farrell, the high sheriff of the county, leaned against the bars of the bull-pen, very warm in the Prince-Albert

John Ed spoke to people as he passed through, and asked them about their crops and their families, and most of them spoke back to him. When he went up the steps to the scaffold, he turned about and waved his hands and bowed in every direction.

"Look at that nigger strut, will you?"

"Sure does. It's his show, an' he's takin' it all in. Nigger jus' natcherly loves a funeral an' a hangin'—won't be any cotton chopped today—nowhere in these parts. Well, dad-gum!"

The elder Randell started so violently that his philosophic pony, which had settled on three legs to doze, straightened up and backed his ears. The two had come to anchor with Aunt Sue Sims immediately beside their stirrups. She rolled her eyes at them importantly.

"Bet yo' paw don't know yo'-all is out heah!"

They regarded her, much distressed. She opened her mouth for further admonition, but there was a kind of hum in the crowd, and she turned to hear. The sheriff was asking John Ed if he would like to make any remarks.

"Yessah, Cap'n Lon, an' thank, Sah; de Lawd done give me a message to dese folks"; and he turned to the crowd and lifted his hands and looked over them, the way a preacher does before he starts to talk, and bawled out: "Bretheren an' sistahs, praise de Lawd!"

"Mah fr'en's, Cap'n Lon de High She'iff, he sez Ah could say a few wuds befo' Ah goes to glory. Ah's powerful proud to see so many of yo' tu'n out dis day. Some of yo' is come far—Ah sees folks frum Big Sandy, an' frum de Bedias bottom—even frum Dan to Beersheba, like de Bible say. Gre't will be yo' reward! Yo'-all is mah brothehs an' sistehs in de Lawd, eve'y las' one of yuh! Ah ain' goin' to say much, ez Ah can see dat it's makin' up to rain in de wes', but whut Ah says, Ah wants yo' to take home wid yuh, an' gove'n yo' lives acco'din'y."

"Mah fr'en's, de Lawd, He sho' has bo' down hahd on ol' John Ed! Mah tribberlations has been on me lak Job, onleh Ah ain' had no boils ner risin's, praise de Redeemeh! But Ah had eve'y-thing else. De white folks is hel' co'ts on me; dey's tried me two-three times, so dat Ah wuz wea'y, an' Ah honed ter res' me. Now dey gwine hang me, on account of, dey say, Ah kill mah wife."

"But, mah fr'en's, Ah ain' kill dat woman—not but whut she were a hahd woman to git erlong wid—Ah ain' kill her—all de time Ah heap coals of fiah on her haid, even when she rile me wid her projec'in' aroun'. It all come back to dat son of mine, dat Saul—"

"That's right," whispered one Randell to the other. "Everybody said ol' Saul got him hung."

"Dat Saul, he steal away he mammy's life, an' he put de rope aroun' he pappy's neck, an' all Ah say is, he conduct is mos' unfilious. Tain't no otheh wud fer it. Is he heah? He ain' neveh come aneah me in de jail, all dis time—huccome he ain' neveh come ter see he pappy in de jail-house? Huccome he ain' heah?"

John Ed rose on his toes and looked around, and his voice was high and angry. "Ah boun' he ain' heah. Yo'-all tell him, Ah fergives him. Ah fergives eve'ybody. Ah's wash in de blood of de Lam'—Ah walks in de light, Ah does. Oh, mah brothehs an' sistehs in de Lawd, le's sing dat good ol' song, 'Walk in de Light'—and John Ed threw back his head and led the verse:

"Walk in de Light—
Be-yew-tiful Light—
Shine all eroun' me by day an' by night."

The crowd took it up and sang. A few at first; then all of them joined in. The rich, natural voices swelled up and rose in harmony, until there was a camp-meeting swing and surge to it. John Ed beamed down on them. The Sheriff stepped forward and took his arm, and pointed towards the northwest. The singing



stopped instantly, and you heard a frightened picaninny crying in a little thin voice, somewhere near the scaffold.

The boys turned in their saddles and saw black cloud-masses piling up above the trees at the edge of the field. And the Sheriff finished, in his deliberate voice:

"And we don't want to hurry you any, John Ed, but you see that cloud. Now go on—get through what you want to tell 'em befo' it rains."

"Yessah, Cap'n Lon—sho'ly, Cap'n Lon—jes' a few wuds mo'—and he went on: "Mah fr'en's, Ah's goin' ter glory. Ah done had a ha'd time on dis yerth. Ah been col' an' hongry, an' folks is treated me mean. An' de las' two yeahs Ah been in a place where dere's chilly win's, an' bright lights in de nighttime, an' gyards walkin' roun', so yo' cain't sleep. Now Ah's goin' where dere ain' no chilly win's—"

Here occurred an interruption. Aunt Sue Sims, who was the sister of John Ed's dead wife, had been rocking back and forth on her heels and humming happily, something that sounded like: "John—John—yo's on yo' las' go-roun' now, John—yo's on yo' las' go-roun' now, John"; and at this she squalled out piercingly: "Yo' mighty right yo' ain't goin' where dere's chilly win's, John Ed—it gwine be powerful hot where yo' gwine, John Ed—fiah an' brimstone, John Ed, an' de ol' boy wid a pitchfo'k, John Ed."

The people around her hushed her up, and pushed and yelled, and a woman said Sis' Sims ought to be ashamed of herself, and they only quieted when they saw Captain Lon Farrell take John Ed by the arm again.

"Come on—ain't yo' neahly through? That's goin' to be a regular gully-washer, John Ed."

"Jes lemme say good-by, Cap'n Lon—Ah's throo dis minute! Oh, mah brothehs an' sistehs! De time hez come fer me to go ter glory! Cap'n Lon, he say it look lak it goin' ter rain, an' it sho' does, too. Well, many a time Ah been wet in de rain an' de snows, but Ah ain' gwine be no mo'. Las' night, when Ah lays on mah bed in de jail-house, de he'bens open on me, an' Ah see right up to de gre't white throne! Ah sees a long flight of steps, an' at de top, sittin' in ahmchahs—gre't big ahmchahs—is de Fatheh an' de Son an' de Holy Ghos'. Dey rec'h out dey ahms to me, an' dey say: 'Come on up to glory, John Ed!'"

His people there took fire, and there was a confusion of shouting—"Dat's de trufe, brotheh! Bless de Lamb! Take 'im to glory, Lawd—hallelewyah!"

But John Ed waved his arms and continued: "En Ah holler up an' say, 'How Ah gwine git up dere wid yo' all? It's too high fer dis po' sinner, Lawd.'"

"Po' sinneh, Lawd! Hallelewyah, Lawd. Us all po' sinnehs, Lawd," screeched the crowd.

"Den de Lamb, de Son of Gord Hissell, He come down, an' He sen' his cha'iot of fiah, wid de fiah hosses a-chompin' of dey bits, an' dey grab me up—"

The pastor of the African Methodist Church had found a stump and mounted head and shoulders above the people. He began to chant in a baritone like a bull's:

"Oh—Ah look 'cross de Jordan, an' whut did Ah see,
Comin' fer ter carry me home?
But a whole flock of angels ercomin' atter me,
Comin' fer to carry me home.
Swing low, sweet char-iot,
Comin' fer ter carry me home . . ."

and the negroes took the tune and sang, all together. It made you tingle up and down your back.

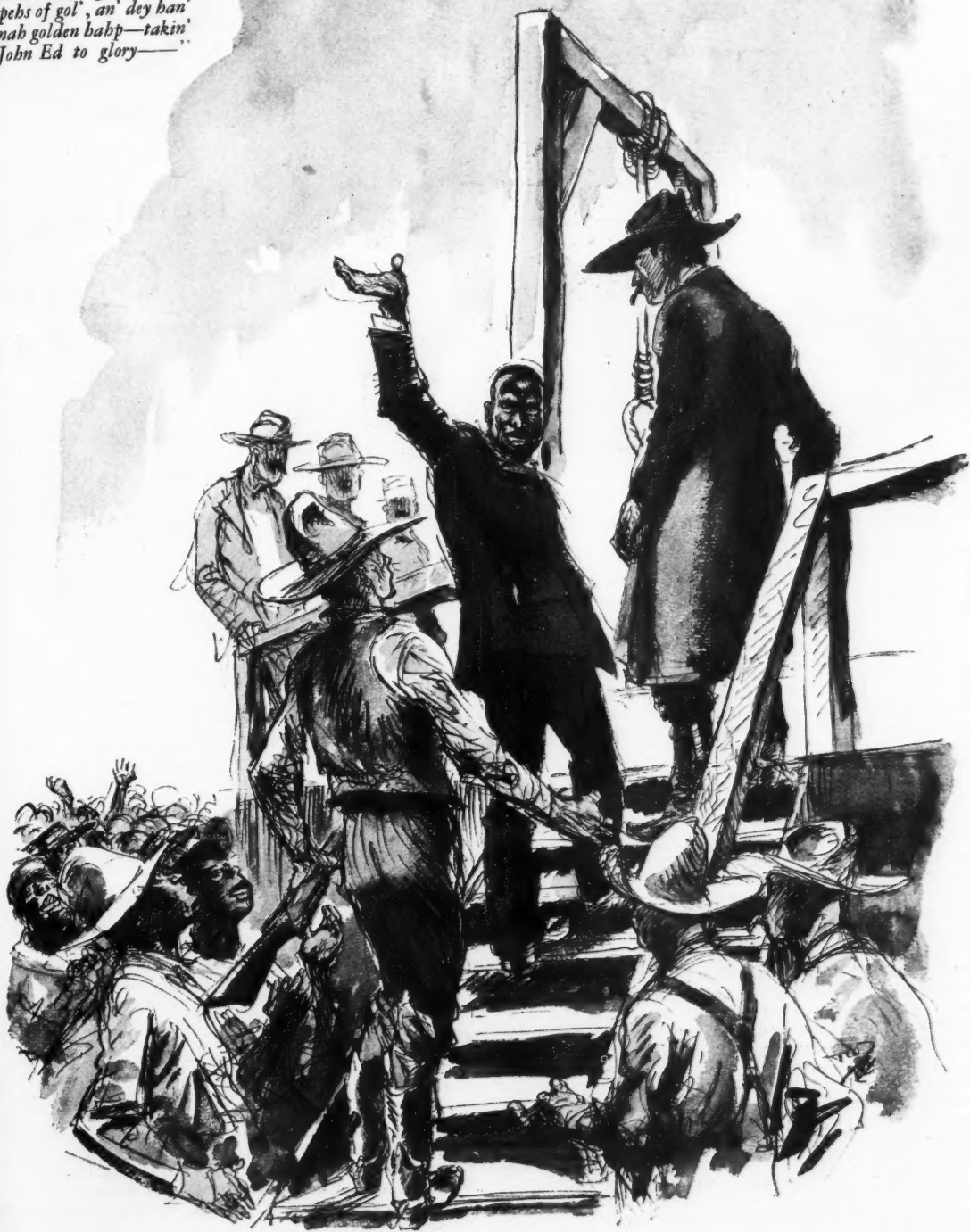
John Ed, as soon as he could make himself heard, went on at the top of his voice to the effect that the chariot of fire had set him down at the foot of the stairs, just like Elijah.

"An' standin' down f'um de gre't white throne is all de twelf apostles—Peter an' Jeems an' John an' Paul an' all de res' of dem. An' acrost f'um dem is all de prophets—dere's ol' Moses, an' Joshua, an' King Solomon, an' King David wid he hahp! An' dere come out ter meet me a reg'ler procession of little serafims and cheribims, wid to'ches in dey han's, an' dey wave dey to'ches, an' dey clap dey han's, an' dey say, come on ter glory, John Ed—come on up an' nou'ish in Ab'aham's buzzim, John Ed—an' dey gimme mah slippes of gol', an' dey han' me mah golden hahp—takin' ol' John Ed to glory—"

The negroes were now quite frantic. It was like a camp-meeting, shouting and singing and praying. There came a long roll of thunder, and the sun, that had been bright and hot, was behind a cloud. The crowd went quiet, with their mouths open, taut as fiddle-strings, rolling uneasy eyes, all set for a miracle. A wet little wind came, with the smell of rain in it.

On the scaffold, John Ed was still talking, but the deputies were tying his wrists and stooping at his ankles, and the Sheriff had a

C "Mah fr'en's, Ah's goin' to glory. De serafims an' cheribims dey gimme mah slippehs of gol', an' dey han' me mah golden babp—takin' ol' John Ed to glory—"



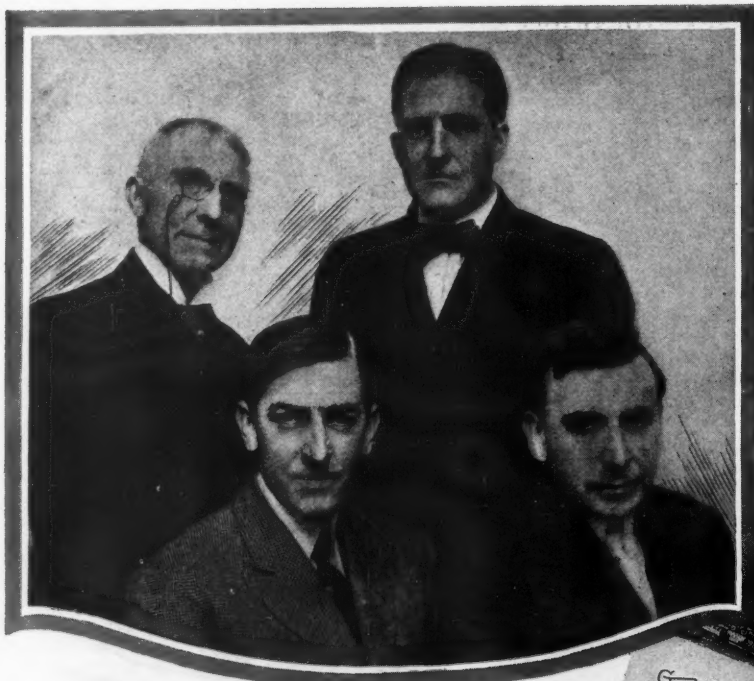
long black thing in his hand. You heard one quavery voice: "De black cap! Dey puttin' de black cap on his haid, oh mah Lawd!" They took hold of him and shuffled him toward the center of the scaffold, under the bright new rope that hung down, pale against the cloud arched now over the sky behind the cross-arm of the gallows. A strange muffled cry came:

"Meet me in glory—who's gwine to meet me in glory—"

The Randell boys looked at each other. All the people around them were crowding and stretching to see, and they wheeled their horses, somehow, in the press, people making way for them

without taking their eyes from the thing at the end of the rope. The wise little ponies went gingerly, tossing their heads. The press was thicker now. The boys did not look back . . . Behind, there was a thick, dead sound, an abrupt sound, with a twang at the end of it. They heard a sort of voiceless moan, like a long breath drawn and exhaled slowly, and one man said: "Dar now! Look how ol' rope spin aroun'!"

The ponies were in the clear, and they galloped, crackling their nostrils in the fresh wet wind. The first big rain-drops dappled the dust of the road . . .



James Whitcomb Riley, Meredith Nicholson, George Ade, Booth Tarkington—twenty years ago.

TEN years have slipped by since James Whitcomb Riley passed on, but we still think of him as sitting with us here at the table. His books continue to sell. He is talked about each day by countless thousands who never saw him but who have a sense of personal acquaintanceship with him. All of which must be Fame, or something better.

If I were to meet Booth Tarkington, Hewitt Howland, Meredith Nicholson, Harry New or Kin Hubbard this afternoon, the chances are that, before we had been in session ten minutes, the subject before the house would be Riley. We would begin swapping recollections and could keep it up for a week, if someone didn't come along and stop us.

Maybe he appeals to the Hoosier-bred more compellingly than he does to readers and admirers outside of our much cursed and discussed commonwealth. He is one of our prized assets, helping us to retain a certain state pride when the skies are overcast. Many things have happened in Indiana to induce us to crow like roosters and other developments have caused us to hold our heads and tempted us to put our birthrights on an open market and let them go at any price.

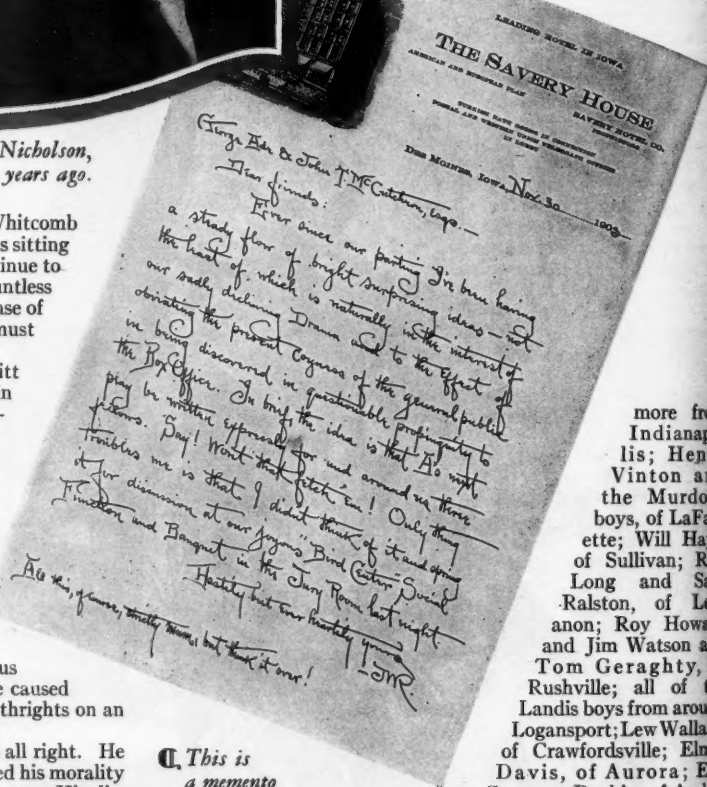
I know that we have one type of Hoosier who is all right. He is pretty well behaved, even if he never has permitted his morality to ferment on him and blow up, like a bottle of yeast. His distinguishing characteristic or trade-mark is his inclination to retain a small-town simplicity of manner and unashamed concern over primitive facts, even after he has taken on the outward importance which may come from going to college, traveling, making money, reading books, owning motor-cars, belonging to clubs, accepting dinner invitations, wearing wing collars and eating caviar.

He is more interested in men and women than he is in visible assets, loud noises or pretentious rites and ceremonies. He never mistakes size for magnificence or accepts the broad sound of a as a positive evidence of culture. He drags his talk a little and is not ashamed to use idioms, because they help him to say what he is trying to say, although he never may hope to duplicate the musical purr and the picturesque metaphors of the immortal Riley.

Some of the men I have already mentioned are my notion of what the Class-A Hoosier should be. And I could name ever so many more—the McCutcheon boys; Jim Stutesman, of Peru; Charley Jewett, of New Albany; Tom Marshall, of Columbia City; Will Bobbs and Will Taylor and Will Herschell and a lot

Riley

The Most
Lovable
HOOSIER
By
George
Ade



**This is
a memento
Mr. Ade cherishes.**

of French Lick; Wilbur Nesbit (the news of his death coming just as I check this proof-sheet); Harvey Wiley, of Hanover College; the Balls of Muncie; the Studebakers and Carlises and Fishers, of South Bend; William Dudley Foulke, of Richmond; Everett Sanders, of Terre Haute; Charley Major, of Crawfordsville.

Some are no longer answering the roll-call and many have moved into the big towns, but all of them have or had a certain something wished on them when they were born in Indiana. The heavens opened for them and a benevolent Providence endowed each with a sense of proportion and a knowledge of values which saved them from being spoiled as soon as they made the first page.

In other words, they inherited enough horse-sense and received a sufficient training in democracy, while they were young, to prevent them from becoming swanky and vibrative and unbearable when they began to cash in and figure as celebrities.

All of the admirable qualities which (Continued on page 205)

more from Indianapolis; Henry Vinton and the Murdock boys, of LaFayette; Will Hays, of Sullivan; Ray Long and Sam Ralston, of Lebanon; Roy Howard and Jim Watson and Tom Geraghty, of Rushville; all of the Landis boys from around Logansport; Lew Wallace, of Crawfordsville; Elmer Davis, of Aurora; Ex-Governor Durbin, of Anderson; Will Wood, of Tippecanoe County; Tom Taggart,

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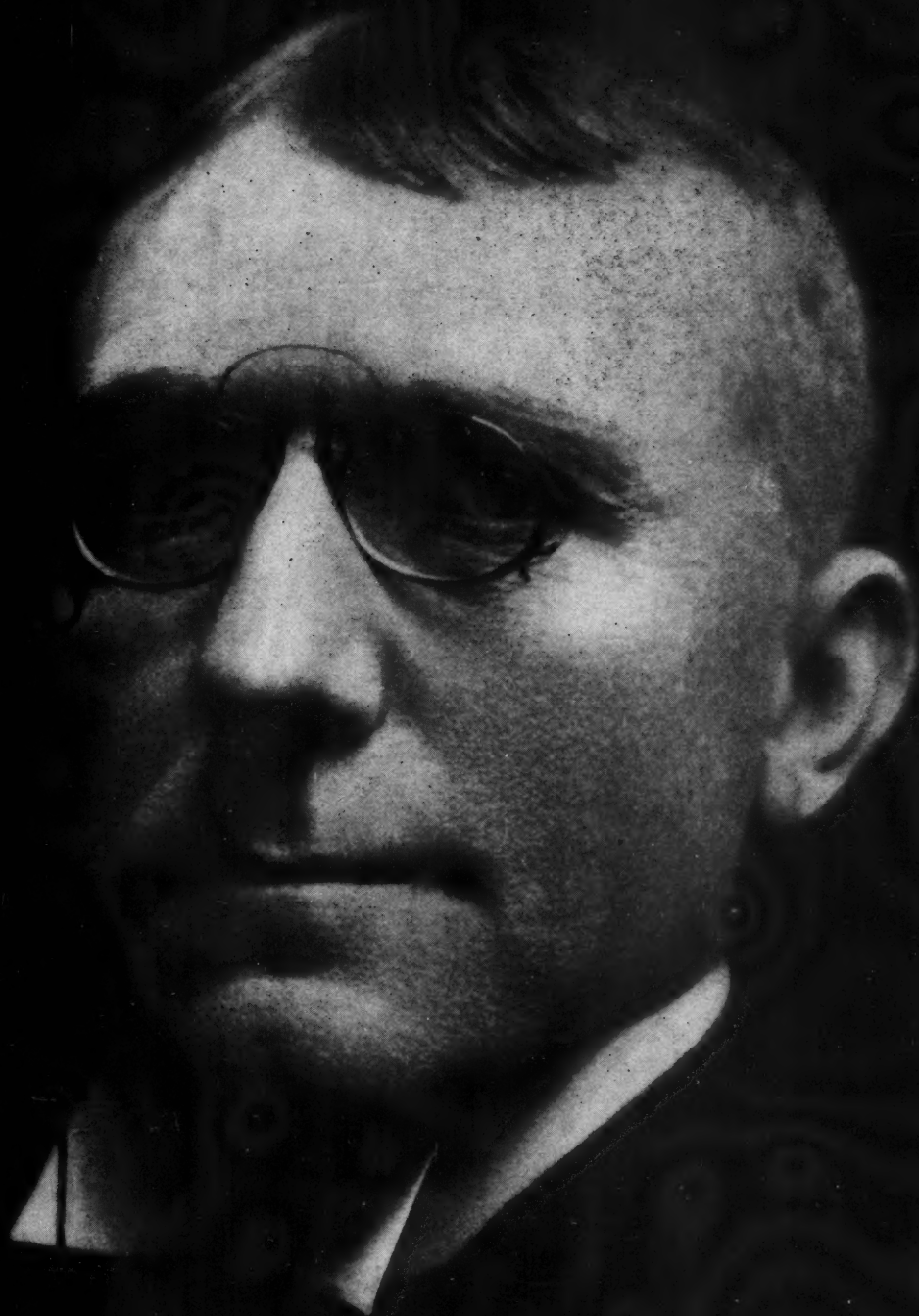
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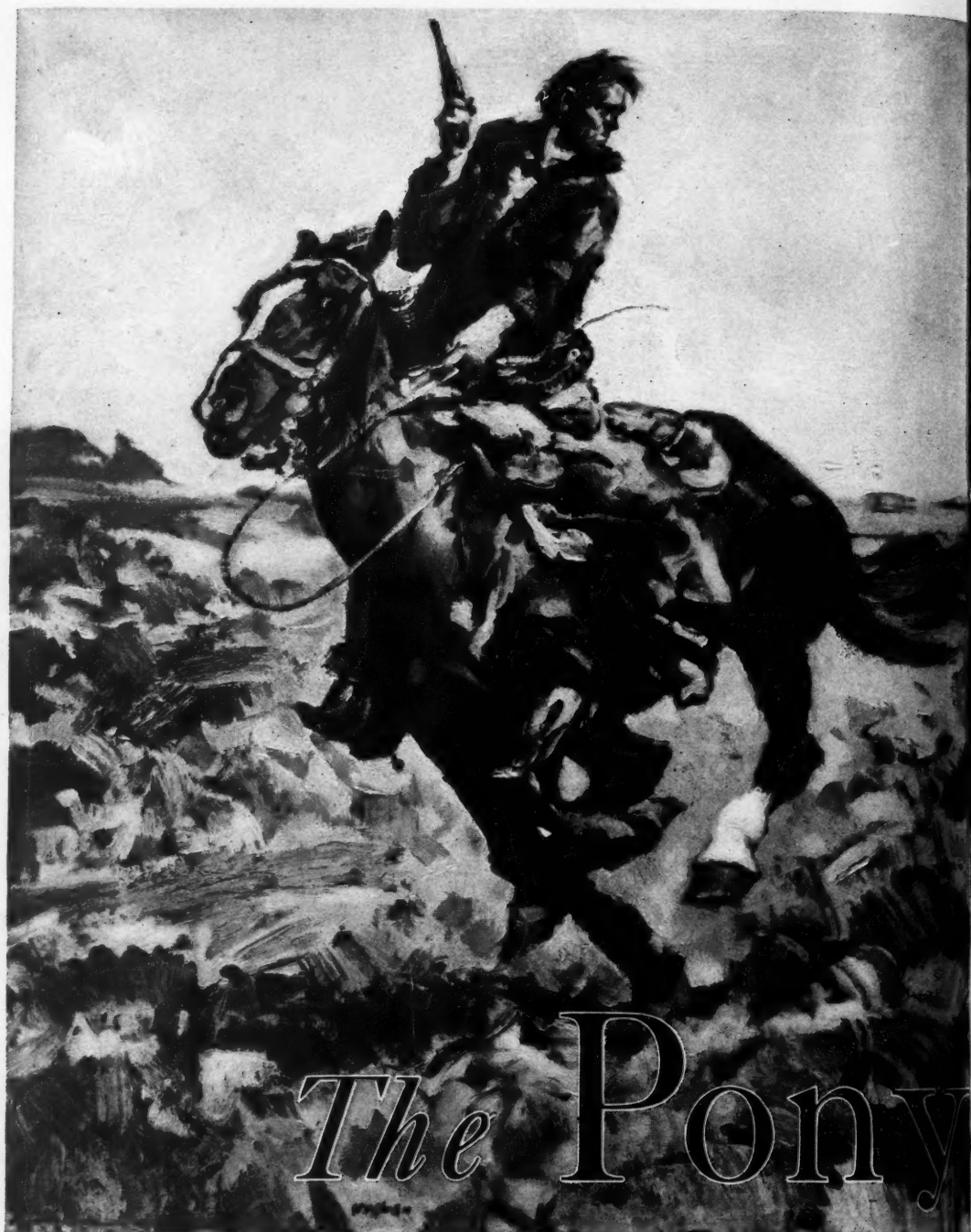
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“James Whitcomb Riley was about the most interesting individual who ever lived. He was cast in a special mold. His smaller frailties were outweighed by tons of kindness, charity and tolerance.”



The Pony

IN DAYS gone by the Indians had named the spot Seven Sleep because of its distance from some other camping place. Later on the wagons of the emigrants en route to Oregon had passed, leaving a multitude of ruts to mark their trail across the rolling uplands. Afterwards the Pony Express had built a change station here. Then Lant had come along.

So now there were two dirt-roofed log cabins and a barn; three specks to break the monotony of the gray sage. In the east a range of mountains whose flanks were forever changing from ashes of roses to purple and pale blue, whose crests were streaked with gleaming snow. But the overwhelming impression came from the gray wilderness of rolling plain.

This evening Lant was sitting in front of his cabin regarding the distant mountains. A sort of complacent lust was shining in his reddened little eyes. He was a thick-chested man with a stubble of sandy hair and a bad mouth. Youth was his, but he owned none of its careless joys; he was too busy looking out for number one.

Last autumn during an early blizzard a half-frozen prospector had staggered against the snow-laden wind to his door, with a buckskin sack full of small gold nuggets and the story of a stream in whose shallows the yellow particles showed among the pebbles. On the distinct understanding that the two of them should

By *Frederick R. Bechdolt*
A Romance from Old Wyoming

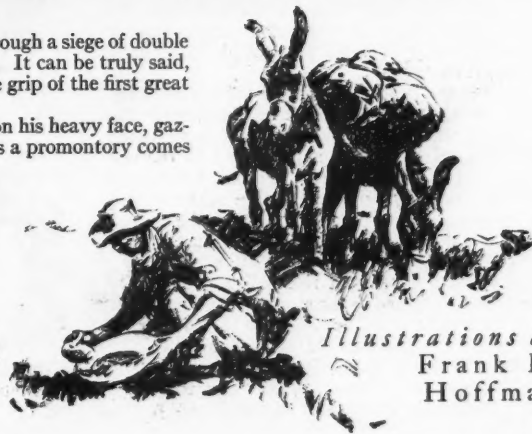


Express

visit the creek as soon as spring came, Lant had nursed the wayfarer through a siege of double pneumonia—only to see him die of a relapse just before the first thaw. It can be truly said, this was the first great sorrow in Lant's life. Its passing left him in the grip of the first great passion he had known.

So on this evening he sat, with the presence of that passion written on his heavy face, gazing at the place where the mountains came down to the rolling plain as a promontory comes down to the sea. The creek was somewhere in that portion of the range. Some day he was going to find it. His little eyes grew brighter with the thought—hard as two marbles glinting in the sun.

The long dirt-roofed cabin across the way was beginning to yield signs of activity. Smoke was pouring from the kitchen stovepipe and the clash of dishes sounded at intervals. The time was near for the arrival of the express rider from the east, for the departure of his successor with the westbound mail. Harding, the lank station keeper, was helping the swarthy hostler saddle the change horse in the corral beside the barn. His wife and daughter June—of whom he used to boast that they were the only white women living between Fort Laramie and Salt Lake City—were, for the time, forgetting the



Illustrations by
**Frank B.
Hoffman**



C "The gold camp is less'n two weeks old. And watch her roar. The crick is staked from end to end."

deariness of this existence in the sweltering hurry attendant on the preparation of the evening meal.

Now the kitchen door opened and June appeared upon the threshold. Lant turned his little round eyes from the mountains and the flame of another desire came into his face as he looked upon her.

She did not glance his way but stood there for a moment shading her eyes with one hand, gazing eastward across the billows of gray sage. Then she hurried to the heap of gnarled cedar sticks by the corral fence and gathered an armful. She straightened, with the burden in the crook of her elbow; and the Wyoming breeze, which seldom idles while the sun is in the sky, whipped her skirts tight about her firm young body; it flung a strand of her dark hair across the splash of crimson on her cheek. So she remained, for a short space, straight-shouldered, with her head back, looking once more across the rolling plain, before she hurried to the kitchen; and Lant's lips seemed coarser as his eyes followed the splendor of her figure through the doorway. He was thinking—as he had thought many a time in this same place—that, when he got his placer-gold, she would come next.

Harding and the dark-skinned hostler were bringing the newly saddled horse from the corral. The messenger who was to take the pouches westward sauntered out to meet them, buckling on the belt which held his six-shooter. A shrill yell floated down the wind, long-drawn and thin as the cry of a coyote. June appeared in the kitchen doorway. The rider from the East was coming in.

He showed, topping a rise half a mile away; then vanished in the swale, and then burst into sight again between the clumps of sage-brush. The rattle of the hoofs grew louder. Without slackening the pony's headlong gait he came on the dead run, to pull up before the station and leap off in the

midst of the last stride. Harding lifted the pouches from the saddle and, in one motion, dropped them upon the waiting horse. The new messenger mounted and was off in a whirl of dust.

To his departure Lant was paying no heed. He was intent upon the kitchen doorway. June was standing there looking up into the face of the rider from the East. He held her hands in his. The complacency had vanished from Lant's face. His little eyes had become venomous.

The shadows lengthened. Harding returned from the barn where he had put up the lathered pony. The sun went down and the coolness of the Wyoming evening descended upon the land. Lant was still sitting before his cabin when June and the messenger came out into the twilight after supper. He watched them walking down the road which wound like a ribbon of gray velvet among the empurpled sage clumps.

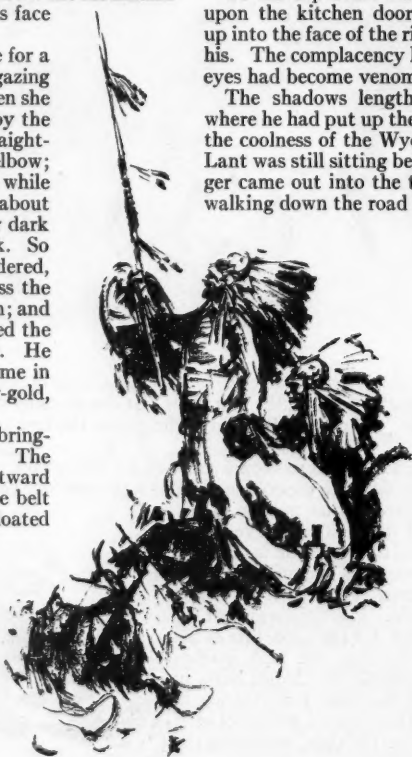
Half a mile from the station, one of the long billows of the lonely uplands rose higher than those about it. On those evenings when Doug Lewis rode to Seven Sleep he and June used to walk to its summit. There they would sit, with their faces toward the east, while they talked of their hopes.

The distant snow peaks flushed faint pink under the caress of the late afterglow. June's eyes were fixed on them but in her fancy she was seeing a land beyond—a promised land of which the two of them had dreamed.

Doug was lying with head upon her lap; her fingers stroked his thick brown hair.

"The river bottom lays under the bluffs," he was saying. "Two hundred acres of rich land, and town not twenty miles away."

"And there are trees." Her voice had sunk almost to a whisper. Looking up, he saw the hunger in her eyes.





C "Blind Luck," said the pony express rider. "It seems too good to be true," whispered June.

"Yes, Sweetheart, trees. Cottonwoods and maples and box-elder. Trees and shade and hills to break the wind."

"And neighbors, Doug, you said."

He raised himself abruptly and sat beside her.

"Not more'n five miles away," he told her, "to the nearest family." His young face tightened as he saw the wistfulness in hers. "Only for my busting my laig last winter, we'd of been married by this time." He took her hand in his. "Listen, June, I'm getting ahead again with this month's pay. And before snow flies—"

She withdrew her hand and patted his gently for a moment and he fell silent, for he knew what was in her mind.

"This here ain't a country for women." His voice was rebellious now and his cheeks were flushed. "It's tough for men. Wind and dust all summer, and in the winter, wind and snow. Hard work and worrying fer fear the Indians is out again. I'm going to take you away. Three months from now we can get married and pull out. Look at your mother, June. I bet she ain't forty yet."

"Just thirty-six," she said under her breath.

"And gray streaks in her hair; bent-shouldered already!" he cried. "Do you think I'm going to give my wife that kind of a deal?"

She shook her head and for a while she sat silent gazing into the shadowed east. At length, "I can't leave her, Dear. It's hard enough for her with me. And if I went—"

"You are right, Sweetheart," he said slowly. "Us two have got to stick it out till things are easier for her. But somehow or other I am going to make it yet. Some day I'm going to take you back to a country where it's fit for women."

The shadows deepened and the dusk crept up around them. At last they rose. Ten hours from now he must leap into the saddle to ride another seventy-five miles to the change station east of the range. They came together up the road and kissed their good night.

"Mebbe," he told her with youth's unbounded optimism, "luck will come to us."

Lant was still sitting there before his cabin.

"If that fellow was only out of the way!" he said aloud.

In the background the silent granite ridges were turning from gray to purple where they climbed to the snow-fields on the high peaks. Nearer mountains whose red flanks were streaked with dark green timber descended to the foreground. Here a jade-colored stream flecked with a lace-work of foam filled the canyon with its noise. Some tamaracks lifted their storm-battered limbs among the brown rocks.

Into this setting Lant had just come, to mar the picture by his lack of harmony. As he stood looking about him his face grew meaner; anticipation, which would have brought the light of joy into the eyes of some men, left him stealthy. And when he saw how the gorge narrowed to a gateway (Continued on page 118)

By Katharine Brush
The Long

THE room in which the groom and the best man waited was small, so small it seemed a sort of closet; an effect materially heightened by the numerous gowns of choir-boys which drooped limp from hooks on all sides. Two square feet of summer sky hung in a frame of window high on one wall. This, and the crimson carpet, were the only spots of color in the room. The rest was white and black; white walls, black and white robes—and the two dark-clad young men with pale, strained faces . . .

Outside, beyond the little door, an organ sang softly of the sacred and beautiful thing about to be. Its song reached the pair in the vestry-room; a faint throbbing hum that suggested even while it drowned the rustle of silks, the whisper of lips, the tread of the ushers' feet, down and back, down and back. There was a flowery fragrance too in the vestry-room. The ghosts of many, many flowers had crept in, ghostlike, through the cracks in the door and through the keyhole.

"Time?" said the fatter of the two young men. Briefly. Some hours ago he had given up using any more words per sentence than were requisite. He was the groom.

The other young man consulted his watch. "Twenty-five after. Just."

"Five minutes more."

"Yeah."

"Lord!"

You have been told which was the groom. And it is well, for you would never have been able to determine, seeing them. Both had a hunted look. Both mopped their foreheads. Both paced the floor, with frequent solemn collisions. The best man was as restless and as haggard as the groom; and in view of the fact that he had been a best man nine times since graduation—that, indeed, he was one of those young men who appear to have been designed by nature for the job—this was a curious and a noteworthy thing.

The groom's name was Thomas Theodore Jennings, Third. But his real name was Tuck. He had played guard on the football team, and was in business with his father, and his eyes were blue, and his barber had begun to mumble to him about scalp treatments. And that's all. There isn't any more.

The best man was Gregory Jordan. By avocation a broker. (Mallard, Fitzgerald and Co., 30 Wall Street.) By profession, a chap all his friends always wanted all their friends to meet. You know him. You know a dozen of him. Tall. Good-looking. Given to smiling, and endowed with the teeth for it. Fond of the fox-trot, good clothes, three no-trump and four o'clock in the morning. Expert at making mothers feel young, kid sisters old, and married women

C "You're just the little girl I'm looking for! Let's go out and count the stars," said Greg.



Young *Dreams*

Illustrations by

W. E. Heitland

certain that secretly he wished they were not married. Age: twenty-six. Alma Mater: Amherst. Popularity: there isn't any word.

Tuck and Gregory had roomed together for three campus years. They had picked out long rambling letters to each other, one-fingered, on office typewriters, for two years more; and reunited with wild particular glee at class reunions. Then Tuck had written a special delivery, one of those special special deliveries beginning, "Well, old man, everything set, June twelfth is the Big Day, and I'm counting on you to see me through."

And Gregory had wired, "Paralysis couldn't stop me. Morning, noon or night clothes? Let me know while still conscious. Cheers. Greg." And he had bought a silver tea-service and sent it to the bride. And he had bought a new silk hat because the night of the last wedding they had packed champagne in cracked ice in his old one. And he had traveled twelve hundred miles . . .

And here they were.

After the immemorial manner of grooms, Tuck was concerned about the ring. Thrice in the last ten minutes he had inquired as to its safety and whereabouts, and now he inquired again, in a hoarse pathetic voice.

"I've got it, don't worry," said Gregory.

He produced it. It was a circle of diamonds set in platinum. Both young men regarded it intently.

Gregory laid it in the palm of his hand and touched it with a thoughtful finger-tip. "Does it fit her?"

The groom looked indignant. "Fit her? 'Course it fits her!" He paced toward the window, two paces; then wheeled, looking panic-stricken.

"What makes you think it doesn't fit her, for the love of—"

"I don't," said Gregory. He added slowly, with his eyes still fixed on the wedding-ring, "Only it's so—little."

Tuck, reassured, resumed his pacing.

"It fits, all right. We tried it on.

Naturally. Put it away, Greg.

You might drop it." This idea took instant fierce grip on his imagination. "What if you

dropped it?" he demanded,

wheeling again. "What

if you dropped it right

now and it rolled under

something? We'd

never find it! We

wouldn't have time!

Put it away."

Gregory already had.

"How many minutes

more?" Tuck then

wanted to know.

"Three."

A faint bleat of an-

guish from the groom.

"Three and a quar-

ter," Gregory suppl-

mented helpfully.

Tuck sat down on a

very small chair and

glowered ahead of him.

"I've already counted them," Marion giggled. "But maybe I missed one or two."

W. E. HEITLAND

"What if she changes her mind," he muttered, "at the last minute? You're always reading—"

Gregory's back was turned. He was ostensibly interested in a framed placard headed "Notice to Choristers." "She won't," he said. Quite simply.

"She—" began Tuck. But he never finished. The word

was not a thing to say. That was a thing to keep to himself, forever. Forever.

He looked at Tuck. Tuck was still standing there, muscle-bound, his mouth working. The sight gave Gregory a certain desperate calm. It seemed to him all at once that they tarried unpardonably; that the organ had been sending forth those



had hardly left his tongue when he bounded from the chair and stood rigid and feverish-eyed, staring.

The organ in the church outside, with sudden splendid chords, was proving the truth of Gregory's statement.

Miss Gloria Varney of Regis, Alabama, hadn't changed her mind. She was coming.

It is strange that in major moments we can find only very minor things to say. Gregory in this moment could find nothing to say at all except, "Confounded watch must've been slow." He was thinking, "No! No! Oh, my God—no!" But that

"It's funny, meeting you at last, Greg," said

slow heart-twisting chords for a long time, for as long as he could remember. He threw an arm across Tuck's shoulders.

"All right, old kid," he said gently, lightly. "Let's go."

Tuck nodded, and his shoulders straightened. Gregory stood away. Louder now, the organ in the church outside. Measured, mighty music, imperative, inexorable: *Hmmm—hmmm—hmm* . . .

Tuck was abruptly active, frantically active. He wiped his

to himself,
ere, muscle-
y a certain
they tarried
forth those

forehead on—I regret to say—a choir-boy's surplice, more accessible than his handkerchief. He passed the palms of his hands over the damp slick of his hair.

He tweaked his tie and jerked at the lapels of his cutaway coat.

He quavered, "Ring?" cleared his throat, said gruffly, "Got

all the faces were not turned. They were looking at Tuck.

Hmmm—hmmm—hm hmmm . . .

Gloria's mother stood near them. She had a gray lace dress on, and a big hat. Petite and pretty and young, Gloria's mother, the kind of mother who made you sure her daughter would never grow fat or wear run-over heels. Gloria's brother



Gloria dreamily—"because I knew all about you."

the ring?" Gregory had it. "Come on," commanded Tuck. And two who had lived a century in two bars of "Lohengrin" passed through the little white door.

The church was a vast mass of blossoms, wee blossoms that were flowers, large ones that were people's faces. The large blossoms were turned to the left, all of them, as though a wind breathed on them and sent them so. Everybody was standing. Gregory glimpsed Tuck's mother and father. Theirs alone of

with her. Elliott Varney, Junior, aged twelve. In a collar apparently tight for him, for he tugged at it with his forefinger.

Hmmm—hmmm—hm hmmm hm . . .

Candlelight gleamed on the bishop's bald head. The scent of the flowers was suffocating, dizzying. Only two of the thin, tall, stained-glass windows were open; not enough. Gregory glanced sideways. Tuck seemed tranquil now. He stood very straight and steady and still, chin lifted. Tuck, good old Tuck, salt of the earth.

Hm hmmm—hmmm—hm hmmm . . . (Continued on page 154)

Concluding
a New Novel by
Martha
Ostenso

who wrote

"DARK
DAWN"

SEATED opposite Bayliss in the train on the following day, Elsa was moved by a strong impulse to cry. She was a little girl again, loving the wide world in a geography book, or voyaging sheer out of time and space in a craft of grandeur and speed incomparable, over and above the lazy green leaves of the pigweed house.

She was little Elsa Bowers, going unimaginably far—to Chicago with Bayliss Carew. She was dwelling out there on the horizon, miles away, where all this ceaselessly whirling landscape had its fixed center. She was hunting through the streets of every tiny, snow-dimmed prairie town, peering under the roofs of houses, stealing all their precious secrets in a riotous elfin banditry. She was in flight above the lonely white stretches of an unfamiliar world, over the black smudges of woods and fields and tumbling, vacant hills. She was uncontrollably, shamelessly happy, gathering all this life of the earth into herself, sealing it fast within.

Bayliss was speaking to her in a low, strangely wistful tone. "Your face is the most vivid thing I've ever seen, Elsa. What's going on back there behind those eyes of yours?"

"I could never, never tell," she confessed with a smile.

He leaned toward her and took her hands. "Do you know—if we ever went out into the world together—you and I—into a more complex life, I mean—I'd never be able to hold you. I don't think I ever realized that before."

She felt a momentary sharp excitement, a quick stirring of pleasure at his words. She smiled a little, from a sense of intrigue with herself against him. Perhaps, after all, it was well for Bayliss to think that. And yet, how infinitely wrong he was, how adorably stupid!

In Chicago Joel met them. And within the first half-hour Elsa became aware of the cool, strong change that had come into her mind in regard to him. She glanced covertly from time to time at his mobile, intent face, with its flashing humor and its sudden, almost melancholy repose, and the startling truth dawned upon her that nothing could have been more cruel than a marriage between him and Lily Fletcher.

She thought of Lily's child, the child that was Joel Carew's. There would be a beauty and a romance in that child, a powerful charm that no child of faithful Axel Fosberg's could ever possess. She recalled the bitterness with which she had thought of Joel Carew and the violent passion which Lily's confession had roused in her. The months had worked their change in her, she knew, a change she might never have admitted to herself had it not been for this meeting with Joel Carew.

It was the consciousness of this change that disturbed her during those shrill blustering days of spring, while she and Bayliss idled through the big stores, walked through crowded streets,



"Just to show you that we Carews do settle—on the spot, Norb Whitney!" Bayliss said.

delighted in plays and music and pleasant dinners together in pleasant places. Deep down within her there was that vague feeling of disquietude, as though a voice there said, "A Carew woman . . . setting aside the misdeeds of the Carews . . . buying her clothes in Chicago . . . another Florence Breen, another Grace, another Ada." But the voice was very faint, and at her side the voice of Bayliss was eager, urgent.

Besides, she was supremely, insouciantly happy. She was especially happy in the violence, the stride of the great, obstreperous city, the fierce roar of the wind that was its voice, the white-green tumult of the waves breaking on the shore of Lake Michigan, its soul. She was reluctant to leave it, to go back to the known instead of on and on, forever into the unknown.

On the evening of their last day, when they stood in the whipped green twilight and listened to the thunder of the breakers on the lake shore, Bayliss gathered her hand closely within his own and talked to her with a husky earnestness. "You'll probably never know, Elsa, just what it has meant to me to see you so happy these last few days. Some day—it may be a long way off—I want you to have everything, to go everywhere, to enjoy everything. Until that time comes, Elsa, I'm going to need you—need you terribly, perhaps."

A strange note had crept into his voice. She glanced up at him in the weird lake light and saw upon him the gloom of the mantle of Peter Carew, and the beauty of it. An uneasiness seized her.

The
d

Illustration by Marshall Frantz

Carews

"What makes you say that, Bayliss?" she asked him.

He smiled down at her and patted her hand softly. "Nothing—nothing! I'm just telling you that I'll need you—whatever happens—I'll need you!"

A dark presentiment passed through her. Bayliss and Joel had spent the afternoon together. She had felt sure that they were deep in the discussion of family affairs. She knew now that Bayliss feared some impending trouble, had feared it for days.

It came scarcely as a shock to her, then, that the news of the Carew disaster awaited them at their hotel, in a telegram from Michael. She did not discuss the news with Bayliss—there would be time for that later. She knew simply that the time of her testing had come at last and she was ready, almost eager, to face it.

Before Elsa, in the darkness of that night, stood the image of the Carews fallen in their splendor, trampled and bedraggled and torn apart by the rabble that had long fed on envy and secret hatred. The Carews—gods, demons, centaurs—whatever they were, different from the common run, and therefore cursed of them. And Bayliss—Bayliss whom she loved, among them.

Gorham had the roadster at the depot for them when they arrived in Sundower. Elsa glanced at him anxiously as he carried the luggage from the train to the waiting car. He was quite obviously excited, Elsa thought, in spite of his efforts to appear casual. He said nothing until he had thrown the luggage into the car and Bayliss was in his place before the wheel.

"I think I'll be stayin' in town for an hour or so, Boss," he said as he closed the door and leaned across it toward Bayliss.

"I thought—it bein' Saturday night——"

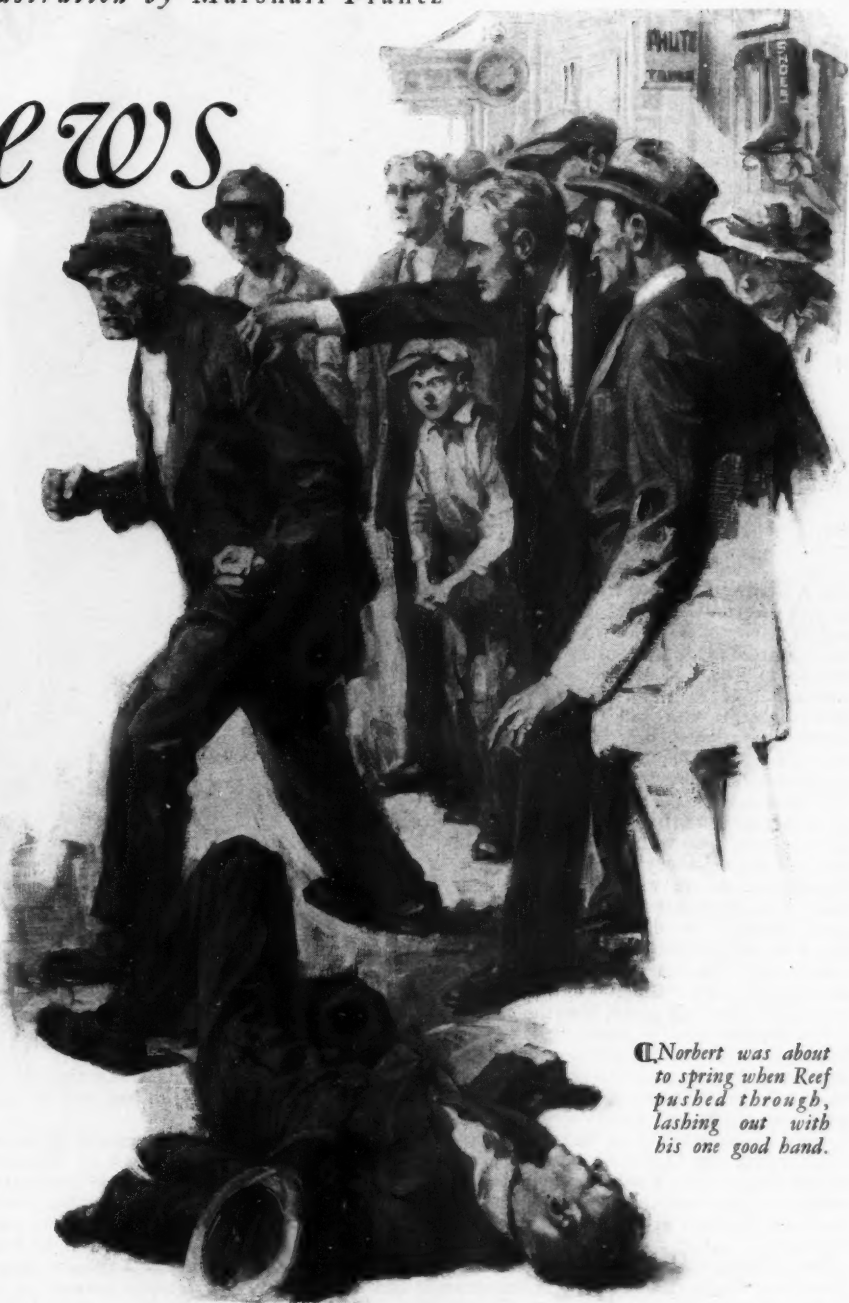
"That's all right, Gorham," Bayliss replied. "There seem to be a lot of people in town tonight."

Gorham spat quickly as he turned and glanced down the main street aglow with the warm light of early evening. "It ain't none o' my business, of course," he said with an air of hesitancy, "but if I was you I'd take the north road an' turn south the other side o' the Methodist church. I'm thinkin' of Mrs. Carew, there. The streets is full o' Saturday night drunks an' they're doin' a lot o' talkin'. The—the news broke yesterday an' they're feelin' kinda ugly."

Bayliss laughed. "Thanks, Gorham," he replied. "Do you happen to know if Michael is in town?"

"Lord, no! He's home. I don't think he's hankerin' much to be round town after what's happened. It wouldn't be exactly safe, to my way o' thinkin'."

"All right, Gorham. How's everything up at the house?"



Norbert was about to spring when Reef pushed through, lashing out with his one good hand.

"Everything's fine. Only I had to let that man go. He wasn't worth his salt."

Bayliss laughed as he started the car and put it slowly about until it was headed into the main street of the town.

"Looks to me as if things were even worse than we thought," he observed steadily.

Elsa was conscious of a little thrill of excitement as she looked along the street.

"Are you going out by the north road?" she asked.

His eyes were fixed upon the street before them as he replied. "Just if you say so. If I were alone now, I'd like to walk down and look them over. I'll probably never have a better chance to find out just what they think of a Carew."

"I think I'd like to know myself," she said. "And I wouldn't want even Gorham to think that you slipped out of town by a back street."

"That's the old spirit!" Bayliss said with a laugh as he drove down the street.

Elsa had never seen so many people (Continued on page 170)

A Secret
of the
Secret
Service

By
W. Somerset
Maugham

ASHENDEN found himself in the city of X under the most equivocal conditions. X was the capital of an important belligerent state, but there was a large party in it that was highly antagonistic to the war, revolution was possible if not imminent, and Ashenden was sent there with a vast amount of money at his disposal to see what under the circumstances could possibly be done. He was to suggest a policy and if it was approved of by the exalted personages who had given him the mission, to carry it out.

The Ambassadors of Great Britain and the United States had been instructed to afford him such facilities as were at their command, but Ashenden had been told privately to keep himself to himself; he was not to make difficulties for the official representatives of the two powers by divulging to them facts that it might be inconvenient for them to know; and since it might be necessary for him to give support under cover to a party that was at daggers drawn with that in power and with which the relations of the United States and Great Britain were extremely cordial, it was just as well that Ashenden should keep his own counsel.

The exalted personages did not wish the ambassadors to suffer the affront of discovering that an obscure agent had been sent to work at cross-purposes with them. On the other hand it was thought just as well to have a representative in the opposite camp, who in the event of a sudden political upheaval, would be at hand with adequate funds and in the confidence of the new leaders of the country.

But ambassadors are sticklers for their dignity and they have a keen nose to scent any encroachment on their authority. When Ashenden on his arrival at X paid an official call on Sir Herbert Witherspoon, the British Ambassador, he was received with politeness to which no exception could be taken, but with a frigidity that would have sent a little shiver down the spine of a polar bear. Sir Herbert was a diplomat *de carrière* and he cultivated the manner of his profession to a degree that filled the observer with admiration.

He did not ask Ashenden anything about his mission because he knew that Ashenden would reply evasively, but he allowed him to see that it was a perfectly foolish one. He talked with acidulous tolerance of the exalted personages who had sent Ashenden to X. He told Ashenden that he had instructions to meet any demands for help that he made and stated that if

Ashenden at any time desired to see him he had only to intimate the fact.

"I have received the somewhat singular request to dispatch telegrams for you in a private code which I understood has been given you and to hand over to you telegrams in code as they arrive."

"I hope they will be few and far between, Sir," answered Ashenden. "I know nothing so tedious as coding and decoding."

Sir Herbert paused for an instant. Perhaps that was not quite the answer he had expected. He rose.

"If you will come into the chancellery I will introduce you to the counselor and to the attaché, to whom you can take your telegrams."

Ashenden followed him out of the room in which the ambassador had received him, and having handed him over to the counselor the ambassador gave him his hand to shake.

"I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again one of these days," he said, and with a curt nod left him, but added, as if in an afterthought: "Oh, by the way, I wonder if you'd care to come to dinner with me tomorrow night. Black tie. At eight-fifteen." He did not wait for Ashenden's acceptance, but took it for granted.

Ashenden looked forward to this dinner with mixed feelings. The black tie suggested a small party, perhaps only Lady Anne Witherspoon, the ambassador's wife whom Ashenden did not know, and one or two young attachés. It did not look as though it would be very amusing. On the other hand he was interested to see a little more of the ambassador and under circumstances of less formality.



His Excellency

Illustrations by
S. Seymour-Lucas



"Brown could not think of a thing to say. It was absurd. He bade Alix good night feeling utterly ridiculous."

conditions created by the war and contending parties within the state with tact, confidence and once at least with courage. For on one occasion, a riot having arisen, a band of revolutionaries forced their way into the British Embassy and Sir Herbert from the head of his stairs had harangued them and notwithstanding revolvers flourished at him had persuaded and cajoled them to go to their homes. He would end his career in Paris. That was evident.

He was a man whom you could not but admire but whom it was not easy to like. He was a diplomatist of the school of those

great Victorian ambassadors in whose hands could confidently be entrusted great affairs and whose self-reliance—sometimes, it must be admitted, tinctured with arrogance—was justified by its results.

When Ashenden drove up to the doors of the Embassy they were flung open and he was received by a stout and dignified English butler

and three footmen. He was ushered up that magnificent flight of stairs on which had taken place the dramatic incident just related and shown into an immense room dimly lighted with shaded lamps, in which at the first glance he caught sight of large pieces of stately furniture and over the chimneypiece an immense portrait in coronation robes of King George IV.

But there was a bright fire blazing on the hearth and from a deep sofa by the side of it his host as his name was announced slowly rose. Sir Herbert looked very elegant as he came towards him. He wore his dinner jacket, the most difficult costume for a man to look well in, with incredible distinction.

"My wife has gone to a concert, but she'll come in later. She wants to make your acquaintance. I haven't asked anybody else. I thought I would give myself the pleasure of enjoying your company *en tête-à-tête*."

Ashenden murmured a civil rejoinder, but his heart sank. He wondered how he was going to pass at least a couple of hours alone with this man who made him, he was bound to confess, feel extremely shy.

The door was opened again and the butler and a footman entered bearing very heavy silver salvers.

"I always have a glass of sherry before my dinner," said the

For it was evident that Sir Herbert Witherspoon was not quite a commonplace person. He was in appearance and manner a perfect specimen of his class, and it is always entertaining to come upon good examples of a well-known type. He was exactly what you expected an ambassador to be. If any of his characteristics had been ever so slightly exaggerated he would have been a caricature. He escaped being ridiculous only by a hair's breadth and you watched him with a kind of breathlessness as you might watch a tight-rope dancer doing perilous feats at a dizzy height.

He was certainly a man of character. His rise in the diplomatic service had been rapid and though doubtless it had helped him to be connected by marriage with powerful families, his rise had been due chiefly to his merit. He knew how to be determined when determination was necessary and conciliatory when conciliation was opportune. His manners were perfect, he could speak half a dozen languages with ease and accuracy, he had a clear and logical brain. He was never afraid to think out his thoughts to the end, but was wise enough to suit his actions to the exigencies of the situation.

He had reached his post at X at the comparatively early age of forty-nine and had borne himself in the exceedingly difficult

ambassador, "but in case you have acquired the barbarous custom of drinking cocktails I can offer you what I believe is called a dry Martini."

Shy though he might be, Ashenden was not going to give in to this sort of thing with complete tameness.

"I move with the times," he replied. "To drink a glass of sherry when you can get a dry Martini is like taking a stage-coach when you can travel by the Orient Express."

A little desultory conversation after this fashion was interrupted by the throwing open of two great doors and the announcement that his Excellency's dinner was served. They went into the dining-room. This was a vast apartment in which sixty people might have dined comfortably, but there was now only a small round table in it so that Sir Herbert and Ashenden sat intimately.

Dinner was served by the corpulent butler and the three very tall English footmen. Ashenden had the impression that the Ambassador enjoyed in his well-bred way the sensation of ignoring the pomp in which he lived.

ASHENDEN need not have feared that the conversation would proceed with difficulty, and the notion he had had that Sir Herbert had asked him in order to question him about his secret mission was quickly dispelled.

He spoke of art and literature, proving himself to be a diligent reader of catholic taste, and when Ashenden talked to him, from personal acquaintance, of the writers whom he knew only through their works, he listened with the friendly condescension which the great ones of the earth affect towards the artist. He spoke too of the various countries in which during his career he had been stationed and of various persons, in London and elsewhere, that he and Ashenden knew in common. He talked well, not without a certain irony that might very well have passed for humor, and intelligently.

Ashenden did not find his dinner dull, but neither did he find it exhilarating. He would have been more interested if Sir Herbert had not so invariably said the right, wise and sensible thing upon every topic that was introduced. Ashenden was finding it something of an effort to keep up with this distinction of mind and he would have liked the conversation to get into its shirt sleeves, so to speak, and put its feet on the table.

The dinner came to an end and coffee was brought in. Sir Herbert knew good food and good wine and Ashenden was obliged to admit that he had fared excellently. Liqueurs were served with the coffee, and Ashenden took a glass of brandy.

"I have some very old Benedictine," said the ambassador. "Won't you try it?"

"To tell you the honest truth I think brandy is the only liqueur worth drinking."

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It was evident now that the story Sir Herbert a certain indelicacy in this man's stripping his



*was telling was about himself, and Ashenden felt
soul so nakedly. But Sir Herbert went on pitilessly.*

"I'm not sure that I don't agree with you. But in that case I must give you something better than that."

He gave an order to the butler, who presently brought in a cobwebbed bottle and two enormous glasses.

"I don't really want to boast," said the ambassador as he watched the butler pour the golden liquid into Ashenden's glass, "but I venture to think that if you like brandy you'll like this. I got it when I was counselor for a short time in Paris."

"I saw your successor there only the other day."

"Byring?"

"Yes."

"What do you think of the brandy?"

"I think it's marvelous."

"And of Byring?"

The question came so oddly on the top of the other that it sounded faintly comic to Ashenden but he replied without hesitation.

"Oh, I think he's a fool."

Sir Herbert leaned back in his chair, holding the huge glass with both hands in order to bring out the aroma, and looked slowly round the stately and spacious room.

"I wonder," he said at last.

"He'll have to leave the diplomatic service."

"I'm afraid so," Ashenden gave him a quick glance of inquiry. He was the last man from whom he would have expected sympathy for Byring. "Yes, in the circumstances," he proceeded, "I suppose it's inevitable that he should leave the service. I'm sorry. He's a very able fellow and he'll be missed. I think he had a great career before him."

"Yes, that is what I've heard. At the F. O. they thought him the cleverest man who'd entered the service for many years."

"He had many of the gifts that are useful in this rather dreary trade," said the ambassador, with a slight smile, in his cold and judicial manner. "He's handsome, he's a gentleman, he has nice manners, he speaks excellent French and has a good head on his shoulders. He'd have done well."

"It seems a pity that he should waste such golden opportunities."

"I understand he's going into the wine business at the end of the war. Oddly enough, he's going to represent the very firm from whom I got this brandy."

Sir Herbert raised the glass to (Cont. on page 122)

A Novel of a
NEW
Jean Valjean

The Stripes

The Story So Far:

ENRAGED because he had been cheated at cards, Archie Clutter murdered a man and was sentenced to twenty-one years in the French penal colonies. After eight years of terrible prison life, during which he served as executioner—a job that turned him into a trained, cold-blooded killer—Clutter and a companion, Hospel Roussencq, escaped through shark-infested waters and reached Venezuela.

Clutter, who was a wealthy man, wrote to his wife Elizabeth in England for money. Before she could send it to him, she was murdered by her East Indian servant, Maung H'la, at the instigation of her close friend Corinne, a well-known dancer, and the beneficiary under her will. So cleverly was the murder committed that Corinne's alibi was perfect, and not even Maung H'la could be convicted, though he was banished to Burma. There he was found and killed by Clutter, who then set out for England to get from Corinne the fortune that, unknown to him, she had already squandered.

Corinne, meanwhile, had become a close friend of Lady Ariadne Ferne, an English society girl. Ariadne was engaged to a young barrister named Julian Ransome, but at heart she was in love with an older man, Colonel

John Strickland, who loved her but believed his case hopeless.

In Burma, Strickland had run across Clutter under strange circumstances, and had learned that he was on Corinne's trail. Strickland knew that the escaped convict was a merciless and desperate man. Whatever menace he meant to Corinne, the blow was likely to fall on Ariadne also, and Strickland hastened to London to protect her. He realized that danger was imminent when he found that Clutter too had reached London.

Strickland ferreted out some of the unsavory facts of Corinne's past, but he could not tell them to Ariadne because of the latter's unreasonable loyalty to her friend; and Corinne, fearful of Clutter's vengeance, would not tell Strickland the truth.

One night he was walking past her house when a man emerged whom he was horrified to recognize as Clutter. He feared that Corinne had been murdered; but when he entered the house, she assured him that the visitor was only her lover Battchilena. Why had she lied? Strickland could not but believe that she and Clutter were now together in some sinister plot.

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It tickled Lord Cullala's humor to play providence to Ariadne and Corinne, two of the loveliest girls in London, who implored him to rescue them.

Then Strickland came across a copy of a letter which incriminated Corinne in Elizabeth's murder. It had been written by one George Cowcher, butler to a Lord Cullala. But the original of the letter had been stolen—by Clutter, Strickland realized. What might Corinne not be compelled to do for Clutter if he used this letter, with its threat of exposure, as a club over her?

That same day, while he was away, two urgent telephone messages had come for Strickland. Ariadne had wanted him, needed him—and he, unknowingly and unintentionally, had failed her. All that night he sought for her in her usual haunts, and at dawn he returned home, fearful and disconsolate. Both Ariadne and Corinne had disappeared.

EARLY the next morning Strickland's servant announced: "Mr. Ransome, Sir, is waiting to see you."

Strickland looked at the clock. It was not yet eight. A visit from Julian Ransome at an hour so unseasonable promised no good news.

He went to his sitting-room. Julian Ransome was seated at

By A. E. W. Mason

Illustrations by
G. Patrick Nelson

of the Tiger

because he understood her so well, and treated her so wisely. Well, women went wrong in their estimates of men, just as completely as men did in the case of women.

"Ariadne couldn't owe everything to you," Strickland commented. "Besides, aren't we going a little wide of the point of real importance? Which is, after all—what has become of her?"

Ransome nodded his head savagely. "You're in the plot, of course, Strickland! You and Ariadne and Corinne, you have been putting your heads together over some fine scheme. Oh, I have heard about you! While I was giving my time and labors to my country. And now they have gone off together, my fiancée and Corinne of the night clubs—with you to follow in due season." Ransome's



the table with Strickland's copy of the Times open in front of him.

"Good morning! You wanted to see me?" said Strickland.

Julian Ransome did not return the greeting. He rose to his feet slowly. His face was pale and sullen, his eyes smoldering. "Where's Ariadne?" he asked.

Strickland threw out his arms in a gesture of hopelessness. "So you don't know either?" he said, and he dropped into a chair. "I have been searching for her all night."

Ransome stood for a few moments bewildered. "It never occurred to me but that you and she—" and thereupon he began to utter surprising fragments of sentences. A sense of grievance spurred him on. "Ever since you came back to England there has been nothing but difficulty upon difficulty for me. Oh, I don't say that you deliberately interfered. No! I should have had a word or two to say to you if you had. But you were there always in the background—a sort of standby for Ariadne, if you understand me. There was I pretending to play Ariadne's tune, and bit by bit maneuvering to change it imperceptibly into mine. I had to, you see. I've a big career in front of me. I wanted—it's a brutal phrase, but it's what I mean—to break her in. You didn't!"

"I was never quite so mad as that," said Strickland.

"Well, I was," Ransome shouted. "I want my wife to owe everything in the world she has and values, to me."

The idea of a mate—no. The idea of a debtor—yes. His wife must sit in admiration, twiddling her thumbs. Strickland's memories went back to the morning when Ariadne in her sitting-room overlooking the park had cried out: "Ransome's my man!"

words were tumbling out now, in a frantic haste to get themselves spoken. "Just at this moment, to go off with Corinne! On this night of all nights!"

Strickland looked quickly at his wrathful visitor. There was some deeper reason for that wounded pride. "What happened, then, last night?" he asked.

"You don't know?" cried Ransome.

"No, I don't."

"Read, then!"

Ransome twisted the Times round and pushed it across the table under Strickland's eyes. Strickland read. Mr. Julian Ransome, M. P. for the Sittingham Division of Bucks, had been appointed Under-Secretary to the Board of Trade. Strickland's face grew grave. It was indeed an unfortunate conjunction that this announcement should appear exactly on the morrow of Ariadne's sudden departure. It could not but arouse some comment, even had Ariadne gone off alone.

"My appointment was communicated to me by the Prime Minister personally in his room in the House of Commons, at five o'clock in the afternoon," said Ransome. "I went straight off to the Library and wrote a note to Ariadne, giving her the news, and I sent it off there and then by hand. The House rose soon

after eleven. I took a taxi at once and drove to Browden House. Ariadne by that time had changed and gone off in her car. And she had apparently left no message for me. I saw Ariadne's maid. I assured her that she must be mistaken. The maid took me upstairs to Ariadne's sitting-room and switched on the light. There on the desk was my letter announcing my appointment, and—what do you think?—it was unopened. Could anything be more insulting?"

Ariadne, Strickland knew, would never have left that letter unopened through any indifference or neglect. She would never wound unless she wounded deliberately; and the last man she would treat with carelessness would be Julian Ransome. The more difficult the relationship of those two became, the more scrupulous she would be to consider him. Since, then, she had left this letter unopened and unanswered, she must have been caught by some irresistible demand upon her time.

"Don't you see," he said quietly, "that there must be another reason? Don't you understand that Corinne must have invented some desperate call for help?"

But Ransome broke in upon him roughly. "If it wasn't opened, because Corinne comes first in importance—well, that only increases the offense. All this bohemianism of the cabarets has got to end! It's going to end now, so far as I am concerned!"

After Ransome had taken a stormy departure, later in the morning Strickland walked to Browden House. As yet there was no news of Ariadne. There might, however, be something to be learned in South Audley Street. But the blinds were drawn down behind Corinne's windows, and when Strickland knocked at the door it was opened by the cook. Miss Corinne, he was told, had gone away for some time, and the house was to be shut.

Strickland walked slowly back to Stratton Street, at a complete loss. There was nothing he could do, nothing he had a right to do. He could only wait, while the storm-cloud of fear massed and darkened above his head.

But upon his hall table a telegram was lying. He tore open the envelop, fumbled with shaking fingers at the folded form, got it spread out at last, and was carried away on so smooth a wave or relief that the whole world seemed on this summer day delectably to have regained its youth. The telegram was from Ariadne.

"Don't worry. Expect a letter in a week. All well," it ran; and more than the words themselves, the name of the place from which it had been sent delighted him.

Ariadne had sent off her telegram from Boulogne at a quarter to twelve.

She had crossed to France by the ten-o'clock boat, and nowhere else could she be as safe.

For a week, then, Strickland walked unharassed, but at the

end of the week the expected letter came and—however, let us see what had happened.

STRICKLAND had been just as wrong as he could possibly be in the matter of Battchilena's latch-key. Corinne had picked it up from the carpet while Ariadne was still in the room and had dropped it into a vase, and there it remained. She had dropped a poor little broken heart at the same time into the same porcelain sarcophagus, and there that remained too.

Corinne was utterly miserable. The dainty playthings who



Clutter and Roussencq forced their way up the rivers of Venezuela—that desperate pilgrimage so often begun, so seldom accomplished.

bubble up iridescent and lovely on the froth of a season's fashions fall easy victims to adventurers of the type of Leon Battchilena. Such men can be fatal to them. For so long as the money lasts, they have an effervescent gaiety always at their command, they have no work to occupy their time, no perplexities to make them thoughtful and dull. They are clever enough to persuade the Corinnes that they could be great artists if they chose; and meanwhile they have the halo and the prestige without the drudgery.

Such men do not run to courage. Butterflies have wings, not weapons; and at the first chill of fear, at the first thought that he might be held to account for the squandering of Elizabeth Clutter's fortune, Battchilena was on the boat train to the Continent. Meanwhile, Corinne went home alone and cried herself to sleep. "I shan't suffer so very much," she said to herself each day, but she did suffer, and it would have been easier for her if, when her work was over, she had joined some gay party as she had been wont to do. But she was not only love-lorn; she was afraid. Fear was always with her, a snake which now and again tightened its coils about heart and made her gasp for breath. She dared not any longer let herself at night into a dark and silent house. She must come home betimes to find the windows alight and her servants waiting up for her.

On one night, then, she drove back to South Audley Street at half past twelve, and was in bed shortly after one o'clock.

She awoke with the impression clear in her mind that she had slept for a very long time. She would have drifted back at once into oblivion but for a curious sense of discomfort. Even then, in her vague twilight mood, she took a few seconds before she could define it.

But when she did she was at once startlingly awake, tingling with every nerve alert to the very tips of her toes. For when she had closed her eyes after assuring herself that it was still dark, she saw beneath each eyelid a dazzling globe of light. She was familiar with that simple phenomenon, of course. But, equally of course, she was familiar with its cause.

One saw just such balls of fire for a little

while in front of one's eyes when one had looked at the lamp before turning it out—and at no other times.

Then someone had flashed a light upon her face. Then someone was in the room.

Corinne's blood ran cold as ice. For in the same instant when she became assured that there was an intruder in the room, she knew to an inch where the intruder was. She did not have to move a muscle or to lift an eyelid to acquire the knowledge. Nor did her ears tell her. She heard not a sound, not even an intake of breath. But there was a drag and pressure of the bed-clothes across her feet as though they had been tucked in under the mattress very tightly. That could not be the case, for Corinne these days must be lapped in ease, and the ghost of a crumpled roseleaf would have driven rest from her pillow. She could never have fallen asleep with her legs so pinioned.

The intruder was seated on the edge of the bed, at the foot of it, and his mere immobility and silence terrified her almost as much as his presence in the room at all.

She pictured him—for she never sought to console herself with a doubt as to who the intruder was—as a huge giant with a terrible, wasted face, trained to the patience of stone and the swift violence of fire, and he sat on the edge of her bed, his ultimate goal reached after his years of slavery and wandering, waiting—waiting patiently, as he could afford now to wait, with some sinister and devilish humor, until she awoke of her own accord or until he awakened her.

Therefore of her own accord she must not awake—until some plan of escape shaped itself in her mind, some unexpected help came from some unimagined quarter, or some glint of daybreak slipped into the room and brought noise again into the silent streets. Corinne, though she looked like a flower which a spot of rain would spoil, had a peasant's health and, when put to it, a sturdy spirit. She managed not to move her feet; she managed to modulate her breathing to the easy steadiness of sleep; she managed to keep her body in its attitude of relaxation and to keep unscreamed the scream which ached at the back of her throat.

But she could not keep her eyelids closed. She lay in the darkness, with her eyes open towards the windows, her bosom rising and falling evenly, though one small, slim hand was clenched beneath her pillow so tightly that the nails bit into her palm, and the sweat was a cold dew upon her forehead and her limbs.

There was a telephone upon the table beside her bed close to the lamp, behind her shoulder. But to reach it she must turn over, stretch out an arm, seize it swiftly—madness! Not a word would be called before it was dashed from her grasp. There was a bell. Its handle dangled from a cord a little above her head. It rang in her maid's room up-stairs. That was her best chance.

If she could bring herself to wake naturally, to yawn, to stretch up her arms—but it was putting her life upon the swiftness of a movement: and all the while he—Clutter—was sitting over her, watching her, like a wild beast hunting.

Meanwhile Corinne's eyes got used to the darkness. A summer night, except in a thunder-storm, is never black; and although the blinds

were down, the curtains were not drawn and the windows stood open. Every now

and again the blinds fluttered and lifted with some passing breath of air. Gradually that part of the room within the range of her vision swam vaguely into sight—the oblong shape of the recessed windows, the whiteness of the ceiling, the black sheen of a mirror, a pile of delicate clothes thrown over the back of a chair—all were made discernible to her, not so much by a faint light as by a less dark darkness. Corinne, however, made one error

(Cont. on page 216)

A Sailor's Sweetheart

By Belle Burns Gromer

Illustrations by Corinne Dillon

STEPHEN LOTHROP suddenly sat forward a little and stared at the painting. It hung over the mantelpiece of the old Triffany place, Singapore Quest. It was a study in oils of a garden; a riot of hollyhocks and canterbury-bells and larkspur against a wall. It gave a splendid touch of color to the room.

He hadn't noticed it at first. He knew the library and everything in it so well that it was not surprising the new picture had startled him. He sank back in his chair again and let his keen old eyes dwell on the canvas.

Stephen Lothrop had been solicitor for Duncan Triffany and his father before him. He still came occasionally to Singapore Quest at the invitation of Duncan's widow, Mary Triffany.

The crash of the crystal bowl falling from Mary Triffany's hands snatched old Stephen's gaze away from the painting. He saw that the girl's wide blue eyes were watching him with fear in their depths. The flowers and the shards of broken glass lay scattered at her feet; her thin arms had fallen limply to her sides and her head was thrown back like a frightened deer's.

"I—I am so sorry. How clumsy of me! The bowl was wet and slipped through my fingers."

Her voice was deep, a little throaty and with a velvety note. Although she had lived here in Victoria in British Columbia since early childhood, Mary Triffany was English. She stooped now to pick up the broken pieces of the bowl and Stephen could see that her hands trembled.

Mary had been arranging flowers in the bow window. The old man knew why she had been startled into dropping the bowl. She had caught him staring at the painting hung over the mantelpiece. A simple enough thing but for the fact that the new picture had replaced the portrait of Mary's dead husband, Duncan Triffany. That was why Stephen had stared. It had been stupid of him to let her catch him at it. Not for worlds would he have distressed the poor child.

He was glad that she had made the change, was having the courage to forget. Poor girl, she had suffered enough of the gloom of the old house and all it had stood for. He could understand that after her husband's death it was not possible to sit with Duncan's strange eyes staring down at her. That portrait had been a too excellent likeness. The eyes had seemed to follow one to every corner of the big room. Mary had been wise to replace the portrait with the study of the colorful garden.

It was only a month since last old Stephen had come to Singapore Quest, but today he was troubled at the change in Mary, at a subtle difference in the atmosphere of the house. After Duncan's going it had been a happier place but now it had taken on again a hint of the gloom it had known when Triffany ruled there. Since her husband's death, Stephen Lothrop had managed Mary's affairs and they had come to be great friends. His blue-veined old hands shook a little as he picked up a book from the table beside his chair. Mary must not notice that he was watching her, but if he could he must discover what was troubling her. No further unhappiness must come to Mary Triffany.

The grayness of the afternoon gloomed through the long windows and touched the group before him. Phyllis, the invalid sister, reclined on a chaise lounge in the embrasure of the bow window. Mary's baby, David, crowed and gurgled beside her. He lay on his back and kicked his fat pink legs in the air and squealed when Phyllis tickled his toes. Dunsany Lassie, her pointed muzzle resting close to the baby, sat by the side of the lounge; she was Mary's pet collie and since Duncan's going she did not live in the kennels but always was about the house. She was a powerfully built animal with fine brown eyes that followed with adoration Mary's and the baby's every move.

Mary had brought in from her garden a great armful of chrysanthemums. She had arranged them in vases and now she finished placing them about the room. Then she stooped down and caught up the baby in her arms and hugged him.

"Darling, darling David," she whispered to him and hugged him again. She tucked him under one arm and bent to straighten the silk spread over Phyllis's knees. The old man remarked, as he always had, the light of devotion in Mary's eyes. Her whole life was given to her sister and her child.

She carried the baby to the bow window and ruffled his black curls and kissed the back of his delicious fat neck and sang a little trilling song to him that made him chortle with laughter. Dunsany Lassie pranced before them, her nose pointed upward, bounding up and down on the pads of her forepaws as if she too would like to join in the fun.

Mary was so young, thought old Stephen, to have known so much sorrow. David's pansy-blue eyes were exactly like hers. Her little pointed face was dominated by her eyes that were fringed by the starlike points of her lashes. She had high cheekbones and a small straight nose that was powdered with a faint flecking of freckles. Her mouth was like a crimson heart from a valentine.

"See the ship, my darling." The baby and Mary stared through the pane and out to the Straits, where a great square-rigger spread her sails to the stiff breeze. "Some day you will grow up and sail away on a ship."

Her eyes darkened to purple and the pointed face seemed old; she turned suddenly back to Stephen. "Some day he'll be sailing away from me." There was a terrible emotion in her voice. She seemed to the old man like a burning blue flame. "Oh, Stephen, he'll go out to sea—and I'll lose him." She held him close as if to ward away the dreaded day. "I'll lose my little boy."

Phyllis shook her golden head at her sister. "What a silly you are! He's such a little chap for you to be worrying about his going away. He belongs to you now and you'll have him for so many years. Good years. Good years too, Mary. Isn't it wonderful that you can give David every advantage that money can buy? Think how happy you should be. When he's a man you'll want him to go to sea as all the Triffany's have."

The invalid was a fragile child; in those days one was still a child at sixteen. She had heavy ash-blond hair that hung

Dunsany Lassie, who followed with adoration David's every move.



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“Oh, Stephen,” Mary whispered, “some day he’ll go out to sea—and I’ll lose my little boy!”

straightly over her slim shoulders and was held back from her face by a blue ribbon tied about her brows. Her white hands lay listlessly along the silken coverlet. She was just beginning after years of illness to grow strong and well again.

Old Stephen had not really known the sisters until Mary’s marriage to Duncan Triffany, but through the years and in a small place like Victoria it would have been remarkable had he not seen the child and later the growing girl watching over little Phyllis. She had always reminded him of a small, valiant soldier, especially after he knew the story of her family.

When first Captain Temple, the father, had settled his family in Victoria the townspeople had wondered why the beautiful lady who was his wife led such a secluded life. Phyllis was an infant then and Mary but five years old.

Victoria in those old days was little more than a Hudson Bay trading-post.

The village wondered about the Captain’s family and went with their curiosity quite unsatisfied until sailing ships from England brought scraps of the story. The beautiful haughty woman who dwelt so quietly in the secluded cottage toward the point was, it appeared, a lady of high degree. The youngest daughter of a prominent English family and the wife of an earl, she had abandoned her husband and her two young sons; taking with her her youngest child, who was Mary, she had sailed away with the sweetheart of her youth, the young Captain and owner of the Shalimar Moon.

The Earl had divorced his wife; the scandal had been suppressed and the lady had married the Captain and she and little

Mary had cruised with him to distant ports for two years. Phyllis had been born shortly after the Captain settled his family in Victoria. He and the lady had truly loved each other; as children they had lived on adjoining estates. To the Captain's terrible grief his sweetheart with the unhappy gray eyes and the haughty tilt to her chin had lived but a year after Phyllis's birth.

As she grew older Mary must have sensed the stares and the whispering of the townspeople, must have noticed the curious glances that were cast at little Phyllis. In old-time Victoria divorce was classed only a degree less than murder. Undoubtedly she knew that she was of noble blood and that the Captain was not her father; but she adored him and she called herself Mary Temple. She held her small head high and clasped Phyllis's hand protectively in hers and appeared to ignore the villagers.

After his wife's death the Captain had begun to know financial reverses; money was scarce and the old nurse contrived the children's clothes from the frocks of her dead mistress. A quaint little figure Mary had been. Stephen recalled her solemn eyes, her defiant chin, and always the fiercely protective arm about Phyllis's shoulders.

The old man had watched the girl grow up with that anxious light in her eyes; it had not left their blue depths when she had married Duncan Triffany; and then for a while after Duncan's death, until recently, it was gone. He watched her through narrowed lids. Today the old troubled expression had returned.

"Do you see Phyllis beginning to bloom, Stephen?" Mary watched her with a softened gaze. "Can't you see her growing stronger? Every day she improves, the doctor assures me. In only a few more weeks she is to be about, to walk in the garden. Isn't it wonderful? It's what I've dreamed about." She smiled down at Phyllis.

The young sister did look stronger, Stephen answered, and undoubtedly she was improving. To himself he thought that it was Mary who was too white and slim; there were faint blue shadows beneath her eyes, her hands were almost transparent. At luncheon she scarcely had tasted food. Something was not right with her. She was sorely troubled.

The nurse came in to take the baby and Mary parted with him reluctantly. When he whimpered, her mouth drew down like a hurt child's.

"I can't bear him to cry for me, Stephen." She twisted her hands in a helpless little way. "I want to go to him when he cries like that, but I mustn't spoil him.

His—Duncan—wouldn't like me to spoil him. He must be a credit to the Triffany name. I must remember to be mother and father both, you know. But I *want* so to go to him when he cries." Her eyes were fastened longingly on the door whence the nurse had carried the baby away.

Stephen pulled himself to his feet; he was a tall old man with a fine head and shoulders a little stooped. He had a heavy thatch of silver-white hair and he wore a closely cropped mustache and imperial. A distinguished old figure.

"I fancy a walk before tea would be the remedy for my laziness. Will you come for a tramp, Mary?" he asked. A walk would do her good, put some roses into her pale cheeks. And perhaps in the quiet of the woods she might confide her troubles.

"I should love it. I'll just fetch my hat and cloak." She crossed to the French windows and glanced out over the gardens. Suddenly she spoke sharply and Stephen sensed a change in her voice. "That dog is in the grounds again!"

"Oh, Mary!" Phyllis had pulled herself up on the pillows and turned anxiously toward her sister.

"A dog? Does he belong in the kennels?" Stephen came to Mary's side and looked out across the terrace.

"He has gone now," she said. Her voice, deep and a little throaty, was oddly strained. "It is just a stray that lately has been loitering in the park. I—I dislike him. The poor beast is so—so repulsive. He doesn't belong in the kennels. I don't know why he comes here." She went back to the fireplace and warmed her hands over the dying coals. After a space she spoke. "The days grow so gray, so depressing. I think I shan't go out with you, Stephen. I—I want to be with David for a while.



CMary's whole life was devoted to her invalid sister Phyllis and her baby.

He will wake from his nap in an hour or so. I—go and have your tramp, Dear, and don't be late for tea."

"Mary, what has got into you?" Phyllis spoke sharply. "You have scarcely ventured out in days. Do go to please me. You are looking pale—ill. Do go." Her eyes were anxious. "No, no. I'm going up to David." Mary went quickly out of the room.

"Stephen, you must do something," the young sister whispered to him. "I have heard her crying at night. She did not know that I was awake. And, Stephen, last week I came quietly into this room and she was kneeling there by the fireplace. She had cut the portrait of Duncan Triffany from its frame and she had torn it into shreds and she was burning it. She did not

hear me. She doesn't know that I saw. Oh, Stephen, I tell you because you will help her!"

Later as he walked along the path near the beach old Stephen's gaze turned to Singapore Quest. The house that had sheltered three generations of seafaring men loomed sullenly in the dull afternoon light. Stephen felt the ghost of a chill along his spine. Today the atmosphere of the house had been as it was when Duncan was its master. That last visit it had been such a happy place; only a month, but what a difference!

As he went along the path he saw that a dog was following him. Though he was fond of dogs this fellow who was sticking to his heels was such a sorry sight that it sickened him. A young collie, perhaps a year old, he was thin to the point of starvation and his hide showed a distressing redness through his scant coat.

This must be the stray of whom Mary had spoken this afternoon. The police should pick up such poor beasts as this one, Stephen told himself. No use to try to help; he would be better dead, poor creature. Though he hated to do it he shook his stick at the animal to drive it back. It appeared to draw closer when they passed two other men and their dogs along the road. It was as if the beast were trying to give the impression that he belonged to someone. It was odd how the other dogs would dash toward him, stop suddenly and show their teeth in disgust. Even to his own kind the creature was outcast.

When Stephen returned to Singapore Quest there was a fire burning in the library grate. Miss Phyllis was sleeping, but Mrs. Triffany would be down later, the butler told him.

Stephen felt oddly restless after his tramp. Thoughts of Mary still filled his mind. He went to the long French windows. In spite of the blazing fire he felt a chill in the room. He caught a tawny flash in the trees and saw that it was the pariah dog lurking near the gates.

"There is a stray dog out there in a bad state, Dorrance," he called over his shoulder to the man who had come in to replenish the fire. "I think you would do well to get rid of him. The police attend to such matters. You might see to it the next time you drive into the town."

"The police have been here, Mr. Lothrop. They can't catch the fellow; he's too clever for them. We think he is one of Dunsany Lassie's pups, Sir. One that disappeared months ago. He was a wild one and the other dogs seemed not to like him. I don't know how he has lived, but he's been no dog of ours for months past. He has come hovering about the place lately but he never ventures near the kennels. A poor beast indeed, Sir."

"In the name of all that is good," old Stephen muttered, "why do the gods inflict such pain on a helpless dumb creature?"

"It is cruel, Sir. You're right, Mr. Lothrop."

The old man shrugged away from him thoughts of the dog and stared about the room. Mary had made changes. It was comfortable, homelike. Very different than in the days when he had conferred here with Duncan Triffany. Was it possible that he had been dead only a year?

Dorrance had left the room and Stephen sank into a chair before the fire. It was well, he mused, that Mary was making the best of Singapore Quest since by the terms of Duncan Triffany's will it was ordered that David, his son, should be reared in the old home. It was a cast-iron clause and not to be gainsaid. Stephen stared at the burning logs. As old people love to do, he basked in the warmth and let his thoughts drift backward.

When first he had known Duncan Triffany well, old Stephen had been in the late forties and the other man about thirty. That had been when the older Triffany died and Duncan sailed back from India to take over the business. After that he had not gone to sea again.

In those days, as Stephen recalled him, he had been a rather likable sort. A hard man, hard as nails; a man's man and one who could look you in the eye. Strange eyes he had, too. They always had fascinated Stephen Lothrop.

One was bright blue and one was brown. That was unusual and it had distressed the solicitor until he had got used to them; those almost hypnotic eyes had held his attention so rigidly that he was tired to the point of exhaustion after a business session with Duncan Triffany. No wonder Mary had banished the portrait.

Duncan had been a tall thin fellow with powerful shoulders. He had reddish yellow hair and brows and lashes; his skin too had a golden cast. Something lionlike about him, lionlike and proud as a king. He moved with a light, stately tread and those with whom he came in contact always kept their distance. Outside of himself, Stephen could not recall ever having heard anyone call Duncan anything but Mr. Triffany. Old Stephen had known him better than any other man, but to him too Triffany had been a sealed document. When he closed his eyes he could see the man as he had been in those days, immaculately groomed in his high beaver hat, his black broad-cloth suit, his frilled shirt-front, his gold-headed cane.

The years had slipped along and Duncan lived at Singapore Quest, with Dorrance and the other servants to look after his comfort. His ships cruised to the Orient and the South Seas and later to South America, and year by year his fortune grew. When first he had returned to Victoria he had mixed a little with the other young people of the best families, but his pride and his overbearing ways made him unpopular and he drifted away into an aloof loneliness. Once Stephen had ventured to ask him why he did not marry. The man's face had flushed darkly.

"Do you think that I have not the Triffany name at heart?" he demanded. "Some day I shall find blood as good as mine and then I shall marry."

Sometimes after business the solicitor had an evening of cribbage with Triffany in the gloomy library. The man had made no changes in the house, and yet it had lost the color of the days when his father and his grandfather had lived there. He read a lot—Indian philosophy and religions. At Singapore Quest he kept a horse or two in the stables though he did not ride, and he had fine kennels. He did not seem to care especially for dogs but he bred some fine collies, as had his father before him.

It was when Duncan was in his forties that Stephen had begun to sense in him a growing aversion. Gradually he was driving harder bargains, was watching every penny that went into the upkeep of his ships. The older man had remonstrated many times but had elicited only black looks for his pains. The lawyer then tried to recall how long it had been since he had seen Duncan smile. The man's long upper lip had two deep grooves on either side by the time he was forty-eight, and they were downward lines. Dour. He still dressed as carefully as he had in his younger days, but now he was an oddly old-fashioned figure in his high hat and black, skirted coat.

At about that time Captain Temple had lost his ship. He was forced to see his idol, the Shalimar Moon, sold out to Duncan Triffany to pay his debts. The Captain had been a dreamer, a man who had worshiped his wife and his ship. The Moon was as fine a three-master as ever skimmed a wave, but Duncan had been able to underbid the other man on cargo rates for so long that the Captain was driven from the sea. His one ship was no match for the other's fleet of traders.

Temple loved the Moon, loved every rope, every square of canvas, every inch of her white oak decks, her figurehead that was the likeness of the beautiful lady who had sacrificed her home for him. His ship was dearer to him than his life. He had put his whole inheritance from his parents into the purchase of his idol.

And so when Duncan Triffany took her the Captain killed himself. Some said that it was an accident, that he had slipped from the high rocks above the Straits, but Stephen Lothrop knew better. The Captain's going must have been a cruel blow to the two girls. Mary had

loved him devotedly; he was all the father that she remembered and he had loved her as he did Phyllis. The Captain was indeed weak to leave those two to face a harsh world.

Mary was eighteen then and Stephen had heard that she was to marry young John Manners, the first officer of the Dove. It was a pity that the lad's ship was away and that he could not be with Mary in her trouble. The girls always had lived such a secluded life in the little walled cottage; they had no knowledge that it was Duncan Triffany's grasping hands that had driven the Captain to his end. In fact, no one ever put the idea into words, for the ship-owner was a powerful man in the community.

The Shalimar Moon had sailed under his flag for less than a year when Duncan had come one night to Stephen Lothrop's home to consult him. The older man wondered at Duncan's nervousness. That was not like him. After business and over the cribbage-board he had spoken abruptly of his personal affairs.

"Lothrop, I am going to marry Mary Temple." The words seemed to burst painfully through the wall of his reserve.

The strange eyes had watched old Stephen narrowly. The other had sought to keep from crying out his thoughts. Duncan Triffany married! And to Mary Temple. Impossible! He had managed to say:

"But Mary Temple—she has consented? But—but I thought it all settled between the girl and the young officer of the Dove. Why, I have seen them laughing together as they walked along the road. They seemed so happy. In fact, the lad himself told me—"

He recalled the evening well when John Manners and he had had a pipe together on the deck of the Dove. A fine young chap, Manners; a lad with sparkling dark eyes that held one as he talked. His hair was smooth and black as lacquer, his skin tanned to golden bronze. Stephen recalled the young man's ardent voice when he had spoken Mary Temple's name; it seemed to caress each syllable. It was easy to see how he adored her.

"One day I am going to marry Mary Temple, Mr. Lothrop," he had said. This, of course, had been before her father's death. "Trip after next, I hope. My parents want us to come home to England and perhaps we shall take Phyllis and go and the Captain will come too, we hope. Mary"—his voice lingered over her name—"she's the loveliest thing in the world, Mr. Lothrop. I—I wanted you to know because you've been so friendly to me. I want you to know Mary. I've told her about you."

Stephen had stared at Duncan Triffany and compared the two in his mind. At the name of young Manners, Duncan had glowered into the fire. He still had been a personable figure, straight and tall as in his younger days, though he was now nearing fifty. His long upper lip had pulled down stubbornly, his mismatched eyes had shone glassily in the flame's glow. After a space he had spoken.

"The Dove is three months overdue. Another week and we shall collect the insurance. She has not been heard of since Batavia. The typhoons have swept thereabout with particular fury this season; there is no doubt but that the Dove is gone."

Stephen had burst forth: "I do not know Mary Temple, but I have seen her often. She does not impress me as the sort who would forget her sweetheart in a few months, Triffany. No, nor promise to marry another man."

The ship owner had given a barking laugh though there was no mirth in his eyes. "It is a year since the Dove sailed out into the Straits. Mary is only a child; she will forget. She has come to the place where she must have help and that soon. The younger girl must have skilled care soon or she will not live."

"But—but for you to marry Mary Temple, Duncan?"

The other shrugged impatiently. "That old scandal you are thinking of, I suppose. Temple was not Mary's father. She's the daughter of an earl; the best blood of England flows in her veins, Lothrop." His voice was horrid with his complacent pride.

"It's not on the girl the blot falls. It's you who should know shame for forcing that child to marry you! Can you buy Mary Temple? Are you going to starve her out as you did the Captain?"

Triffany had stood up suddenly and the cribbage-board and the cards had scattered across the floor. His eyes were staring and though he did not speak the old man felt as if venomous words had spattered about him. After a space he did utter a few cold sentences.

"You have been a friend of my father and of mine for many years, Stephen Lothrop. Since you have always professed to be interested in the Triffany family, you should be gratified that the name does not die with me. I want a son so that the ships of Triffany shall continue to sail the seas." Stephen was amazed to see the passion of feeling that distorted his face. "*I want a son, Stephen.*"

He stalked into the hall after that and fetched his hat and coat and was gone before Lothrop could recover. There had been no more cribbage games, although Duncan still had consulted his solicitor concerning business.

When the spring had come Duncan and Mary Temple were married. Stephen was one of the few who had witnessed the wedding. His heart wrenched with pity when he saw the girl; a satin-wrapped bit of white porcelain she appeared. But her head still was held high and a smile never left her bloodless face. Just before she went away with Triffany she had clung fiercely to Phyllis, who had been carried to the church. Stephen could not forget the pansy-blue eyes so filled with the light of sacrifice that terror was crushed almost into oblivion. When Duncan Triffany had touched her arm she had walked along the aisle with him and down the path to his carriage. Not once did she falter, but the old man had seen that her little white gloved hands were tightly clenched.

Not a fortnight later the Dove had sailed into the outer harbor and John Manners was one of the first men ashore.

Stephen had not heard what had occurred between those three. Perhaps, since it was too late for regrets, they had not even met. No one could say although there had been much conjecture; the village had seethed with its wondering. Afterward, when the old man had gone to Singapore Quest, Mary had seemed unchanged; a little frailer perhaps; her eyes were enormous in her thin pointed face.

She spoke often to Stephen of her sister and told him news of the girl's improvement in health. Her eyes would brighten then until she sparkled with vivacity. Phyllis had been sent to the States to a famous surgeon; some day she would be well and strong, but it was going to take time and expert care. On his infrequent business calls at the house Stephen had liked to visit with young Mrs. Triffany. They grew to be friends and she enjoyed showing him her garden. She worked there from morning until night, until she was exhausted. When one is tired to the bone perhaps one does not think so much.

Young Manners had sailed away again a few weeks after his return. Off the China coast the Dove had gone ashore in a fog after a storm; none of the crew survived. One of Triffany's other ships brought positive proof; this time there was no doubt but that the Dove and her crew were no more.

Old Stephen had been called to Winnipeg and had been away for several months; he had not known how Mary had withstood that final blow of fate. He knew that she had loved John Manners. He had seen her eyes on her wedding day—eyes empty of hope. And he had talked with the young officer of the Dove; he had glimpsed the lad's adoration of the girl who lived in the walled cottage near the point.

The old man leaned forward and tapped the ashes from his pipe. On the hearth-rug the vivid red coat of a toy soldier caught his eye. David's toy. It had been shortly after Stephen's return to Victoria from Winnipeg that Mary's son David was born. Duncan Triffany had been fierce with pride that day when he came to the solicitor to bring the news of his son's

arrival. His strange eyes had blazed with triumph.

"I have a son to carry on my name," he had said. His voice had rung with pride. "My son, David." And suddenly the shell of his imperiousness seemed to break and his shoulders drooped, his eyes were pathetic. "My son, David," he said softly.

Against his will the older man had felt a sad pity for this one who had turned a promising life into such devious ways.

Duncan Triffany had not had long to enjoy his boy. Five months after the child's birth Triffany was in his grave. It had been quite unexpected; that morning he had been in the town and in the evening he was gone. That had been a year ago. And now Stephen Lothrop still came to Singapore Quest for an occasional visit with Mary. She called him Stephen and she seemed to confide in him as in a father. But today she had hidden something from him. All was not well with her.

She came into the library; Dunsany Lassie followed her and stretched out before the fire.

"David is growing to be such a chatterer," she told Stephen. "Just now he has awakened from his nap and is in a talkative mood. I wish that I could understand all that he is trying to say. He seems so earnest about it. I'm mad about him, Stephen. You must go up to the nursery after tea. He adores you, you know, and he has so many new words in his vocabulary; he didn't say half of them for you today. You must hear him, the darling."

When Stephen slyly suggested that like all young mothers she was puffed up with pride and that the boy was far too young to remember him, she was instantly in arms.

"He does remember. He says your name often. He is the most intelligent, beautiful boy that ever was known. You need not sit there chuckling. He is wonderful. Oh, Stephen"—she came to his chair and rested her slim hand on his shoulder—"I haven't been so happy in all my life. Always before there was trouble—poverty. And now I have David, and Phyllis is growing stronger every day, and I am happy—I am." Her voice changed suddenly. "Oh, I thought I was, Stephen," she whispered, "I thought I was—until—" She broke off and went to the French windows. "It is warm in here. May I open the doors?"

Stephen watched her through narrowed lids. She had finally admitted that something was not well with her. It must be an imaginary trouble; there was nothing now to stand in the way of her happiness.

"By all means have some air; it is a bit stuffy here. I fell day-dreaming and did not notice that the fire had burned up so brightly." How beautiful this girl had grown, he thought. Too slim and white but with a new dignity in the great eyes.

Dorrance brought in the tea-tray with its heavy silver service. Over their tea Mary and the old man talked of the garden and the kennels. Dunsany Lassie came from the fire and put her head on Mary's knee. The girl smiled down at her and smoothed her ears.

"I can't imagine what has got into her lately," she told Stephen. "She refuses to stay away from me for an instant. She adores David and me."

"The house is charming, Mary. You have made just the proper improvements," the man told her. "You have kept the old traditions. That, my child, shows the artist."

"You like it, Stephen? You think that I have done well?" Her voice was eager.

"Now it is truly a home."

"I want David to have a real home. Never to know poverty—or shame."

The old man sought to distract her thoughts. "I find the new painting delightful." He nodded toward the mantelpiece. As he spoke he realized that he had blundered.

She turned quickly. "You think that I am wicked to take Duncan's portrait away?"

"No, no, Mary. You mistake my meaning. That was for you to decide. I said that I admired the painting. It makes a delightful bit of color just there."

Her hands moved restlessly; she got up and crossed to the open door for a space.

"It is so gray—the damp dusk. Lately I have felt the depression of the gray days." She shivered. "There is that poor starved dog loitering by the laurel hedge. Something must be done about him."

She came back to the fire and stared up at the painting over the mantel.

"Surely beauty can never be evil." Her voice was so low that he scarcely could hear the words.

Suddenly she sank down into a chair and buried her face in her hands.

"I must tell you, Stephen," she whispered. "I can't bear it alone any longer." A fit of sobbing shook her.

The old man leaned forward and touched her shoulder. His voice trembled with his distress.

"There, Mary. There. Nothing should trouble you. The past is behind you."

Her words burst forth suddenly. "If only I could believe that!" Her gaze was filled with panic. She quieted after a space and spoke quickly with her head lowered.

"Stephen, listen to me. I was happy at first—after—Duncan had gone, I mean. Then, lately—I can't explain it, Stephen; not exactly, but there is something wrong, like a dark cloud of trouble that seems to be hanging over Singapore Quest—over all of us. Sometimes at night—only last night—I hear a dog howl." She shuddered. "That means death, Stephen. Death. What—if something should happen to David—to Phyllis—just when we have had a tiny taste of happiness! I can't sleep. Always it is hounding me—driving me. Something is menacing us—something..."

He tried to reassure her. "Your imagination is playing tricks, Mary. You need a tonic. Nothing can harm you. Imagination."

"No, Stephen. A guilty conscience, rather." Her frightened eyes sought his. "I—I burned his portrait, Stephen. I couldn't stand his eyes following me, staring at me, accusing me."

Her reserve was broken down now, her words struggled forth.

"You know I didn't love him. He knew it too, but he took me without love. He wanted me all the same." Her voice had risen. "I was wrong to listen to him; I have no excuse except that—there were others to think about. And he told me that the Dove would never come home again. He told me that. I thought that John was dead and that what happened to me didn't matter, Stephen. Can you understand that?" Her white face was piteous. "He told me that the Dove was lost," she repeated.

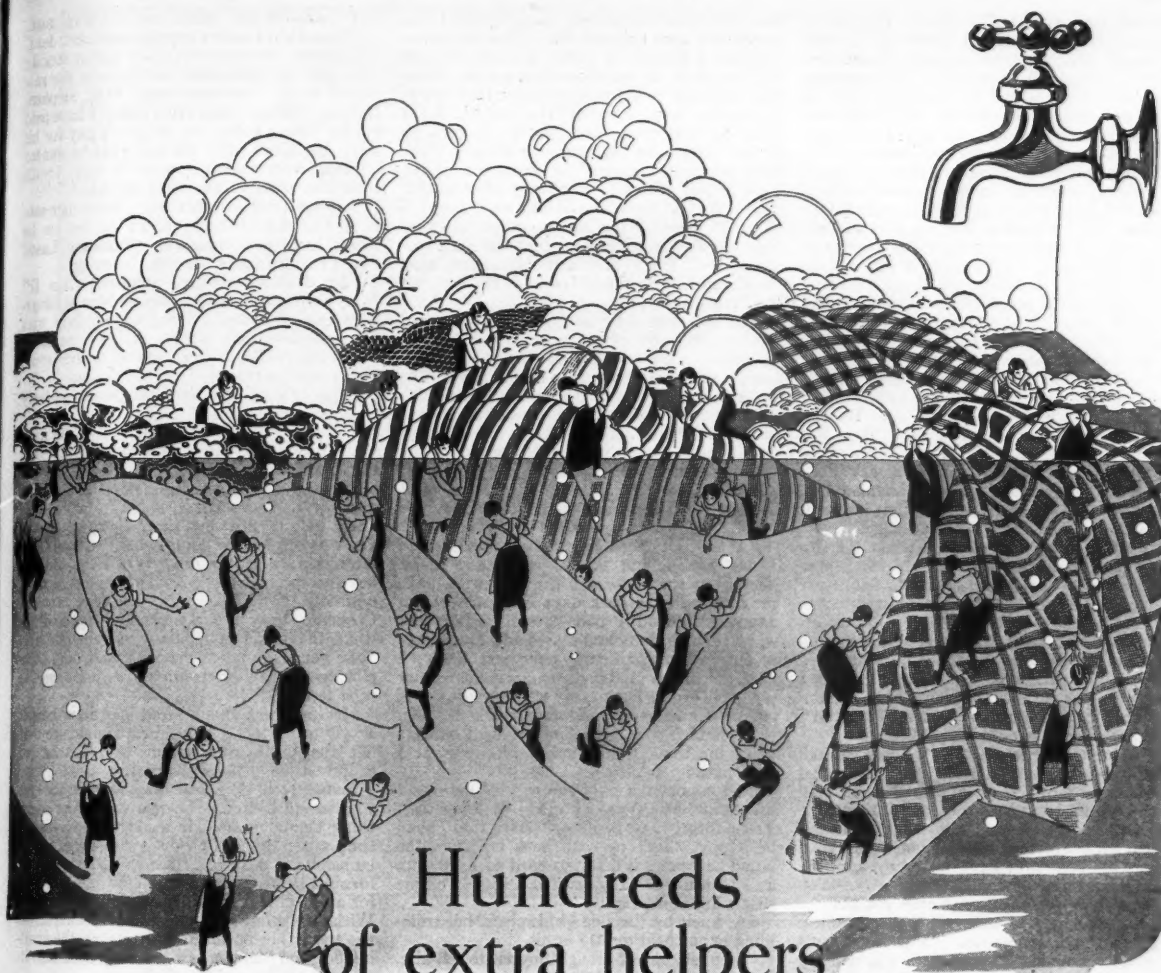
Dunsany Lassie lay asleep before the fire. The flames burned quietly. The ticking of the clock sounded loudly in the room.

"A fortnight after our marriage, the Dove came home. I will never forget that night." Her hands twisted with the agony of her remembrance. "The rain was pounding against the shutters. We sat here in this room. Such a gloomy place. The fire had burned low and I was afraid to replenish it. The wind blew in from the Straits and howled about the house. I was trying to read and he pretended to do the same, but he was watching me over the pages. That was a terrible way of his, Stephen. Staring. Those strange eyes of his staring at me for hours on end as if he would dig into my mind and take even my thoughts for his own. They were frenzied thoughts. Something—a foreboding—seemed to be warning me."

"It wasn't very late when I heard footsteps. Over the wind and the rain, I heard someone on the porch. Dorrance went out to the hall and opened the door." Her small pointed face was devoid of expression now, her voice was level; but the man could see that all her strength was marshaling to keep it so.

"It was John—my John Manners who came into this room, Stephen. We were so young and we had dreamed such beautiful dreams." That whisper that without increasing told the depths of its pitiful story.

"There was a terrible scene. I sat there like a block of marble while they fought over me."



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I couldn't move. I just sat there. Think of it, Stephen. No one can ever know how I ached to run to John, to throw my arms about him, to feel his kisses on my mouth. John standing there in the room and I couldn't so much as move toward him. I couldn't. That other had put his mark on me. It was as if I had been turned to stone. John accused Duncan Triffany of ruining my father, of driving him to suicide. I hadn't known that before, Stephen. It was like a poison in my blood, a poison that numbed me. I learned that on our wedding day Duncan had known that the Dove was homeward bound. John accused him and he didn't deny it. *He didn't deny it.* But we were no match for the iron man who faced us. We were too young; John was too passion-torn. I was Duncan's wife and there was Phyllis.

"I wanted to curse him—to kill him—but all the time I must have remembered Phyllis. He had sent her to the States with our old nurse to consult the best surgeons. He had been generous as he had promised. There was good news from Sister, but it would take months of care—a great sum of money. She was too ill and helpless for me to abandon her, Stephen. I couldn't. I think all that just kept me sitting there like a marble image."

"I didn't utter a word even when John finally gave up and went out of that door. Duncan's eyes had scarcely left me." She spoke through clenched teeth. "How I wanted to tear out his eyes—to kill him! How I hated his staring eyes at that instant! It was as if John had torn out my heart and taken it all bruised and bleeding with him when he went away. I wanted to run out into the black storm and follow until I should drop at John's feet. And I couldn't move. I couldn't speak . . ."

Lothrop's eyes were wet. "Why do you tell me this, Mary? It is all in the past. You must not blame yourself and you must forget. You gave Duncan what he wanted more than anything else in the world, a son. And he has left David a great fortune to bring you all the good things of life. You have your boy and you must forget the past and its wounds. You have nothing for which to blame yourself."

"Yes, I have David." The old man was startled at her expression. "You say I must forget," she cried. "I wonder if you will say that when you know the truth. Oh, Stephen, I must tell you! I can't stand it alone any longer. You must help me. David and I—we haven't the right to Duncan Triffany's wealth. *We don't belong here!*" She was weeping wildly. "You must tell me what to do, Stephen. I'll believe what you tell me. Oh, heaven help me, I can't stand this uncertainty any longer!"

"Mary." His compassionate eyes sought to reassure her. "I am your friend, child."

She reached out and caught at his hand with her feverish fingers.

"All that night and the next day after John

had gone from the house I thought that I was going mad, that I should die. I thought of the Captain, I thought of John. I couldn't stand the hurt of it. It was too strong for me. Duncan had been called to Vancouver that morning on business. I walked the floor for hours after he had gone—and finally—I went to John." Her voice had sunk to a whisper. "We were so young, Stephen. So young and we had been grossly cheated. I do not offer an excuse. We had been tricked and we loved each other so dearly. We had to say good-by to love, Stephen, forever after that one little moment—" Her eyes sought his and they were unashamed. "Stephen, David is not Duncan Triffany's son."

The old man sat quietly. Her words had shaken him unbelievably.

"Oh, do not think that I have not been punished! Over and over again I have paid. The Book says, 'He that doeth wrong shall receive for the wrong that he has done: and there is no respect of persons.' Those words are engraved on my mind, Stephen. I have received for the wrong. John is lost to me. And lately, night and day, I have been haunted by the thought of how David and I live on Duncan Triffany's bounty and we have no right here."

"At first I didn't think of it. I was free and I had David, and Phyllis was home again. There was the house and the garden to make me forget all the dark days here, all the unhappy childhood I had known. I was the widow of a Triffany and David and I were protected. Then suddenly, only just lately, I have felt that something is menacing us. Duncan's will ordered us to stay at Singapore Quest or forfeit his fortune; and now it is as if something hidden were trying to drive us out—to make me think that I must give up what I have paid for so dearly."

"Oh, Stephen, if only you will tell me that I may stay"—her eyes pleaded—"I know that I shall forget these fancies. I know that I shall be happy. My boy shall be a credit to the name he bears. I'll try so hard to make him so. Duncan Triffany wanted a son. Tell me that I am doing rightly."

She knelt by the side of his chair, her trembling hands held tightly in his.

"Stephen, once I brought myself to tell him. I swear I did. I couldn't stand his eyes watching me any longer. I was going to beg for his pity. On that last day when Duncan—died, it was. I came into the room and he was angry. So many things unnerved him at the last."

"Duncan had got up from his chair to shout after Dorrance and as he turned back into the room he stumbled over Dunsany Lassie. She was lying in the shadow of the Chinese screen. The poor thing's puppies were soon to be born and I had let her come in by the open fire. Stephen, Duncan stumbled over her and then with all his might he struck her with his cane—

and then—he fell down and he was gone. "That night Lassie's puppies were born dead, except one. Dorrance thinks it is that strange wild creature that slinks out there in the garden of late." Her voice rose. "Oh, Stephen, Duncan Triffany was a cruel man! I have paid for the wrong I did, but he didn't pay for his sins. He didn't pay. He had what he wanted of life no matter what stood in his way. Death took him without his being punished."

Stephen tried to quiet her. When her sobbing had subsided he talked to her as he would have to a daughter. Dunsany Lassie raised her head as if she were listening.

"Am I doing rightly, Stephen? Am I?" Mary insisted. "Shall I stay on here at Singapore Quest? Shall I bring up my boy with Duncan Triffany's wealth and his name to shield him? Tell me, Stephen! There would be no harsh memories then to frighten me."

Lassie got to her feet and came suddenly to Mary's side.

The man's shoulders straightened; he marshaled his every energy to put conviction into his voice.

"I give you my word of honor as a gentleman, my child." His eyes held Mary's. He knew that he lied, but he did not falter. "I know that you are doing what Duncan Triffany would wish. In the eyes of the world you have given him a son. That was what he most desired. If you did wrong, you have canceled the debt. I say to you, make David a credit to what the name of Triffany once stood for. Take your happiness here with your boy, I implore you. I tell you, Mary, *you are doing the right thing!*"

Her face was shining and she drew herself slowly to her feet. The old man could see that her trust in his word was infinite, that he had exorcised the ghost of the past.

Suddenly as she stood there he saw her eyes widen with horror. She was staring at something behind him. He swung about just in time to see the outcast dog, with fangs bared, launch itself at Mary Triffany. In its wild rush forward it struck the side of the table so that for an instant it was thrown from its balance. Without a sound Dunsany Lassie flashed across the space; her powerful body struck the snarling dog and Stephen saw her fangs sink into its spine at the base of the skull.

"Call Dorrance—quickly!" Stephen cried to the terrified girl.

As she ran from the room he saw that the creature was in its death agony. Lassie's steel-like jaws were set in a vital spot. The old man stared down at the dying animal and it glared back at him. Stark hatred met his gaze. And then he felt his flesh creep and a chill shake him like a leaf in the wind. For as God was Stephen Lothrop's judge, he saw clearly in the firelight the eyes of the pariah dog, and one of them was blue and one was brown.

No Dam' Yankee by Irvin S. Cobb (Continued from page 67)

with extra m's. "Before I trap myself any further, would you mind please telling me just what this emergency is?"

"It's this," explained the young man—"Miss MacAllister and I are engaged. But nobody who counts really knows it yet but you."

"May I then be the first to congratulate?"

"Please, Sir! We are engaged and we intend to be married."

"Very laudable I'm sure, but—"

"But my father would be against it and it seems like Allen's father would be against it just simply because my father would be against it! And so we've decided to run away." This was Sally Ann speaking flurriedly, breathlessly.

"Or in other words, to elope," added the fiancé, as though to make the meaning doubly clear.

"And that's where you come in, Major dear," supplemented the affianced.

"One moment, now." The Major lifted

an authoritative palm. "Permit me to ask a question or two: When did you two meet for the first time?"

"Last Monday afternoon at a quarter past three."

"And when did you first discover that you had become seriously attracted to this young lady?"

"I just told you, Sir. Monday afternoon, quarter past three."

"Ah, indeed!" The interrogator looked now at her. "And you?"

"About the same time. It seemed to come over me, just like that! All at once!"

"And when did you reach the decision that you would elope?"

"Oh, that wasn't until this morning. We discussed everything very thoroughly first."

"But why elope at all?"

"Oh, Major!" exclaimed Sally Ann. "You don't know my father!"

"Oh, don't I? My dear, your father and I have been confrères for six years."

"Then you *do* know how set and determined and aggravating he can be when he takes a notion about something. He's a perfect old darling, my father is, and I adore him. But, oh, he can be so hard-headed!"

"I will concede that your esteemed father is a man of quite positive views on various subjects. But am I to assume that merely on the supposition that your respective parents—either or both—might enter an objection to this union you are preparing—"

"Not at all, Sir. I'm afraid we've sort of rushed you off your feet. Perhaps I'd better try to explain in detail the whole situation?"

"Yes, do," assented Sally Ann. She lifted a confident face from her lover's worried one to the Major's wrinkly one. "Allen can explain things just beautifully, Major. He'll tell you everything and then you'll realize for yourself that we're exactly right."

For what followed the Major made an excellent, a most sympathetic audience.

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A rose . . . a pearl . . . what can compare with the beauty of a wonderful skin?

"flawless!"

A wonderful skin— isn't it worth making this effort for?

EVEN overnight your skin can improve—can look clearer and softer by morning.

Think, then, what infinite possibilities there are in the right care of your skin, followed regularly day after day! In just a few weeks you can give it a freshness, smoothness, color it has never had before.

Begin today to take care of your skin the Woodbury way, with hot or warm water, ice, and Woodbury's Facial Soap—the soap recommended by skin specialists as best for a sensitive skin.

Society debutantes from New York to New Orleans—college girls—women guests at America's most splendid hotels, most exclusive resorts—say Woodbury's "agrees with their skin better than any other soap"—is "wonderfully

beneficial" in clearing the skin of common skin defects and keeping it in perfect condition.

The right way to use Woodbury's for your skin is given in the booklet of famous skin treatments that comes to you free with every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. If you are fortunate enough to have a clear unblemished skin—you should use the Woodbury treatment for normal skins, given in this booklet.

If you are troubled with blackheads, blem-

ishes, excessive oiliness, or any other skin defect—use the special treatment recommended for that trouble.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Get your Woodbury's today! Learn how simple it is, with this wonderful soap, to gain the charm of "a skin you love to touch."

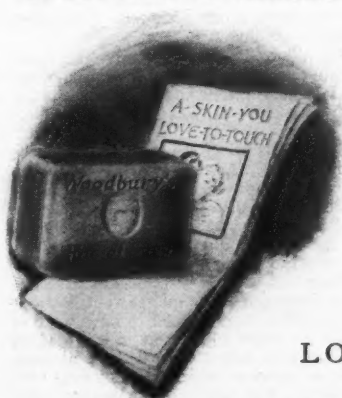
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The Andrew Jergens Co.,
1621 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10 cents please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial."

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Street _____
City _____ State _____



A SKIN YOU

LOVE TO TOUCH

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Pipe Smoker Finds Price Does Not Determine Tobacco Satisfaction

Apparently in selecting a certain tobacco, smokers suspend the rule: "The more you pay, the better you'll like it."

Read of this young man's experience:

Chicago, Ill.
February 17, 1927

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

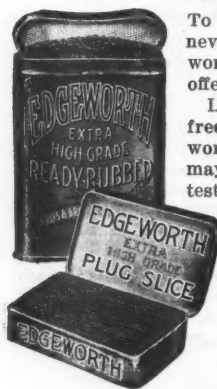
I'm just a young man—less than thirty. About five years ago I switched from cigarettes to a pipe. Why? Because I found that a pipe required the least attention and also interrupted me in my work the least.

At first I only smoked the more expensive brands of tobacco. Then I tried the less expensive blends. I guess I tried them all. Finally I tried Edgeworth. I liked it at the start—and repeated, and repeated.

For the last four years I have smoked nothing but Edgeworth—except when I was unable to obtain it. And, whenever I couldn't get it and had to substitute, I was glad to return to Edgeworth as soon as possible. Now I smoke about two cans of Edgeworth every four days.

No other tobacco can take the place of Edgeworth in my pipe.

Sincerely,
Paul A. Johnston.



To those who have never tried Edgeworth we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 4 S.

21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidor holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

[On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length (254.1 meters) 1180 kilocycles.

When Allen said he didn't see how anybody who was in his right senses could keep from falling in love with Sally Ann the Major promptly seconded the motion and declared that if only he were forty years younger he himself would be offering strong competition in that quarter.

When he was told how Allen had gone straight to his father the night before and had informed that choleric person how matters stood, Sally Ann having already approached her father indirectly and, so to speak, by a round-about route; and how immediately intense opposition had developed from these parental sources, the Major remarked:

"Now I begin to see why both of them were so exceedingly polite to each other today—and so exceedingly embittered toward me. They had to take it out on somebody. Do you know, young people, I've about decided that the great mistake I made was not fighting against both sides just in order to lick a little common sense into the heads of such colonels and brigadier-generals as might survive my righteous wrath? I do so!"

All at once he, who had meant to maintain an aloof impartial attitude, found himself with one impulsive hand patting Sally Ann on her shoulder and with the other giving Allen's nearer shoulder slaps of hearty endorsement.

All at once he found himself committed as a partisan and an accessory to the impending venture. It was none of his business but quite evidently it was going to be his business.

All at once he found himself saying: "You'll need a license to get married in this state?"

"That's been attended to, Sir."

"And a preacher, of course?"

"We thought about that, too, Suh, or Allen did—he thinks of everything!"

"Well, then, where do I figure except as a friend and well-wisher? Mind you, though," he added with a sudden rush of caution, "I'm not saying that I propose to get myself involved in this escapade of yours at all. I'm merely asking."

"Oh, Major dear, you'll never regret it!" pleaded Sally Ann, clinging to his arm and turning the devastating batteries of a pair of big swimming violet-blue eyes upon him. "As things stand, Father would never give his consent beforehand. But after it's done he'll come round. He'll see what I see in Allen. He'll admire him as much as I love him. And I'll make Allen's father like me—I'll just make him! He's never had a daughter of his own. I'll flirt outrageously with him, I'll make over him. Oh, you'll see."

"I don't doubt it in the least," granted the Major. "But that's not telling me what I'm expected to do, if any thing!"

"I'll tell you, Sir," said young Van Duzen. "I'll make it brief because there isn't any too much time to spare. I didn't dare go away myself to get the license. My father was suspicious of something being afoot—I could tell that; and the General has been watching Sally Ann like a hawk—or trying to. So I found a trustworthy man—perhaps you know him?—Ringgold is his name; he lives down here at the landing."

"I know him," said the Major, who knew nearly everybody at nearly every landing. "Ben Ringgold. I reckon he's trustworthy enough although not what I'd call intellectually gifted."

"So early this morning I sent him down the river in a skiff. His job was to hustle on down to Savannah—that's the nearest county-seat, I believe"—the Major nodded in affirmation—"and get a license for us and then leave the skiff behind and catch the packet Linda Smythe which was due to pass up by there late this afternoon. She did pass less than an hour ago—I found that out down at the river where they seemed to have word of her. So she ought to get here in less than an hour from now unless she's delayed at some landing in between, which they say isn't very probable; it's only eight or nine miles, you know. Ringgold will be on board with the license,

but his orders are to stay there. As soon as the boat touches here—it'll be good and dark by then—Sally Ann and I are going to slip aboard and hide ourselves away until after she pulls out. Then it will be too late for anybody to stop us. Ringgold is to go on with us to a little place called Tucker's about eight or nine miles farther up-stream. There's a country preacher living there. I sent him word by Ringgold's son, who crossed on the ferry and rode up horseback, to be waiting for our arrival. He'll marry us and Ringgold will find us a place to stay tonight—he says he can do that—and in the morning we'll come back to ask forgiveness."

"That all sounds very well," said the Major, "but still I don't see where I—"

"Pardon me. I'm just coming to that, Sir. Your part—if you'll be so good?—is to sort of stand guard behind us. On account of General MacAllister, I mean. If the worst comes to the worst, I'd defy my father—although of course I hate a scene—but with Sally Ann it's different. She's a minor. We—we had to get Ringgold to do a little fibbing about her age. So it might be fatal—it would be fatal—if the General should get wind of this and stop Sally Ann."

"All we want you to do is to be on watch when the Linda Smythe pulls in—that's the critical moment, as you can see for yourself—and if you see the General going toward the landing, please intercept him, delay him on some pretext or other until the boat is gone with us safely on her. Will you do that, Sir?"

"Oh, you will, Major dear, won't you—for our sakes?" begged Sally Ann.

"Children," said Major Todd, with the air of one sealing a momentous vow, "I'm just enough of a sentimental old fool to do that very little thing. And probably get shot for it afterwards. Anyhow," he added, offering a salve to his uneasy conscience, "I seem to recall an important matter which ought to be brought to General MacAllister's attention at the earliest opportunity."

Fondly flattering himself with the delusion that he was innocent of all semblance to a double-deer, but in reality looking as guilty as a man who has just set fire to an orphan asylum, Major Marmaduke Todd faithfully did his turn at sentry-go while the early twilight thickened about him. On the bluff above the river, where he could command a view of all who passed, going or coming, the Major vigilantly patrolled to and fro on his callipered legs.

He presently heard, not a hundred yards from him but beyond his sight, below the bluff, a steamer blow for the landing, and gave a little jump; but before the blast died away the Major—who was enough of a riverman to be able to recognize boats by their whistles—knew it couldn't be the Linda Smythe. It must be then the Oscar P. Hooks, also upbound. It was; that steamy cracked whine of hers was unmistakable. He remembered that she had been due hours before, but steamboat schedules were flexible tablets always. She must be in a hurry to make up for lost time because almost immediately she was pulling out, as he could tell. She merely had poked her nose to bank and then had withdrawn it.

Five minutes passed, then ten, fifteen, and to the Major's strained ears came from downstream a familiar and, for this occasion, a welcome sound. Thus closely on the heels of her rival, the Linda Smythe was making port, too. Soon now with the elopers all would be well.

An overwhelming desire to be convinced that all was well with them lured the Major away from his post. Stealthily, and casting furtive looks behind him, he retired up over and thence down under the brow of the land. Almost directly beneath him where her lights made ruddiness in the dusk, the Linda Smythe discharged cargo. Next she would receive freight, if any, for up-river points and expeditiously then would clear.

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Lady Louis Mountbatten

whose husband is cousin to His Majesty, the King of England, is one of England's wealthiest heiresses. Her position in English life is second only to that of the immediate members of the Royal Family. Lady Louis, an ardent horsewoman, is shown above on her spirited Arabian mount, Messaoud.



Brook House, Park Lane, Lady Louis's London mansion, inherited from her grandfather.

BRIGHT chestnut hair that warms to red-gold in the light; eyes as blue as the delphinium, her favorite flower; a complexion delicate as an English hedge rose unfolding in the coolness of dawn! This is Lady Louis Mountbatten, loveliest woman in London Society.

The brief and thrilling year that followed her debut reached its climax in her marriage to a cousin of the King of England and great-grandson of Queen Victoria—the second son of the first Marquess of Milford Haven.

Conscious of the high position she holds as a member of the British Royal Family, Lady Louis never fails to set an exquisite example.

Beautiful to an unusual degree, she also possesses the wisdom that teaches her how to guard her loveliness. She chooses Two Creams—Pond's—to

cleanse and keep her skin firm, to add a delicate bloom. Both stand always on her dressing table—ready for her daily use! This is how you should use them:

Before retiring, and often by day, cleanse your skin deeply with Pond's Cold Cream, letting it stay on several moments to lift the dirt from the pores. Wipe off. Repeat. If your skin is dry, leave fresh cream on overnight.

After each daytime cleansing, use a little Pond's Vanishing Cream. It is a soft protection against wind and dust and chapping cold, lends your skin an exquisite tone and holds your powder.

Use these Two Creams daily and, like Lady Louis Mountbatten, keep your skin firm, supple, velvety.

Free Offer. Mail coupon for free tubes of Pond's Two famous Creams and directions for using them.

THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. Y
112 Hudson Street, New York City.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____



On Lady Louis's dressing table are crystal and gold and cloudy amber, and jade green jars of Pond's Two Creams—her favorites—which she uses daily.

A Splash of Protection after the shave



The after-shave is half the shave

AFTER the shave—splash on a few exhilarating drops of Aqua Velva. At the first touch your skin tingles with new life. Razor nicks and cuts—visible and invisible—are gently sterilized and soothed.

And, more important, your skin is not only soothed but kept protected against the irritations of sun and wind, dirt and weather. All day long your face feels fit . . . well-groomed . . . just as Williams Shaving Cream leaves it.

After 87 years of study, Aqua Velva was made expressly for after-shaving. Thousands of men now know that "the after-shave is half the shave."

Aqua Velva sells in large 5-ounce bottles for 50c in the U. S. A. By mail postpaid on receipt of price in case your dealer is out of it.

*Made by the Makers of
Williams Shaving Cream*

Williams Aqua Velva

FOR USE AFTER SHAVING



FREE Trial Size. Simply write "Aqua Velva" on a postcard and mail to The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 911, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (Canadian address: 1114 St. Patrick Street, Montreal)

Peering thither, the Major beheld on the flare-lit bank fronting the packet's bow, a figure—a figure whose pose, whose twisting neck and turning body bespoke irresolution, bafflement, confusion. He curlicued down the slant. He clutched that shape by its shoulder. He addressed it sharply. His voice was tense with a vague alarm, a rising concern.

"Ringgold, what are you doing here? Where are those two young people?"

Mr. Ringgold, matrimonial plenipotentiary extraordinary, laughed a hollow mirthless laugh. "That's what I been astin' myself," said Mr. Ringgold. "Seems like there's been a hitch. But, by heck, 'tain't my fault! I brung the docymint fur 'em—you know about that, mebbe?" He winked meaningly. "And seems like they been hidin' behind that pile of gov'mint supplies jest yonder and when the Hooks pulled in, they bein' ign'unt about sich things and not knowin' one boat from 'nother—they jest bulged right erboard, not astin' no questions from nobody—anyhow, that's what I've jest found out from a feller that seen 'em. And seems like they've gone skihootin' on up the river thinkin' all the time they wuz on the Linda Smythe and expectin' to find me, of course. And seems like here I am and what to do about it I don't know!"

"Good Lord!" groaned Major Todd. To himself he was thinking: "I've got to follow them—there's nobody else I can trust. No minister would dare go ahead without that license. They'll be left stranded all night at Turner's with nowhere for them to stay, probably, nobody who'd take them in. It'll be ruination." Aloud to Ringgold he was snapping an order: "Give me the paper. You dust on home and keep your mouth shut!"

He crumpled the precious license into his pocket. He clambered up the stage plank between two rousters. He ascended the fore-castle gangway. He bided impatiently in the boiler deck guards forward. In five minutes the Linda Smythe withdrew to mid-channel and straightened away. In five minutes more her skipper appeared from below. The Major caught him by both lapels of his coat.

"Captain Jim, there are certain reasons—highly important reasons—why'd I'd like for you to overhaul the Hooks—beat her into Turner's if possible. Great favor to me! Anyhow, shove up alongside her as close as you can—I've got a pressing private message for somebody aboard her. Understand?"

"Already fixin' to do one of those very things. And as for shovin' in close to her, that'll be easy; glad to accommodate you there, Major; no trouble at all. But say, Major, what's come over everybody tonight? First one gentleman busts up to me all in a swivet and asks me for personal reasons to ketch up with the Hooks before we reach Turner's and he ups and offers me fifty dollars cash to beat her in. Naturally I takes him up on his bid, and now not two minutes later here you come askin' for practically the same—"

"Who—who was the other man?" asked Major Todd. But he knew the answer. His sinking heart told him.

"Why, General MacAllister. Ain't you two on the same mission? He must 'a' followed you aboard not more'n a minute or two behind you. He's right down below here. I can—"

"No, no, don't call him. Don't—er—don't even tell him I'm on board. Oh, Lord!"

Sorrow-shaken, feeling almost as though he had suffered a deep bereavement, the Major retreated down the guards leaving a bewildered skipper to stare at his vanishing back.

Love's young dream—all split wide open, all ripped to thunderation! The downcast veteran went aimlessly by a row of closed stateroom doors. He really wasn't going anywhere; just disconsolately drifting. He brought up beyond the invisible dividing-line marking off a lesser partitioned-off space at the rear of the main cabin—the "bureau," this smaller compartment was called in river

parlance. He halted here; you couldn't go much farther aft anyhow. He faced outward, with lack-luster eyes regarding the peaceful darkened landscape past which they slid. Beneath his feet he could feel the Linda Smythe picking up speed. So soon she was under forced draft. There arose a steamy roaring, a quickening clank of machinery parts. He fetched a deep sigh.

Directly behind him a door banged. A form, an impressively portly and dignified form bulked against the rail, almost touching him. Idly, for lack of something better to do, he peered at it; made out its contours, its distinguishing items of costuming. And then, right there, right then, Major Todd really began to show four great gifts—a gift for intrigue, for diplomacy, for strategy, for action.

There had been steamboat races before then on the Tennessee River. There still will be races on the Tennessee River when we are all dead and gone—races for spite, races for money, races for reasons of business, races for reasons of sport.

Now here was a race that was different, though just how different it was, most of those persons who took the minor parts in it—crews and passengers as well—did not know while it lasted, and were not to know until after it was over.

Away they went, two medium-sized, prosaic-looking, commonplace stern-wheelers, and it a foregone conclusion which one would win. But then the Oscar J. Hooks didn't even know she was being raced with—not yet she didn't.

So for a while, the rearmost boat, forging straight ahead, fairly ate up the intervening distance. It was beyond Churchwell's that the master of the Hooks, now leading by a half-mile margin, realized the Linda Smythe was following with intent to overhaul her. But why? Perhaps the Linda's captain had word of some fat unpledged consignment on beyond somewhere?

That must be it. What else could it be? Very well, then, the Hooks would give this opposition craft a tussle for it. Her skipper called out orders. Her wheel began to spin faster; big sparks flew out of her smoke-stacks; her boilers hummed. Behind her she kicked up a foamy hillocky wake.

But she had started her sprint too late. Anyway, the Linda Smythe was just naturally the faster boat of the two. Furlong by furlong, the Withers liner crawled up on the puffing independent packet. Her bow was even with the adversary's stern. She was hauling abreast; and now also, for reasons best known to herself, she was quartering, sheering over, swinging in closer and closer, almost dangerously close, so that either laboring steamer wallowed and heaved in the swells thrown off by the other.

The churned-up water between narrowed to a matter of yards, then to a matter of feet—say, sixty feet. They were neck-and-neck now. Moved to marvel that the Linda Smythe should insist on becoming so near a neighbor, the Oscar J. Hooks' engineer, Mr. Jake Small, came forth from his greasy and clamorous domain and halted behind the barrier of the bull-rails just forward of it. From the lower deck of the Linda Smythe at a point directly opposite came in a familiar voice a sharp hail.

"Hey, Jake!" cried the voice above the tumult.

"Why, Major," he answered back, "hello! What's the big rush with you fellows anyway?"

"Jake, thank heaven it's you!" was the swift cryptic response. "Jake, two young people—boy and girl—went aboard you at Shiloh."

"Saw 'em myself. Acted like they was fleein' from the wrath to come."

"They were!" The Major's tone was grimly, snappily insistent. "Jake, I want that pair. Go for 'em, or send a dorky for 'em, quick! Tell 'em 'twas I sent for 'em. Tell 'em I say to dust down there where you

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MR. CHARLES LE MAIRE,
New York City, at work on
one of the costume designs
for which he is famous

"Long
hours
of

exacting work had made me stale"



New York City

"THE COSTUME DESIGNER is expected to create new ideas every day, oversee the making of his costumes to the minutest detail, and spend many evenings a week at the new plays and revues or at dress rehearsals.

"Continuing in this routine for a number of years, I gradually became run down. I would get up in the morning with a splitting headache. My work and my reputation were endangered.

"At a friend's suggestion, I ate Fleischmann's Yeast before meals—and often while at work. In a short time I found myself enthusiastic again about my work. I slept better. My appetite and digestion im-

proved. Fleischmann's Yeast built up my system, recharged my creative energy."

Charles Le Maire

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST is not a medicine. It is a food as fresh as any vegetable from the garden.

Fleischmann's Yeast cleanses the intestines of noxious wastes, brings about a healthful regularity and completeness in elimination. Your digestion is improved. Your complexion and color are better than ever. Your whole outlook on life becomes cheerier.

Buy two or three days' supply at a time from your grocer and keep it in any cool dry place. Write today for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast in the diet. Address Health Research Dept. K 58, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York City.

A simple means to rebuild health

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it just plain, or dissolved in water—cold or hot—or any other way you like. For stubborn cases of constipation physicians say to drink one cake in a glass of hot water (not scalding) before each meal and at bedtime.



ABOVE
"FOR SEVERAL YEARS I had been troubled with constipation and headaches. I was skeptical when one of my friends advised me to use Fleischmann's Yeast. But finally I decided to try it. I took 3 cakes a day, one before each meal, dissolved in water. Now I feel like a new woman. I also gave Fleischmann's Yeast to my young son. He was always constipated, his skin full of pimples. I gave him one cake in the morning and one at night. Today my boy has a nice clear skin—thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast."

MRS. MARION DECLERCQ, Detroit, Mich.

RIGHT
"MY DIGESTION got in such a condition that I was no longer able to enjoy my hunting and fishing. Taking the advice of a friend, I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. It made a very great change in my health. Now I am again able to enjoy the outdoors. I recommend Fleischmann's Yeast to any one with indigestion."

A. J. JOHNSON, Dallas, Texas





Made for men I like it!

For years I've wanted something I could put on my face after shaving and now Mennen is making it — Skin Balm — a face lotion in a handy tube.

I like the tube part because bottles break. But what makes a hit with me is its cool, soothing, refreshing action. It heals, too, is antiseptic and mildly astringent, reduces unsightly pores and keeps them clean.

Skin Balm is neither greasy nor sticky. It dries very quickly and leaves my face free of that after-shave school-boy face shine which I dislike. What a reviving kick I get out of it! Like a needle spray after a hot shower. Brightens up the whole day for me, and gives me a twenty-hour finish to the close smooth shave I get with Mennen Shaving Cream.

Skin Balm is great for windburn and sunburn, protects the skin against harsh weather. Heals up blotches, cuts,



scratches, cracked lips and chapped skin. Skin Balm is the modern up-to-date skin lotion. It hits the spot with me. I like it. So will you, and thousands of other men. Try it tomorrow morning after shaving. And let your wife in on it, too. Let her try Skin Balm.

The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., and Toronto, Ontario.

MENNEN SKIN BALM

are now as fast as they can make it but keeping out of sight of everybody on this boat—if they can. When they get there you throw those bars down and let 'em out on your fantail as far back as they can go without actually walking overboard."

"But, Major—"

"Don't ask any questions. Don't let them ask any questions. Do it!"

It was done before the second-hand on your grandfather's clock could make the circuit thrice. Two bemazed runaways, with arms interwoven and hands clutching, were balanced on a narrow cleated wooden flange-way which extended past the stern proper to meet the turning thwartwise shaft of the wheel. Beneath them, just beneath them, the water was being beaten to a custard, to a creamy white batter, and great drops splashed in their bewildered faces.

"Turn this way, children, and stand side by side!" They caught the shouted command; they obeyed it. Across the intervening welter, the Major's anxious face was visible. He made a cup of his hands: "That's it! I've got the license here. I've got the preacher here! I've got the witnesses here!" He nodded his head sidewise and they could distinguish additional shapes in the shadows immediately behind their benefactor. "There's no time to explain anything, but there is time to get married—if we hurry. Are you ready?"

"Yes!" cried Sally Ann, "yes, Major darling!"

"Can you hear me?"

"Yes," cried Ethan Allen, "perfectly!"

"Splendid!" His voice was shrill with jubilation. And next a vast and sonorous voice, in volume twice as thick as his, in majesty at the least five times as majestic, in its throatiness indubitably a clerical voice, was boomingly uplifted to them:

"Will theah high cawntrecting pahities kindly clasp each theah othah by theah right hand?"

"I theahfoah pronounce you man and wife!"

Rarely have the holy rivets of wedlock been clinched on with a greater celerity than was the case here. But then it isn't every wedding that can boast itself of so competent, so quick-witted a best man as Major Marmaduke Todd.

Let us go back in the ritual to a point approximately fifteen seconds before the final binding words of the officiating dignitary had sounded on the night wind and while yet the bride's response was being murmured, the bridegroom having previously uttered his.

As nose by nose these paralleling steamboats raced, General MacAllister stood on the tip of the nose of his particular boat, or as near the tip of the nose as he could get, and he was puffed out with rage, but puffed out still more with a foretaste of his impending triumph over his rebellious daughter and her audacious accomplice. His exultant eye swept keenly the upper decks of the overtaken steamer. No sight of a pair of thwarted elopers there. He let his glance fall lower, go rearward and, for one instant, perhaps two, conceivably three, General MacAllister's two hundred and sixty-five pounds froze solid with an intolerable horror, an inconceivable remorse.

Where they were poised yonder on a perilous slender overhang within inches of a madly beating wheel, a murky light from the engine-room at their backs illuminated them. It revealed to him their resolute young figures, their rapt faces. Their hands were clasped, their lips moving as though in prayer. They raised their heads, they kissed each other lingeringly, fondly, as might two in token of an eternal farewell before a fatal plunge.

Colonel MacAllister thawed to life. He plunged off the fore-castle, he lunged back headlong through a cluttered deck-space and as he plunged and lunged he gave voice tremendously:

"For God's sake, my child—my children, don't jump! Don't jump! I give in! I

Those Smiles You Envy

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*Now dentists tell you how to brighten
smiles and largely ward off tooth and
gum disorders*

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(Above) GRACE DALTON AND GERALD JOHNSTON ride out early to enjoy the autumn tingle in the air. Health like theirs goes hand in hand with glorious smiles kept bright by daily use of Pepsodent.



(Above) "THE AMERICAN COLLEGE GIRL," says Consuelo Flowerton, "has come to realize that on glorious health, beauty depends. And on healthy, film-free teeth, as gained by Pepsodent, rests the radiance of one's smile."



(Above) EN ROUTE TO CLOUDLAND are Barbara Stanwyck and Rex Cherryman. The former's smile, kept radiant by Pepsodent, is irresistibly charming, say those who have seen her play in the new show "Burlesque."

THE way to gain clear teeth and firm gums, according to modern dental opinion, is a simple one—keep your teeth film free.

That means a different kind of cleanliness from the cleanliness that follows ordinary brushing. For ordinary brushing fails in properly combating film; the stubborn film to which many of the commoner tooth and gum disorders, and most cases of "off-color" teeth are charged.

To accomplish that end, authorities urge the use of Pepsodent. A tooth paste different from all others. A tooth paste scientifically developed to do what ordinary brushing failed to do. A tooth paste compounded in consultation with world's dental authorities as a *Special Film-Removing Agent*.

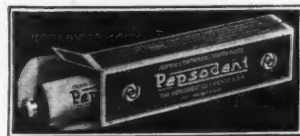
Run your tongue across your teeth. Note the film—the slippery sort of coating—that you feel. Note how your present method may be failing in its duty.

That film is the great enemy of teeth and gums. It clings to teeth, breeds germs by the millions and invites the acids of decay. It absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc.; makes teeth look dingy and "off color."

Film, too, is the forming ground for tartar. And tartar, with germs, is the cause of pyorrhea, soft gums and gum troubles. You must remove film twice a day EVERY DAY of your life, dentists say. Then glistening teeth and coral gums come.

Pepsodent removes that film. It functions to firm the gums. It keeps the mouth clean by multiplying the alkalinity of the saliva. It meets in almost every way the exactments of highest dental requirements in a quality tooth paste. On dental advice, thousands are adopting it.

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surrender! But don't jump! Have your own way! You were right! I was wrong! Only, don't jump!"

It was all over with by the time he came abreast of them, and the reverend aide, having pouched his fee, already was discreetly, not to say hastily, withdrawing; the witnesses, a fireman and a striker, also were retiring with speed. It was Major Todd therefore who took the impact of General MacAllister's last despairing lunge; it was Major Todd's stout grip which restrained him, Major Todd's reassuring voice which by swift repetition dinned the soothing word into his distracted brain-cells:

"Ca'm yourself, General. This isn't a suicide. It's a wedding—that's all—a wedding!"

Those dreadful gongs which had been ringing in his quivering ears quit ringing. The General gasped and breathed again and reason reestablished herself upon her customary throne. He looked dumbly past the Major. Over yonder, her face radiant, her eyes dewy, his Sally Ann was throwing him kisses.

"Wedding?" he asked dazedly. "Wedding, you say? But how—when—where?"

"Just now; just finished."

"But—but who—"

"Oh! By a regular clergyman, quite orthodox, I gather. He happened to be a passenger traveling—hem—in the bureau."

"In the bureau!" A horrified stupefaction temporarily overcame the bride's father.

"I have his name. He gave me his card—oh, here it is." By the light of a deck lantern the Major squinted at the pasteboard. "It

appears," he stated, "that the ceremony was performed by the Right Reverend Virgil K. Bogardus, D.D., of Florence, Alabama, Bishop of the Zion A.M.E. Church, District of Northern Alabama and Northern Mississippi."

"Merciful heavens! A black—a nig—" The poor General choked on it.

"Well, reasonably dark-complected."

General MacAllister clutched for support at a handy stanchion but promptly rallied and a cold fury began to superimpose itself on the heat dying within him.

"While under a misapprehension as to the real circumstances here I offered my consent to this union. I stand by my word." He stated it handsomely. "But, Major Todd, when I think that had it not been for men of your kidney who fought to free that—that race—this thing, this inconceivable thing could never have—"

"General Angus Donald MacAllister," interrupted Major Todd, "you listen to me: This is an hour for felicitations, not for recriminations. But before these boats reach bank and you step across with me from here to there to take your child in your arms and to welcome that splendid young gentleman who is now her husband and your son-in-law, I have just this to say to you, Suh: You may have fought, among other reasons, to keep that race in servitude. Some may have fought to free it. But, Suh, no trivial side-issues concerned me. I fought only to preserve the Union. General MacAllister, for the last time let me remind you that I am no dam' Yankee!"

Poison by Maurine Watkins (Continued from page 49)

did not come from God in His infinite wisdom but from man in his careless ignorance. He practised medicine but he preached prevention.

And he managed to enlist various forces in his aid. The water question became a political issue that threatened to split churches, and Alec threw himself into the fight with a zest that won him a place on the county ticket for the spring election; and better still gave him access to the two local weeklies, which started by carrying statistical items on methods of purifying water and ended with flaming—as only mountaineers can flame!—editorials in favor of vaccination.

The teachers, of course, were his best allies—some of them young girls—and their enthusiasm for the removal of adenoids and tonsils, Better Health Week with its tooth-brush drill, may have been the result of their normal-school enlightenment or a tribute to Alec's profile.

And through it all Hetty went her way quietly, and believed and prayed and healed.

That was the curious thing—"and healed." And the maddening thing, for it made him feel his were only paper victories. He tried to tell himself his activities were on a larger plane, that he was laying the broad foundation for a generation that would be free from such ignorance and superstition, but in his heart he envied, even as he resented, the intimate personal contact of the girl.

Then suddenly he began to realize that the seed of his propaganda was taking root. Mountain families no longer related eagerly how she had prayed Uncle Mort through pneumonia or told in awe how her coming had stayed the passing of little Ann.

It is true they would still relate some "miracle" they'd "heard tell" she'd performed, but with a superior skepticism that quickened his pride.

Except the mothers, who were steadfastly loyal. For Hetty, it seemed, had a way with children. Grown people she just prayed over, but babies she held in her arms till the fever was gone and they slept once more.

Consequently his baby clinic was a very hollow affair. So long as there was no need they were willing to come for advice on diet and routine, but at the first hint of danger they'd stay away; and when they'd creep back some

two weeks later he'd know by their expression, either shamefaced or defiant, that they had sent for Hetty. Strange to say, they preferred her super-love to his scientific diagnosis; and it was hard, he found, to recapture their zeal for orange juice and no kissing when this girl by the touch of her hand had banished death itself, or so they believed.

Therefore he centered his attention on the clinic, redoubled his energy, and waited.

His chance came with the Tanner baby, a wizened six-months-old mite—the fourth child in five years. (How he longed for the day when he could preach birth control!)

The Tanners were "hers" completely except for Rose, the stepdaughter of thirteen. So it was something of a triumph when the thin, dark-eyed girl caught hold of his arm one evening after school and awkwardly said that Ma would like for him to look at the baby.

He did, and saw in a second's glance that a very simple operation was all that was needed. He shut the mother from the room but let Rose stay; a swift incision, a quick turn and jerk, a few tiny stitches, and the youngest of the Tanners took up life again with only the natural handicaps of a depleted heredity and depressing environment.

The news spread instantly that the Doc had saved the Tanner baby when Hetty Babb had failed, and, although he was annoyed by their tendency to give him the worship formerly accorded the girl, he was glad for such an illustration of the harm in faith-healing. Suppose, it rumbled over the country, the Tanners hadn't called him in. Suppose they had let her go on. Suppose . . . And several citizens came to him to see about stopping "that girl—she means well, but . . ."

He stopped in a few nights later at Preacher Meister's to go over a list of the needy poor. As he sat waiting for the parson, in the next room he heard sobs and then a voice he had once thought dull and monotonous:

"I could have done it if they'd only believed. But they doubted, Parson, and sent me away. They shouldn't 'a' done that, should they?"

A quiet, steady murmur from Meister. A pause. Then a sharp cry from the girl—a cry of physical pain. Alec leaped to his feet and stood tense as Meister hurried in.

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Look around you! Everywhere you go you'll find picture-making opportunities.

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Snap-shots on cloudy days, like the one above, are simple to take with these Modern Kodaks.

"Sorry to've kept you waiting." He motioned to a chair but Alec still looked toward the door.

"What—what—" He could not finish. "Hetty Babb." The man understood his question. "Just binding a cut or so on her forehead—rocks thrown at her by some boys." "They need a playground—they're too careless in the street."

"This wasn't play." Hetty stood in the doorway, white and tired, like a nun, with a bandage across her head. "This wasn't play. They meant it"—she gave a little gasp—"meant for me to hit me. And they shrieked and yelled and called me names—a witch." Meister patted her shoulder. "Don't pay 'em any heed—you know boys, Hetty."

"Children don't say such things of themselves—some older head— And last Sunday at church a woman moved into another pew when I came. And in the store yestidday—Nichols—they all stopped talking and— She lifted her head and turned to Alec with sudden fire. "You've done this—turned 'em against me, made 'em lose faith."

Alec thrilled. He was sorry, of course, angry, in fact, that they were using such stupid, childish methods of expression, but still it marked the turn of the tide.

She gathered her cape about her. "Good-by, Parson."

"You—you can't go alone. The boys—"

The room was suddenly blurred and Alec saw the slim figure through a smoky haze, but her voice rang out clear and solemnly sweet:

"I shall always go alone—always."

The door closed after her softly.

Ten days later they met again at the bedside of Jimmie Bassett, a little cripple with curvature of the spine, and both of them knew this case was the crux of their struggle, that the whole town and county about were waiting eagerly for Hetty either to vindicate herself or . . .

When he entered she was kneeling in prayer with the child, wild-eyed and delirious, clasped to her heart. And all around were weeping women—Miss Mattie, his aunt, a plump little seamstress, the hysterical mother, neighbors.

Angry, disgusted, Alec strode swiftly toward her and took the hot burden from her arms. The child stiffened and screamed—hysteria, spasms, convulsions. A neighbor rushed in with hot water, another made mustard compress. Miss Mattie paced the floor and Hetty still babbled in prayer.

"O Lord, let Miss Mattie believe, and Thy servant—help Thou my unbelief!"

Finally the struggle ceased; the tired little body relaxed, the head fell back on the pillow, and the eyelids were closed in peace.

She rose with an eerie shriek: "Give him to me!"

Alec pushed her back. "Go home: you have done enough—you have killed an innocent child." He turned to Miss Mattie briefly. "You called me too late."

The neighboring women stared; it was true—Jimmie was dead—an innocent child—killed. And they stole out to whisper it to the town.

Two hours later old Circus had crossed Nian-gua and clacked his heavy hoofs up the ribbon-white road.

No light in the little shack on the hill—Preacher Meister's anxiety doubled. She *must* be home, he must see her first, before . . .

A quick knock at the door and she came, dull and dry-eyed. She had not been crying. He was sorry, for that would have given relief.

"Oh, it's you. Come in." She lighted the kerosene lamp. "Won't you set? I reckon you've heard," she went on, hands plumped on her knees like an old woman. "It's gone, all gone—I can never heal again."

He pitied her suffering, but was glad for the statement.

"Never any more, for my faith is gone. That's what it was this time. They all kept crowdin' around—wonderin', doubtin', just waitin' for me to fail. Even his mother and

Miss Mattie—I heard 'em whisperin' about it in the hall before supper, sayin' they'd give me one more chance before they called"—she hesitated and did not speak Alec's name—"him. And I thought of all that when I looked at Jimmie—it's hard to think of God when folks crowd around and other thoughts come in."

She brushed her eyes to shut out the picture. "I can see him now, with his little peaked face and his eyes all big and bright. And his heart—I could feel it beatin' faster and faster—fairly fightin' to get out."

Meister laid a quiet hand on her arm. "It's better for Jimmie, my dear; God giveth His beloved sleep."

"It's all right for Jimmie, yes," she answered bitterly, "but the rest of us—it's gone, Parson, my faith!"

He was thankful; she had broken at last, and he let her exhaust herself in tears before he answered: "You haven't lost faith, Hetty. Maybe you don't believe in yourself as an instrument any longer, but God's still there—you believe in Him."

She stared at him a moment, then caught her breath. "That's true! It ain't God that failed—it was me!" She gave a little laugh of joy and flung herself on her knees beside him. "You've give it back to me—God still lives and His promise is true!" Then she stopped in sudden thought. "But the people—they won't understand. They'll think it's God, that He's gone back on His word. But I'll show 'em next time, prove to 'em—"

It had to be done. He dreaded it, hated it, feared it, but she must be told before . . . "There can be no other time, Hetty." She stared inquiringly and he went on quietly: "I hate to tell you—don't take it hard; but you've got to promise to quit healing."

Her lips repeated the words: "To quit healin' . . ."

He stumbled on: "The town people—you know how things are, and they feel—well, you've got to quit, Hetty."

Her voice throbbed in answer: "Not as long as I live! Would you have me deny my Master?"

"I've come out to get your promise. Otherwise in the morning they're going to the courthouse and charge you with—murder."

It was done.

The Bible dropped from her hands. She heard again Alec's metallic voice: "Go home: you have done enough—you have killed an innocent child."

Murder . . .

The people she had healed would charge her with murder. They had turned against her because of—him.

"I can't stop, Parson," she answered gently. "I've got to give 'em back their faith. You see, if they think God failed 'em in that promise, why, they won't believe, none of 'em."

He reasoned, he argued, he pleaded, and she listened with tears, but her answer was always the same.

They were interrupted by a quick knock. Meister answered and hurriedly stepped outside.

She waited, Bible in hand, then was suddenly caught by a tone; it was—him, the man who had betrayed her. Fragments of the talk floated in—hushed, hurried whispers.

"They've lost their minds, gone completely mad . . . I tried to stop them . . . I never dreamt they would act like this! A whipping!"—the shocked horror of his tone!—"and a woman! We've got to do something. And they're on their way now!"

She knew what they meant: there'd been "ridings" before in the mountains. Once, long ago, they'd taken Ned Warfly and whipped him all night for beating his wife. She was only a child then, but she remembered clearly the great purple welts and cuts on his face and body when they brought him home at dawn. And another time Dave Montross, who ran the blind tiger. And Mark Beckley.

But those were long ago and the victims were men.

She moved to the door and flung it open; the

two men turned in the shaft of yellow light.

"Come in."

They entered without a word.

"I've heard what you said."

Parson crossed to her in swift pity. "Now don't you worry, Hetty."

"I'm not afraid."

"You needn't be." Alec's face was white with agony, but his voice was hard and determined—the same voice that had turned her away from the deathbed, now used in her defense.

"But they mustn't do this—this—that they're plannin'."

"They won't."

"Don't you see," she went on, weaving her thin fingers in and out in a constant pattern, "it don't matter about me—what they do to me—but them—it's somethin' they'll allus regret when they come to their senses—somethin' that can never be wiped out. The whole county will be shamed."

"I'll talk to them," said Meister, "make them see."

"Talkin' no good now." Her tone was not bitter, but Alec flushed. "No, nor that," she added as his eyes fell on the gun. "It's me—I've got to do it. I thought it could wait, that my next case would show 'em, but it's got to be now."

"But Hetty—what—"

"I've thought it all out—it's simple as can be. You know what the Bible says—"

Alec interrupted; there was no time for a religious harangue. He turned to Meister.

"We've got to get her away—hide her some place until—"

"And this'll do more than jest save me or them," she went on thoughtfully. "It will give 'em their faith back, let 'em believe once more." She swayed mystically and opened to the Bible verse: "And these signs shall follow them that believe . . . and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them . . ."

There was silence a moment.

Then she eagerly outlined her plan: she would drink "any deadly thing" from Alec's medicine-case; then when the crowd came he could tell them the test she had made.

"For they'll believe you. It don't matter what kind, just so it's deadly—poison. I'll fetch some water to take it with."

She went to the kitchen, an outer door slammed, and a few minutes later they heard her priming the rusty pump.

"I wanted her stopped by law. I never dreamt *this*." Alec stared down the moonlit road and listened for the beat of hoofs.

"It's easy to start changes, but the pendulum don't always stop where you want it to."

Suddenly the younger man swung around from the door. "There's no other way—she'll have to do it: make the test."

Meister stared. "You'd let her—die?"

Alec shook his head. "Of course not! I'll substitute something as harmless as sugar or soda. Then I'll tell them she made the test, they'll believe me and—they'll be right back where they were!"

Meister shook his head: "No, they'll never be there again!"

Alec went on passionately: "It'll undo everything I've fought for, but I can't let them take her. I can't let her die!"

He swiftly opened his medicine-case and took out a bottle with a small red seal. "The only bit of real poison in the lot." He thrust it carefully in his inner pocket and took another from the case. "And this, plain sodium."

Hetty returned with a cup of water. He silently dumped into it the entire contents of the bottle.

"Would you mind tellin' me what it's like—what happens—other times?" she asked timidly.

Alec hesitated an instant before fabricating. "It isn't painful; a slight fever, quickening pulse, drowsiness, a little dizzy, perhaps; swollen veins, then a damp chill—and a long, long sleep."

"Does it take—long?"

He shook his head impatiently—his mind

was intent on the hoof beats that would soon trip-hammer the road.

She turned earnestly to Meister. "If I succeed they'll believe again. But if I fail"—she swayed ever so slightly—"if I should fail, Parson, you tell them it still is true—His promise to them that believe—but that it was my weakness, some tiny doubt that entered in me."

She drained the cup and turned to them with a look of radiance.

Alec stumbled to the door. That was more than he could bear. All her life she would face him serenely and in a superior consciousness of her "miracle," and he could never reveal the truth—to her or to anyone. She would go down in history with Saint Elizabeth. He could never discount faith again. With one impulsive gesture he had torn down the structure of months and had, by the same stroke, made it impossible ever to rebuild. He had tossed over his life's work, past and future, for that girl—"fey, the Scotch would call her."

"Let's walk and meet them." His voice was thick. Anything to get out of that room, to leave that effulgent presence. He hated her, loathed her, for what she had made him do.

Meister followed him and she watched them go, through the pines to the moonlit road.

She stared at the pale moon that hung on the farthest hilltop and a quiet peace settled upon her. The troubles and worries of yesterday were gone; and she took no thought of the morrow. Content to live in the present, at one with the gentle forces about her, and closer to God, she felt, than ever before.

Even Jimmie's death, which had tortured her only three hours ago, now seemed unreal and

far-away, like a tumultuous dream from which one awakens to a sweet cool dawn. After all, what was death that men should fear it? A loosening of the soul from petty cares—a sinking into quiet sleep—the opening of an unknown door that led to gentle Jesus.

Not a breath of air. The night was suddenly heavy and dark as a cloud passed over the moon. The room seemed close and small.

She felt her cheeks. They were hot. What was it he had said? "A slight fever—quickening pulse..." She felt her wrist: trip, trip...

"Drowsy..." It was only because she was tired, achingly tired, after the long vigil with Jimmie... That was why she was tired and sleepy.

Not because—not because of anything else. She believed and her God had made covenant.

Huge black beetles and night-bugs flapped their wings on the rusty screen, and bats—she was sure they were bats—circled and beat at the windows. She shook the door to loose it of the hideous crawling things; the sudden gust of wind extinguished the light and left the room in a soft, sooty black.

The unexpected darkness made her dizzy. She groped her way to the bed—the old four-poster bed where they had laid out her mother when they found her... Her poor mother, who had died so young—but not so young as she was, Hetty.

Her throat narrowed and tightened. She could not breathe... God wouldn't do that—let her die. It would be hideous to die.

She was cold. She drew the old quilt around her.

She believed—believed—God couldn't go back on His word!

They found her there: one arm thrown carelessly back to pillow her head and the hand of the other under her cheek. "Asleep, poor child," whispered Meister as they tiptoed in. Alec did not answer; he was feeling her temples and heart.

Meister spoke again: "We'll have to wake her."

Still silence.

"Alec!"

"I can't have made a mistake!" He flung around to the table and seized the sodium bottle—it was empty. He reached in his pocket feverishly and took out the other—the red seal was still unbroken.

"I don't understand. It can't be... the swollen veins, the chilling damp..."

Meister spoke slowly: "The death you told her of." Alec nodded, miserable, and the other went on: "She said some doubt—and her faith, even in the power of the doubt, was so perfect—"

"I gave in to save her—if I'd only believed!"

The path of the moonlight had shifted and now touched the gallant figure with wings.

Victory: a mob that rode for a girl with ash-colored hair and eyes of unearthly blue—was this what he had wanted? What was it she had called it that day?

"Faith—that overcometh the world..." And it had given to her the triumph that lives forever: death.

He sank to his knees beside her: at last he knew it for love.

Hard Boiled by Arthur Somers Roche (Continued from page 45)

million bucks this lad would have one day.

A Greenwich Village tenement; a wan and tired mother; a father bent and aged before his time. Public schools where other children were better dressed, and talked glibly of happy matters which had no reality for her.

Seventeen years old, orphaned, working twelve hours a day as salesgirl. Then the audacious moment when she applied for a job in the chorus of the Errors. The rehearsals, the invitations, the consciousness of beauty and the knowledge of the price that beauty brought in its best market, New York. Deliberately she had decided upon marriage as the only career possible to her.

And now she was in the arms of a man who wanted to marry her, a man who would some day have fifteen million dollars. Small wonder that she grew limp in his arms, and that he had to guess her answer, because she was too breathless to phrase it.

"I'll call for you in the morning, we'll get the license, find the minister and then you'll belong to me."

This was his first coherent speech, and it was uttered at least one hour after his proposal as he was leaving her at the door of her tiny flat.

For the first time she kissed him. In the car he had kissed her, but there is a difference.

But she didn't lose her head. "What about your father, Kyle?" she asked.

"I've been thinking about him. And I've decided that the best thing to do is produce you as a wife, not as a fiancée. He's a good old guy, but sort of set on my marrying one of the girls that—you know. But if I produce you as Mrs. Kyle Stannard, you'll knock him right off his feet."

They were married at noon the next day, and half an hour later a wide-eyed clerk ushered them into the presence of John Stannard. He was a hard-faced man, quick to recognize an issue and meet it.

"Get out of here, Kyle," he ordered. "I want to talk with this woman alone."

The young husband flushed. "Don't you refer to her—"

"This isn't a scene in the theater," interrupted his father. "I want to talk to your wife."

Teena turned to Kyle. "Leave us for a minute."

He obeyed her and as the door closed behind him, old Stannard chuckled harshly.

"I'll say he minds the whip. Well, you look as though you could swing it, for all your doll face. Well, let's not waste time. How much?"

"I'm his wife, not his mistress," said Teena.

"That's all right; it merely raises the ante. How much for a quick divorce? Let's not argue. You've got him. A hundred thousand in the hand and you divorce him. Of course, the boy gets something for the money. A two-weeks' honeymoon—"

"I wonder where Kyle got his niceness," said Teena. "Not from a man like you."

"If he were a man like me he'd never have married you. Why did you marry him without seeing me first? You'd have got as much if you'd been his girl. Well, what about it?"

"You can go straight to hades," said Teena.

"Get this in your pretty head!" cried Stannard. "I'll not give him one single cent."

She made no reply. Outside, she drew Kyle away from the office. Her husband was not much disturbed.

"He'll get over it," he assured her. "We'll let him alone for a few months, and then he'll send for us." Then, right in the taxicab, he took her in his arms.

She held away from him for a moment. He didn't have his father's chin. Weak, that's what he was. But oh, how sweet he was! She found it out quite suddenly.

Kyle had twenty thousand dollars in the bank. He suggested economizing, but Teena pouted. She did so love pretty clothes. She liked jewelry too. The twenty thousand lasted exactly four weeks. Then Kyle called upon his father. He came home crestfallen.

"Dad won't give in. Not a nickel until we've separated."

"Have we enough to pay our bill at this hotel?"

"Just about," he admitted.

"Then let's pay it and move out," she said.

"You sell the car and we'll have a year's rent for a flat up-town, and we'll have enough left to furnish it prettily."

"Then what?" he asked.

"I'll get my job back with the Errors. We can live, if we have to, on what I earn."

She saw the red steal over his face. "Maybe I could get a job," he suggested.

"Maybe you could," she replied.

Kennedy, of Blaisdell, Anderson, Merriam and Kennedy, shook his head. "I can't do a thing in the world with that young woman, Mr. Stannard," he confessed. "As for your son, he got a job and is making thirty-five a week. They live quietly, economically and happily. I confess to an admiration for them both."

"You offered her three hundred thousand?" Kennedy smiled. "I took the liberty of raising the amount to half a million, and she turned me down. She's quite a person."

"Quite a gambler," grunted Stannard. "She thinks I'll come through stronger. I'll see her."

"Your son is away all day, so you can see her alone practically any time," said Kennedy.

Stannard looked at his watch. "It's only eleven now. I'll see her before luncheon."

A young woman wearing an apron, and with a broom in her hand, opened the door for him half an hour later.

"Let's get down to cases," he said, without ceremony. "How much? I want him back."

"You can't have him," said Teena.

"Oh, come off. What did you marry him for?"

"His money," replied Teena.

"And he hasn't got any. You blew in twenty thousand in a couple of weeks, thinking I'd come through. Well, I haven't, and I'm not going to unless you divorce him."

"Get out of here and stay out!" ordered Teena. Then she grew suddenly white.

Stannard stared at her. "You sick?"

She managed a smile. "You're pretty young to be a grandfather, aren't you?"

"You brave, gallant little girl—"

She cut him short. "Cut it out. This isn't a scene in a play. It would have served you right if you'd never known. I'm not sure I'll ever let you see your grandchild."

"Grandson," he corrected her. "Now you listen to me. You're coming straight home with me now. We'll send for Kyle. You're going to have the best that money can buy."



Headaches cost men money

WATCH a man trying to work when he has a headache—

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"Money bought a lot for your son, didn't it?" She sneered. "I suppose now you want to give Kyle a million or two."

"Of course," he eagerly agreed.

"Well, you're not going to give him a penny. You gave him lots of money and what happened? Never worked a day in his life. Now he's working, and sticking to it. Making thirty-five a week and proud of himself."

"But you married him for his money."

"I didn't stick to him for money, though," she answered. "The minute you tried to take

him away from me I knew I loved him. But I knew I couldn't love a good-for-nothing loafer. So I spent all the money he had, and then I went to work to shame him into getting a job." Tears of rage were in her eyes. "I made a man of your son," she cried. "After the baby is born, if you want to give him a better job, it's all right with me. But if you come around now and try to spoil him with your rotten money, why—I'll bat you right over the head."

You see, Minnie Curtin was right. The toughest egg will crack if you drop it.

The Pony Express (Continued from page 81)

in the cliffs, and opened out below into a flat where quaking aspens grew—just as the prospector had described to him—he approached the creek bank like a thief. A little bar of coarse gravel lay in the shallows at his feet; he dropped on his knees and distinguished several small yellow specks among the pebbles.

He remained upon his knees, but in his posture there was no suggestion of thanksgiving; he crouched here, like a miser before hidden riches, fearful of discovery. And, in that moment, he made his plans.

In those days when placer-gold was luring multitudes across the continent, the sight of a nugget as big as a pea was enough to start a stampede. The idea of sharing this wealth with eager hundreds who would flock in to stake their claims held no appeal for him.

"Say nothing to nobody. Jest go to Fort Bridger and outfit with six months' grub and tools. Then back here and wash out what I can before everybody piles in on top of me."

Something made him look beyond the gateway in the rocks into the grove of quaking aspens. His eyes became riveted on a bright space where the early afternoon sunlight filtered down between the trembling leaves. Then he crept to the nearest boulder and sank down behind it on his belly.

A naked Indian was standing in the patch of sunshine. Save for the slow movement of his arms he was as rigid as a statue of gleaming bronze. One hand, outstretched before him, held a cluster of sage stems. The other hand had plucked a sprig from the bunch and was lifting it toward his head.

Gradually the eyes of the hiding man discovered more figures in the fretwork of light and shade. One was painting his body with circles of red and yellow pigment; and one was standing, with arms outstretched toward a little beaded bag of buckskin which hung from a branch before him. Through the noises of the creek there came the sound of voices rising from some other part of the grove in a slow chant. Lant's little eyes became two pinpoints as he peered.

"Cheyennes," he told himself, "and makin' medicine." His mind worked swiftly, taking in the details, mapping out the situation. As nearly as he could judge there must be something over fifty in the band. The probabilities were, they would remain here all day and through the night. And in the morning, when their ritual was over, they would swoop down on their raid. "They're figgerin' on the relay stations east of here becuz they're close and easy. Chance is, they'll jump a wagon outfit or two and make a try fer the messenger when he comes along." So his thoughts ran. And when they had got this far, he had an inspiration. "Doug Lewis takes the pouches East tomorrow mornin'." His lips moved, shaping themselves in silence to the words.

The noises of the stream helped to drown what sounds he might have made in his departure. When he had crawled beyond the next turn of the gulch, he crossed the ridge into another canyon where he had left his horse some hours before. Then he rode back to Seven Sleep. And on his arrival that evening he said nothing of what he had seen.

The lamp in the station dining-room was adulterating the clean faint light of the coming

dawn with its yellow glow when Doug got up from the breakfast table the next morning and buckled on the six-shooter which was the only weight beside his bowie-knife that he was allowed to carry with the mails. June came in from the kitchen; and while he was standing with his arm about her, looking down into her eyes, there sounded, faint and far, but growing clearer, nearer every moment, the long shrill yell of the messenger approaching from the West.

Doug bent his head and kissed her lips.

"Good-by, Sweetheart."

"You'll be careful, won't you, Doug!" She always said that on those mornings when he rode away from her. It was not so much an admonition as it was a prayer against the hazards along eighty miles of road: dog towns, half broken ponies—and the ever-imminent chance of hostile Indians.

The rattle of approaching hoofs was in their ears. He flung open the door and she followed him outside. Harding and the hostler were tussling with a wiry little bronco which was imbued with the idea of starting this day by maiming everyone within reach of its four hoofs. The rider from the West burst out of the thickets and leaped from his sweating mount.

June saw her father lift the pouches from one saddle to the other. The fresh pony reared until it seemed as if the hostler's feet must leave the ground. Doug swung upon its back and the girl had a brief glimpse of his face, turned toward her; then he was off, a lithe figure, leaning forward, outlined against the brightening eastern sky. The speeding bronco topped a rise and vanished on the other side.

The hostler was already leading the other pony down to the corral. Harding and the messenger were on their way to the tin wash-basin behind the station. June turned toward the kitchen where her mother was busy with the second breakfast and had a glimpse of Lant standing before his cabin door. His eyes met hers; complacency was written on his face, and something else; it was as if she were a horse that he was appraising—only worse.

The sun climbed across the range; the restless breeze roved hither and thither over the billows of gray sage; the breakfast dishes clattered in the kitchen. The messenger had departed from the table to seek his bunk. Harding and the hostler were busy down by the stable shoeing some rebellious ponies; the clinking of the hammer on the anvil came at intervals. An emigrant outfit, which had made camp near by overnight, pulled out; the slow rattle of the wagons grew fainter and the last dingy cloth top vanished in the west. Seven Sleep settled down to the loneliness of another day.

The morning wore along. Sometime near noon, coming forth from the kitchen where she was busy helping her mother, June saw her father standing before the station, gazing into the east. Off there, a thin haze showed brown against the sky. Harding turned at her exclamation of dismay.

"Smoke," he nodded grimly. "Looks like Three Crossings station."

"Indians?" She uttered the word in a breathless whisper.

"Most likely." He saw the dread in her face which he had seen in her mother's face so many times, and his eyes softened.



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"Doug would be riding on that end now," she said dully.

"Passed Three Crossings two hours back." He patted her shoulder reassuringly. But she knew that if this smoke were what they feared some time must have elapsed between the first attack and the firing of the station. "Tell Joe to come down to the corral and help me get them ponies in," her father was saying.

She went inside and delivered the message to the hostler. While the two men were rounding up the horses from the little pasture, she and her mother stood in the doorway watching the brown stain against the clear sky forty miles away. Then they went back to their work. Whatever of tragedy was taking place off there was beyond their helping. And Seven Sleep must look out for itself.

Noontime went by. The stain had vanished from the sky. The rolling upland remained empty of movement save for the stirring of the bushes in the ever-present wind. Lant sat through the afternoon before his cabin, mending a double harness. Now and then he raised his eyes to look into the east. Twice when she came out to gaze toward the mountains June caught him smiling at her with a looseness of his lips that left her uneasy.

Her own lips remained pressed tight, so tight that they had lost their redness, and her cheeks were colorless; her blue eyes had never seemed so large. Her mother saw the pain in them and felt her heart aching for her daughter. But neither of the women spoke of what was in their minds. To take their bitter draft in silence—and keep on with their work—that was their portion here at Seven Sleep.

In the evening Joe brought up the change horse from the stable and the rider who had come that morning waited in the doorway. The darkness deepened and the east gave them no sign. The hours went by. It was near midnight when the yell of the approaching rider came to them through the gloom. Then he pulled up his lathered horse.

"Indians," he told them. "They burned the stations at Three Crossings and Granite Knob. I didn't get a change of horses for fifty miles." He lowered his voice that the women might not hear as he went on describing some of the things that he had found.

"Tell me—did you see Doug?"

He turned at the girl's voice and shook his head reluctantly. "Never seen him, June."

"You found some sign." She stood before him and he flushed at her unflinching gaze.

"You must have seen his tracks."

"I'd pulled off to the south," he muttered lamely. "All that I know is we didn't pass each other."

She went into the kitchen in silence, and when the door had closed behind her, the messenger shook his head.

"Must of been about fifty in the band," he told Harding. "And the way it looks to me, Doug rode right into 'em on the far side of that long hill before you get to Three Crossings station."

Lant, who had come across the road to listen to the news, went back to his cabin. In the dawn of the next day he hitched up his team and set forth for Bridger's Fort, with the satisfaction of a man who has seen events work out according to his plans.

Doug had a last glimpse of June standing before the station with the growing light from the east upon her face. Then he turned in the saddle and the pony raced down the next slope.

Mile after mile the wiry little mustang held to its headlong gait, mounting the gray billows of the uplands, descending on the dead run into the intervening swales. On either side a multitude of deep ruts twined in and out among the brush clumps, left by the wagons of the emigrants. Coveys of sage-hens rose from the earth, scattering in mid-flight to settle down into new hiding-places. A band of antelope glided away like swift pale phantoms and vanished in the shadows under the taller hills. The Red Rock Station showed ahead, a speck of brown in the lonely distance.

It grew into a dirt-roofed cabin of pine logs. The station keeper stood before the door holding the fresh horse. Doug leaped from the saddle; the pouches were changed and he swung to the back of the new mount. A few minutes later he glanced behind. The building had shrunk to the size of a toy house. Fifteen miles farther on he changed again; and at St. Mary's, making the third shift, he said:

"So I draw the roan mare today."

"Rough-gaited brute," the station keeper answered as he dropped the pouches in their place.

"Suits me." Doug swung into the saddle. "She's got the bone and muscle for rough going." He called the last words over his shoulder, twenty yards down the road.

A deep-chested animal, two hands higher than the usual little mustangs; he could feel the surge of her great muscles under him as she swept him onward. The trail was drawing near to the mountains here. They were like a lofty wall off to his left. Now the hills were longer and the descents led into deep wide valleys.

Topping one of the crests, Doug saw four covered wagons drawn up beside the trail less than a mile ahead. Near them a band of horses grazed among the clumps of sage. Then the mare thundered into the next draw. In the memory of the glimpse which he had got there lurked a disturbing presence which the rider could not place.

Half a mile farther on he crossed the intervening ridge and raced down toward the wagons. A little wisp of smoke was rising among the vehicles. But no man showed. Doug glanced toward the grazing horses. Then the reason for that disturbance which he had been feeling flashed upon him.

"Them ponies are too small," he said aloud and swung the loose reins against the mare's neck. Now as she swerved off from the trail toward the mountains, he saw the carcass of a horse between two of the wagons. And, in the same instant, a score of naked Indians leaped from their hiding-places among the sage-brush, every one of them holding the strip of rawhide which dangled from the bridle of his mount. There was a flashing of bronze bodies in the sunshine; a drumming of little hoofs on the hard earth; the shrill ululating war-cry of the Cheyennes rose above the other sounds. Doug settled deep in the saddle.

"Old girl," he said, "I'm glad it's you this morning."

The mare seemed to understand the situation, for she was speeding up the long slope toward the mountains like a race-horse come fresh to the barrier. The thunder of her hoofs, the sobbing of her breath, and the humming of the wind; at intervals the drumming of the ponies' feet less than a quarter of a mile behind; the occasional boom of a smooth-bore musket; these sounds were in Doug's ears. Always he felt the heaving of the great muscles beneath him. An arrow flashed by, so close that its breeze fanned his cheek; then the air seemed to be swarming with them. The mare gave a mighty bound; a feathered shaft was protruding from her withers.

"Stay with it, old girl." He leaned forward and tore the barbed head from her flesh. A moment later, feeling a sharp stab of pain, he looked down and saw an arrow in his thigh. The hill was growing steeper; the ground was broken by little gullies; she took them without slackening her pace. Doug glanced behind. Of the band who had begun the chase there remained four warriors, nearly half a mile away.

"We've got 'em beat," he told the roan mare, but he saw her ears go forward as if she sensed some new danger ahead of them. Up there over to his right where the sage-brush mingled with the dark juniper a naked rider was racing along the hillside to cut him off. A sentry, probably, who had been left to watch while the rest were doing their plundering down on the trail.

Doug pressed the reins against the mare's neck, and as she drew off to the left, he felt her falter. For the first time he touched her with the spurs. She leaped forward in her last burst

of speed. And when she had gone another half-mile he knew the end was near.

Down-hill the pursuers had become four pigmy figures; but the Indian above him was within two hundred yards, drawing closer with every jump his pony made. Now he was coming to a halt. Doug saw the barrel of a Hudson Bay trade gun gleaming in the morning sunshine as the savage raised it to take aim. There came into his mind the memory of an old trick, of which a trapper had told him. He pulled on the reins. The mare's pace slackened. A wisp of smoke announced the firing of the shot; before the report had reached his ears he dived forward from the saddle.

He lay, as he had fallen, on the steep hillside. He could see the four dwarfed figures below him come to a halt; then they turned and went jogging down the slope to join their companions at the wagons. Of what was going on above he knew only what his ears told him: the sharp rattle of approaching hoofs; the scraping of rocks as the pony came to a stop. The thud of moccasined feet when the warrior leaped from its back. Then Doug turned his head.

The Cheyenne stood, as the movement caught him, poised on his toes; his bronze body was daubed with circles of red and yellow; an eagle feather, tipped with scarlet, was fixed in his black hair. His right hand was extended before him clutching the scalping-knife. So, for an instant he remained, with eyes widened by surprise; and in the passing of the instant, even as the limbs were bending for a leap, Doug plucked his six-shooter from its holster. He fired one shot and what had been like a bronze statue became a huddle of naked limbs beside a clump of juniper.

The mare was standing less than a hundred yards away.

"Easy, girl," he said as he limped toward her. He caught the dangling reins and swore with pain as he swung his wounded leg across her back and turned her head up the slope.

An hour later he rested the mare at the mouth of a canyon. Here he bared his thigh, crouching beside the stream with his sheath-knife in his hand. His lips went tight, he plunged the blade into the flesh, and little drops of sweat stood out upon his forehead while he was cutting away the barbed arrow-head. He bound the gashed muscles with his handkerchief.

It was forty miles across the mountains to the change station at Burnt Fort. The wound was throbbing angrily. He knew what shape it would be in when he came to the end of his ride. It meant at least a month before he would be able to take the pouches. A month of idleness. Back into debt again. His hopes and June's looked far away now.

Returning from Bridger's Fort two weeks later, Lant traveled past the lonely little stations of the pony express without stopping. He made his night camps where there was no one near by to discover the long-handled shovels in his outfit. The dread of rousing speculations grew stronger as he neared Seven Sleep. So he timed his arrival after dark and he departed before dawn, without learning the changes which had taken place here.

Ever since he had left Jim Bridger's trading-post he had noticed a scarcity of wagon outfits on the trail. Even in these days when the most of the westbound traffic went by the overland stage road, fifty miles to the south, there should have been more emigrants than he encountered. But suspicion of what had happened never troubled him. The revelation came without forewarning.

It came on the last morning of his long journey, where his route turned from the trail runs toward the mountains. Others had made the same turn before him. He counted ten dingy canvas tops bobbing up and down among the junipers ahead of him. By this time he was feeling a little sick.

So he drove his weary team up the long slopes into the grove of quaking aspens near the canyon mouth. Not more than half a dozen straggling trees were left. The others had been cut down to make room for tents, for

How dentists strive to repair the damage done by cooks



The profession blames soft food for the prevalence of "pink tooth brush" and points out a simple way to combat it.

FACED with a grave increase in disorders of the gum structure, dentists have worked, long and arduously, to uncover the cause of these stubborn troubles as well as to effect their cure.

Almost unanimously they blame the foods we eat for our gum troubles—these soft and delicious foods, stripped, as they are, of the fibre and the roughage which should stimulate and "rub" the gums.

Why soft foods cause gum disorders

For the gums need activity and exercise as urgently as any other living tissue. They need stimulation, to speed an energizing flow of blood within their walls, and unless this fresh blood nourishes and sustains them, the gums grow flabby, tender and unhealthy.

Then "pink tooth brush" comes—a warning and a sign that more troubles, more dangers, perhaps, are ahead.

How Ipana helps to restore the gums to health

Above all the American dentist is practical. He doesn't seek to change the culinary habits of the nation, but he does recommend that we restore to our gums the stimulation which they need to keep them in health.

The majority of dentists recommend mas-

sage—a simple means of supplying stimulation through a few minutes' brushing of the gums every time you brush your teeth.

But, as your own dentist will probably tell you, not all tooth pastes are suitable for such a purpose. Thousands of dentists recommend Ipana, for Ipana is specifically compounded to be beneficial to the gums as well as to clean the teeth.

Ipana contains ziratol, a soothing and healing hemostatic and antiseptic that dentists have used for many years to stop bleeding after extraction and to strengthen weakened tissues. Indeed, it was through dental recommendations that Ipana first became known to the public, and today it is doubtful if there is another tooth paste so highly regarded by the profession at large.

Make a full-tube trial of Ipana

The coupon on this page will bring you the ten day tube—enough to prove Ipana's delicious taste and its remarkable power to clean and whiten your teeth.

But it's both simpler and quicker to ask for a regular tube at the next drug store you pass. You will then have enough Ipana for more than a hundred brushings—a much fairer test of its good effects on your gums. So make the full-tube trial of Ipana—very likely it will bring you a new conception of oral health and cleanliness.



Read what the dentists say! Though their language is technical their meaning is clear

From a text book on preventive dentistry:

"Unfortunately the use of natural foods has been replaced by highly processed substitutes from which the coarseness is removed."

From an address by a noted authority:

"The majority of us (the dental profession) would attribute the cause of dental disease primarily to modern diet."

From a radio talk by a well-known dentist:

"If you find that your gums bleed on touch, for instance, when you use a tooth brush—this is the time to take action. It is a signal sent you by nature that something undesirable is taking place in your mouth."

From a standard text:

"There are two ways of aiding low disease

resistance in the mouth. One is to use the teeth in a vigorous manner in the chewing of coarse, fibrous food. The other is by massage of the gums."

Statement by an authority on gum disorders:

"One cannot help being enthusiastic when viewing the rapid improvement in the health of the dental tissues under artificial stimulation."

IPANA Tooth Paste

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. H-117
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



An Exclusive CHAMPION FEATURE

THE Champion Sillimanite core is the finest insulator developed by ceramic science. Sillimanite is practically unbreakable, strongly resists carbon formation and is an absolute non-conductor of electrical current. Champion is also the better spark plug because of its gas-tight, two-piece construction which allows easy cleaning, and special analysis electrodes which do not corrode.

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Spark Plugs

TOLEDO, OHIO.



Champion X—
Exclusively for
Ford cars, trucks
and tractors—
packed in the
Red Box

60¢

Champion—
for trucks, tractors
and cars other than
Fords—and for all
stationary engines
—packed in the
Blue Box

75¢

piles of whipsawed lumber, for flumes and sluice-boxes. Here, where the road became a crooked street, Lant brought his horses to a stop and climbed down from the seat.

By the turbid stream, men were toiling with shovels and gold pans and rude rockers. The tents were everywhere. Near by Lant saw one larger than the others, whose open front revealed a bar of rough boards with a line of customers before it. To the first who came forth he turned for information.

"Less'n two weeks old," the man replied, with the complacent pride which those on the ground floor of a gold-rush always show to the late comers. "And watch her roar. The crick is staked from end to end."

Lant swallowed, and his breath came hard; finally he managed to ask: "Who made the strike?"

"It was," the other said, "a pony express rider. The Indians jumped him one mornin' and chased him right to this crick. He seen some specks of gold in the gravel. That's

how come we named the camp Blind Luck."

Lant made an inarticulate utterance and grasped the wagon wheel with his two hands.

"Blind Luck," the speaker repeated the words with unctious. "He sure did have it. He couldn't stake no claim, bein' crippled with an arrow in his leg. But he got a partner who done it fer him and worked the ground. They took out ten thousand dollars in ten days and sold out fer forty thousand more. Yesterday he married his pardner's daughter and he's quittin' the country today with his wife. That's them in that covered wagon comin' down the street."

Lant remained there while the wagon passed. The pair on the seat failed to see him. Their eyes were turned ahead and their minds were on the future. As they came by Doug Lewis slipped his arm about June's waist.

"Blind Luck," he said.

"It seems too good to be true," she whispered. So they went on down the road and left Lant hanging to the wagon wheel.

His Excellency (Continued from page 91)

his nose and inhaled the fragrance. Then he looked at Ashenden. He had a way of looking at people, when he was thinking of something else perhaps, that suggested that he thought them somewhat peculiar but rather disgusting insects.

"Have you ever seen the woman?" he asked. "I know her slightly. I dined with her and Byring at Larue's."

"How very interesting. What is she like?" "Charming."

Ashenden tried to describe her to his host, but meanwhile with another part of his mind he recollected the impression she had made on him at the restaurant when Byring had introduced him to her. He had been not a little interested to meet a woman of whom for some years he had heard so much.

She called herself Rose Auburn, but what her real name was few knew. She had gone to Paris originally as one of a troupe of dancers who performed at the Moulin Rouge—they were called the Glad Girls—but her astonishing beauty had soon caused her to be noticed and a wealthy French manufacturer fell in love with her.

He gave her a house and loaded her with pearls, but could not long meet the demands she made upon him, and she passed in rapid succession from lover to lover. She became in a short time the best-known as well as the smartest courtesan in France. Her extravagance was frightful and she ruined her admirers one after the other with cynical unconcern. Two or three young fools shot themselves on her account, but she did not turn a hair.

The richest men found themselves unable to cope with her power to squander money. Ashenden, before the war, had seen her once at Monte Carlo lose a hundred and eighty thousand francs at a sitting, and that then was an important sum. She sat at the big table, surrounded by curious onlookers, throwing down packets of thousand-franc notes with a self-possession that would have been admirable if they had been her notes that she was losing.

When Ashenden met her she had been leading this riotous life, dancing and gambling all night, racing most afternoons a week, for twelve or thirteen years and she was no longer very young; but there was hardly a line on that lovely brow, scarcely a crow's-foot round those liquid eyes, to betray the fact. The most astonishing thing about her was that notwithstanding this feverish and unending round of senseless debauchery she had preserved an air of virginity. Of course she cultivated the type.

Ashenden had heard, of course, that Byring for a year or more had been her lover. Her notoriety was such that a hard light of publicity was shed on everyone with whom she had any affair, but in this instance the gossips had more to say than usual because Byring had no

money to speak of and Rose Auburn had never been known to grant her favors for anything that did not in some way represent hard cash. Was it possible that she loved him? It seemed incredible, and yet what other explanation was there?

Byring was a young man with whom any woman might have fallen in love. He was somewhere in the thirties, very tall and good-looking, with a singular charm of manner, and of an appearance so gallant and debonaire that people turned round in the street to look at him, but unlike most handsome men he seemed totally unaware of the impression he created.

When it became known that Byring was the *amant de coeur*—a prettier phrase than our English "fancy man"—of this famous courtesan, he became the object of admiration to many women and of envy to many men, but when a rumor spread abroad that he was going to marry her, consternation seized all that liked him and ribald laughter all that did not.

It became known that Byring's chief had asked him if it was true and he had admitted it. Strong pressure was put upon him to relinquish a plan that could end only in disaster. It was pointed out to him that it must mean the finish of his career. The wife of a diplomat has social obligations that Rose Auburn could not fulfil. Byring replied that he was prepared to resign his post whenever by so doing he would not cause inconvenience. He brushed aside every expostulation and every argument; he was determined.

When first Ashenden had known Byring he had not very much taken to him. He had found him slightly aloof. Their relations remained purely official so that it was a trifle unexpected when Byring one day asked him to dinner to meet Miss Auburn, and he could not but wonder whether it was because already people were beginning to turn the cold shoulder on him.

When he went he discovered that the invitation was due to the lady's curiosity. But the surprise he got on learning that she had found time to read—with admiration, it appeared—two or three of his novels was not the only surprise he got that evening. It was somewhat astonishing to Ashenden to discover that Rose Auburn differed so little in air and manner from the smart women of Mayfair with whom through his books he had become more or less intimately acquainted.

She was perhaps a little more anxious to please—indeed, one of her agreeable traits was the interest she took in whomever she was talking to—but she was certainly no more made-up and her conversation was as intelligent. It lacked only the coarseness that society has lately affected. Perhaps she felt instinctively that those lovely lips should never disfigure themselves with foul words; perhaps only she was still a trifle suburban.

It was quite evident that she and Byring

\$50,000

IN CASH PRIZES

and 12,000 valuable awards

You can win \$10,000 by writing the best 300-word letter on "Why the Laundry Should Do My Washing." . . . Think of the fairyland of enjoyment and pleasure in \$10,000! It may mean a new home; a car; college for the boy and girl; a trip around the world with a liberal balance left over . . . \$1,000 a year extra spending money for ten years, or \$600 a year continuous income at six per cent interest.

Certainly worth working for . . . and not hard to win! Because this is not a literary competition. Merely tell in your letter the best reasons for abolishing wash-day in your home . . . and tell it just as though you are talking it over with your neighbor. All that you need do is set down in an interesting and sincere manner the most common-sense advantages the modern laundry offers over the drudgery of home washing methods.

How to Begin

To win this splendid \$10,000 prize, or to share in the many other awards in this \$50,000 competition, start in a systematic way.

Get down in a notebook every reason why you should send your washing to the laundry. Then rearrange your arguments in the order of their importance.

With this start, call for suggestions from your family, neighbors, friends. Best of all, visit one of

What would You do with \$10,000

HERE ARE THE NATIONAL PRIZES

Here are the National Prizes—well worth your putting a great deal of time and thought in your letter.

1st prize	\$10,000.00
2nd prize	5,000.00
3rd prize	2,000.00
4th prize	1,250.00
5th prize	1,000.00
6th prize	700.00
7th prize	500.00
8th prize	400.00
9th prize	250.00
10th prize	100.00

HERE ARE THE STATE PRIZES

In addition to the National prizes, the ten best essays in each of the forty-eight states and in Canada will win prizes as follows:

1st prize	\$225.00
2nd prize	125.00
3rd prize	100.00
4th prize	50.00
5th prize	35.00
6th prize	25.00
7th prize	20.00
8th prize	10.00
9th prize	5.00
10th prize	5.00

For full details of the 12,000 valuable service awards, consult the booklet "Ask Me Another About The Laundry" obtainable at laundries everywhere.

©1927 Laundryowners National Association of United States and Canada. One of a series of advertisements to promote a better appreciation of modern laundry service.

the modern laundries in your city. See for yourself how carefully they sort your clothes; how different fabrics are washed in waters of different temperatures; how your clothes are rinsed in clean, soft water from nine to twelve times. Get all the facts so that you can intelligently determine the outstanding reasons why the laundry should do your washing. Then write your letter . . . just as naturally as you talk . . . and be sure to mail it before midnight of December 1, 1927.

Read These Rules Carefully—They are Important

1. This is a competition for best letters (not more than 300 words) on: "Why the Laundry Should Do My Washing."

2. Competition starts October 1. Your letter must be mailed to \$50,000 Competition Judges, Century Building, Indianapolis, Indiana, by midnight Dec. 1, 1927.

3. No one directly or indirectly connected with the laundry industry is eligible to compete.

4. Write only on one side of sheet. Put full name and complete address in upper left corner of each page.

5. Your entry automatically permits Laundryowners National Association to use all or any part of your letter.

6. Laundryowners in each state will select ten prize winning letters and the 240 state service awards. Prize winners from each state automatically compete for national awards. A committee will select the ten national prize winners from the state prize winners. Canada will be considered as one state. In event of a tie for any state or national prize, each tying contestant will be paid full amount of prize.

should do my washing

Delivered to you ~ this helpful book

TELEPHONE any laundry in your town and request a copy of the "Ask Me Another" booklet. It will be delivered to your door. Or better still, call for it in person, and while there make an inspection of the laundry's facilities. The book and the tour together will help you write a better letter—perhaps the very letter which will win the \$10,000.00 Grand Prize.





Especially posed for J. B. Bowden & Co. by Miss Constance Talmadge, showing the Juliet Engagement and Wedding Rings.

YOUR jeweler will show you "The Juliet" Wedding Ring correct according to the standards of fashion; beautifully designed; superior quality; expert craftsmanship, and made by a house that for 84 years has specialized in ring manufacture. Engagement rings to match.

18K. Green Gold Narrow Band . . .	\$12.50
18K. Green Gold Wide Band . . .	14.50
18K. White Gold Narrow Band . . .	15.00
18K. White Gold Wide Band . . .	16.00
Iridio-Platinum Narrow Band . . .	30.00
Iridio-Platinum Wide Band . . .	40.00
Diamond Studded: part way round or completely circled. . . \$30.00 to \$1,000	

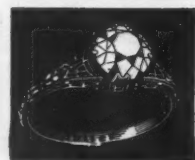
If your jeweler cannot fit you in "The Juliet", we will deliver your ring promptly through him. Just send us the style you want and your finger size.

J. B. BOWDEN & COMPANY

Established 1843

Fifteen-Seventeen-Nineteen Maiden Lane
New York City

Juliet



were madly in love with one another. It was really moving to see their mutual passion. When Ashenden took his leave of them, as he shook hands with her—and she held his hand a moment and with her blue, starry eyes looked into his—she said to him:

"You will come to see us when we're settled in London, won't you? You know we're going to be married."

"I heartily congratulate you," said Ashenden.

"And him?" she smiled, and her smile was like an angel's; it had the freshness of dawn and the tender rapture of a southern spring.

"Have you never looked at yourself in the glass?"

Sir Herbert Witherspoon had gazed steadily and gravely while Ashenden—he thought not without a trace of humor—described the dinner party. No flicker of a smile brightened his cold eyes.

"Do you think it'll be a success?" he asked now.

"No."

"Why not?"

The question took Ashenden aback.

"A man not only marries his wife, he marries her friends. Do you realize the sort of people Byring will have to mix with, painted women of tarnished reputation and men who've gone down in the social scale, parasites and adventurers? Of course they'll have money—her pearls must be worth a hundred thousand pounds; you don't know what the gold fringe of society is. The smart bohemia of London is sordid and vulgar beyond words. It is horribly second-rate.

"Besides, do you think there's a chance of its lasting? Can a woman who's led that wild career settle down to domestic life? In a little while she'll grow bored and restless. And how long does love last? Don't you think Byring's reflections will be bitter when, caring for her no longer, he compares what he is with what he might have been?"

Witherspoon helped himself to another drop of his old brandy. Then he looked up at Ashenden with a curious expression.

"I'm not sure if a man isn't wiser to do what he wants very much to do and let the consequences take care of themselves."

"It must be very pleasant to be an ambassador," said Ashenden.

Sir Herbert smiled thinly.

"Byring rather reminds me of a fellow I knew when I was a very junior clerk at the F.O. I won't tell you his name because he's by way of being very well-known now and highly respected. He's made a great success of his career. There is always something a little absurd in success."

Ashenden slightly raised his eyebrows at this statement, somewhat unexpected in the mouth of Sir Herbert Witherspoon, but did not say anything.

"He was one of my fellow clerks. He was a brilliant creature—I don't think anyone ever denied that—and everyone prophesied from the beginning that he would go far. I venture to say that he had pretty well all the qualifications necessary for a diplomatic career. He was of a family of soldiers and sailors, nothing very grand, but eminently respectable, and he knew how to behave in the great world without bumptiousness or timidity. He was well-read. He took a real interest in painting.

"He adored Paris and whenever he had the chance ran over and put up at a little hotel in the Latin Quarter where he could rub shoulders with painters and writers. He enjoyed himself enormously and he listened open-mouthed when these young painters and unknown scribblers tore to pieces every established reputation and talked with passionate enthusiasm of persons of whom the sober but cultured secretaries in Downing Street had never even heard. At the back of his mind he knew that they were rather a common, second-rate lot, and when he went back to his work in London it was with no regret, but with the feeling that he had been witnessing an odd and

diverting play; now the curtain had fallen he was quite ready to go home.

"I haven't told you that he was very ambitious. He knew that his friends expected him to do considerable things and he had no notion of disappointing them. He was perfectly conscious of his abilities. He meant to succeed. Unfortunately he was not rich—he had only a few hundreds a year—but his father and mother were dead and he had neither brother nor sister. He was aware that this freedom from close ties was an asset of value. His opportunity to make connections that would be of use to him was unrestricted. Do you think he sounds a very disagreeable young man?"

"No," said Ashenden in answer to the sudden question. "Most clever young men are very aware of their cleverness, and there is generally a certain cynicism in their calculations with regard to the future. Surely young men should be ambitious."

"Well, on one of these little trips to Paris my friend became acquainted with a talented young Irish painter called O'Malley. He's an R.A. now and paints highly paid portraits of Lord Chancellors and Cabinet Ministers. I wonder if you remember one he did of my wife that was exhibited a couple of years ago."

"No, I don't. But I know his name."

"He was living then in a small and dirty studio in the Latin Quarter with a little French-

woman."

Ashenden asked himself whether the friend of whom Sir Herbert was telling a story that till now seemed to lead nowhere was in point of fact himself. He began to give it more of his attention.

Witherspoon went on.

"My friend liked O'Malley. He was good company, the type of the agreeable rattle, and he had a truly Irish gift of the gab. He talked incessantly and in my friend's opinion brilliantly. He found it very amusing to go and sit in the studio while O'Malley was painting and listen to him chattering away about the technique of his art. O'Malley was always saying that he would paint a portrait of him and his vanity was tickled. O'Malley thought him far from plain, and said it would do him good to exhibit the portrait of someone who at least looked like a gentleman."

"By the way, when was all this?" asked Ashenden.

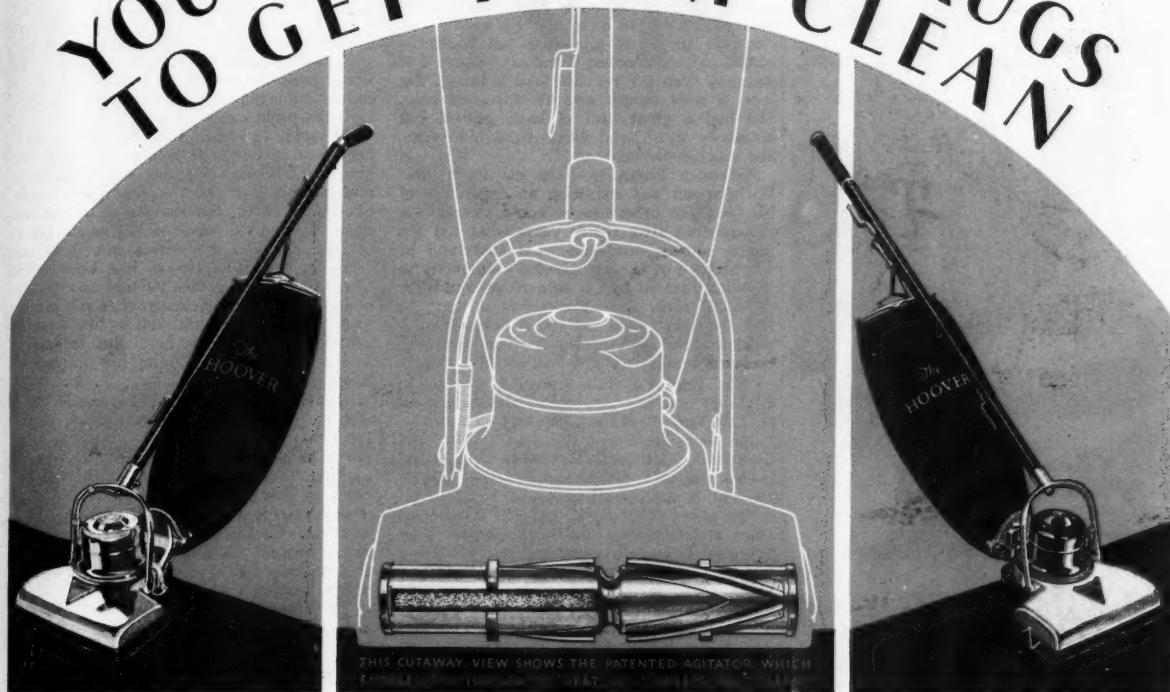
"Oh, thirty years ago . . . They used to talk of their future and when O'Malley said the portrait he was going to paint of my friend would look very well in the National Portrait Gallery, my friend had small doubt in the back of his mind, whatever he modestly said, that it would in all probability eventually find its way there."

"One evening when my friend—shall we call him Brown?—was sitting in the studio and O'Malley, desperately taking advantage of the last light of day, was trying to get finished for the Salon that portrait of his mistress which is now in the Tait Gallery, O'Malley asked him if he would like to come and dine with them. He was expecting a friend of hers—she was called Yvonne, by the way—and he would be glad if Brown would make a fourth."

"This friend of Yvonne's was an acrobat and O'Malley was anxious to get her to pose for him in the nude. Yvonne said she had a marvelous figure. She had seen O'Malley's work and was willing enough to sit, and dinner was to be devoted to settling the matter. She was not performing then, but was about to open at the Galté Montparnasse, and with her days free she was not disinclined to oblige a friend and earn a little money."

"The notion amused Brown—he had never met an acrobat—and he accepted. Yvonne suggested that he might find her to his taste, and if he did she could promise him that he would not find her very difficult to persuade. With his grand air and English clothes she would take him for a *milord anglais*. My friend laughed. He did not take the suggestion very seriously: 'On ne sait jamais,' he said."

YOU HAVE TO BEAT RUGS TO GET THEM CLEAN



NOTHING very new about that, is there? You've heard it a thousand times. If you've ever kept house you know it's true.

Because it *is* true, it wasn't enough that The Hoover should whisk up dust and lint from the *surface* of carpetings.

No; so long as it was the deeply *embedded* dirt that did the damage, The Hoover must be designed to get that, too.

What better method of getting it than to apply the time-tested principle of *beating*—of jarring the buried dirt to the surface so it would be suctioned away?

Such is the reasoning behind The Hoover, which as everyone knows is the electric cleaner which *beats*, as it sweeps, as it cleans.

Such is the practical common sense behind the now-famous principle of "Positive Agitation," which is *beating* reduced to an exact scientific process.

Such beating, instead of being concentrated in a few violent strokes as with the carpet-beater or broom, is modified by The Hoover

into a series of swiftly repeated air-cushioned taps. This is accomplished by means of a totally new appliance—the exclusive and patented Hoover Agitator illustrated here.

Suction lifts the rug from the floor and floats it on a cushion of air while the Agitator gently flutters out all the embedded grit.

Then strong suction draws all this dirt into the dust-tight Hoover bag.

Simple, isn't it? Efficient, too. "You have to *beat* rugs to get them clean."

The difference between The Hoover and a vacuum cleaner is that The Hoover *does* beat them—"Positive Agitation" being a feature of the celebrated Model 700 Hoover and of the lower-priced Model 543 Hoover as well.

Authorized Hoover Dealers will make you an allowance on your old cleaner, delivering you a new Hoover on easy payments. Cash price, the \$59⁵⁰ Model 700, \$75.00 or the Model 543 Dusting tools, \$12.50. Prices slightly higher west of Rockies and in Canada.

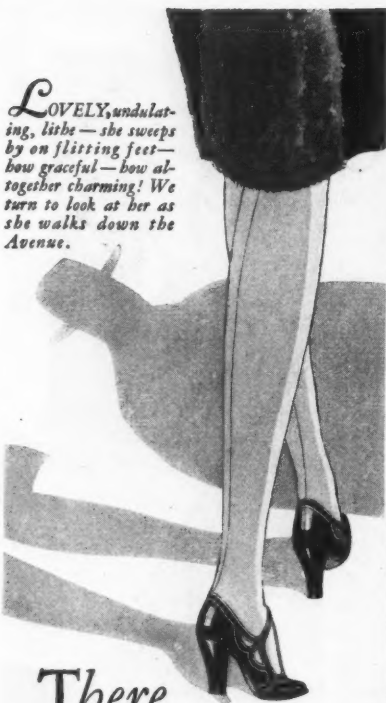
THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO
The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners... The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario.

The HOOVER

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It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

LOVELY, undulating, lithe—she sweeps by on flitting feet—how graceful—how altogether charming! We turn to look at her as she walks down the Avenue.



There is no substitute for GRACE!

WHEN Emerson wrote . . . "Every natural action is graceful" . . . he set down the whole secret of that beautiful, flowing carriage which makes some women so pleasantly conspicuous. But why not *all* women? Why do we see so many awkward, mincing gaits?

Simply because so many women sacrifice foot-freedom to foot-fashion . . . and no one can walk naturally who is favoring a complaining foot.

There is no need for this martyrdom! Go to the shop handling Red Cross Shoes and look at the many models you'll find on display. Aristocratic! The mode of the moment expressed with the utmost good taste in every detail of design and material!

Now try on a pair. What blessed relief! Made over the famous exclusive "Limit" lasts, Red Cross Shoes do not bind at the ball of the foot, pinch at the toes, rub or gap at the heel! And how gloriously the exclusive Arch-Tone feature supports the arch.

You can learn today what real foot-freedom means, and so can daughter, for there is also The Red Cross Shoe for Young Ladies.



Free book! Send for this interesting little book that tells how to "walk in beauty." Address Dept. C-3.

ARCH-TONE
Red Cross Shoe

FITS THE FOOT IN ACTION OR REPOSE

Product of

THE UNITED STATES SHOE COMPANY
Cincinnati

"One never knows." Yvonne looked at him with mischievous eyes.

"Presently there was a ring at the door and Yvonne, opening it, ushered in her friend. Her name, it appeared, was Alix and she shook hands with Brown, uttering a stereotyped phrase, with the mincing politeness of a fat woman in a *bureau de tabac*. She wore a long cloak in imitation mink and an enormous scarlet hat. She looked incredibly vulgar. She was not even pretty. She had a broad, flat face, a wide mouth and an upturned nose. She had a great deal of hair, golden, but obviously dyed, and large china-blue eyes. She was heavily made up."

Ashenden began to have no doubt that Witherspoon was narrating an experience of his own, for otherwise he could never have remembered after thirty years what hat the young woman wore and what coat, and he was amused at the ambassador's simplicity in thinking that so thin a subterfuge could disguise the truth. Ashenden could not but guess how the story would end and it tickled him to think that this cold, distinguished and exquisite creature should ever have had an adventure.

"She began to talk away in French to O'Malley and Yvonne, and my friend noticed that she had one feature that oddly enough he found very attractive: she had a deep and husky voice as though she were just recovering from a bad cold, and he didn't know why, he thought it exceedingly pleasant to listen to.

"He asked O'Malley if that was her natural voice and O'Malley said she had had it as long as ever he had known her. He called it a whisky voice. He told her what Brown said about it and she gave him a smile of her wide mouth and said it wasn't due to drink, it was due to standing so much on her head. That was one of the inconveniences of her profession.

"Then the four of them went to a beastly little restaurant off the Boulevard St. Michel where for two francs fifty including wine my friend ate a dinner that seemed to him more delightful than anything he had ever eaten at the Savoy or Claridge's.

"Alix was a very chatty young person and Brown listened with amusement, with amazement even, while in her rich, throaty voice she talked of the varied incidents of the day. She had a great command of slang and though he could not understand half of it he was immensely tickled with its picturesque vulgarity. It was pungent of the heated asphalt, the zinc bars of cheap taverns, and racy of the crowded squares in the poorer districts of Paris. There was an energy in those apt and vivid metaphors that went like champagne to his anemic head. She was a guttersnipe, yes, that's what she was, but she had a vitality that warmed you like a blazing fire.

"He was conscious that Yvonne had told her that he was an Englishman unattached, with enough money; he had seen the appraising glance she gave him and then, pretending that he had noticed nothing, he caught the phrase, *il n'est pas mal*. It faintly amused him; he had a notion himself that he was not so bad.

"At the end of dinner—and they sat over their coffee and brandy till late—they went out into the street and Yvonne suggested that he should take Alix home. He said he would be delighted. Alix said it was not far and they walked. She told him that she had a little apartment—of course mostly she was on tour, but she liked to have a place of her own—a woman, you know, had to be in her furniture—without that she received no consideration; and presently they reached a shabby house in a bedraggled street.

"She rang the bell for the concierge to open the door. She did not press him to enter. He did not know if she looked upon it as a matter of course. He was seized with timidity. He racked his brains, but could not think of a single thing to say.

"Silence fell upon them. It was absurd. With a little click the door opened, she looked at him expectantly, she was puzzled; a sort of wave of shyness swept over him and he felt

a perfect fool. In a moment she held out her hand, thanked him for bringing her to her door, and said good night. His heart beat nervously. If she had asked him to come in he would have gone. He wanted some sign that she would like him to. He shook her hand, bade her good night, raised his hat and walked away.

"He felt utterly ridiculous. He could not sleep; he tossed from side to side of his bed, thinking for what a noodle she must take him, and he could hardly wait for the day that would permit him to take steps to efface the contemptible impression he must have made on her. His pride was lacerated.

"Wanting to lose no time, he went round to her house at eleven to ask her to lunch with him, but she was out; he sent round some flowers and later in the day called again. She had been in, but she was gone out once more. He went to see O'Malley on the chance of finding her, but she was not there, and O'Malley facetiously asked him how he had fared. To save his face he told him that he had come to the conclusion that she did not mean very much to him and so like a perfect gentleman he had left her. But he had an uneasy feeling that O'Malley saw through his story.

"He sent her a *pneumatique* asking her to dine with him next day. She did not answer. He could not understand it, he asked the porter of his hotel a dozen times if there was nothing for him, and at last, almost in desperation, just before dinner went to her house. The concierge told him she was in and he went up. He was very nervous, inclined to be angry because she had treated his invitation so cavalierly, but at the same time anxious to appear carelessly at his ease.

"He climbed the four flights of stairs, dark and smelly, and rang at the door to which he had been directed. There was a pause, he heard sounds within and rang again. Presently she opened. He had an absolute certitude that she did not in the least know who he was. Once more his pride was hurt; but he assumed a cheerful smile.

"I came to find out if you were going to dine with me tonight. I sent you a *pneumatique*."

"Then she recognized him. But she stood at the door and did not ask him in.

"Oh, no, I can't dine with you tonight. I have terrible megrim and I am going to bed. I couldn't answer your *pneumatique*, I mislaid it, and I'd forgotten your name. Thank you for the flowers. It was nice of you to send them."

"Then won't you come and dine with me tomorrow night?"

"Justement, I have an engagement tomorrow night. I'm sorry."

"There was nothing more to say. He had not the nerve to ask her to anything else and so bade her good night and went. He had the impression that she was not vexed with him, but—and it was really humiliating—that she had entirely forgotten him. She did not give him a thought. When he went back to London without having seen her again, it was with a curious sense of dissatisfaction. He was not in the least in love with her, he was exasperated with her, but he could not get her quite out of his mind. He was honest enough to realize that he was suffering from nothing more than wounded vanity.

"During that dinner at the little restaurant off the Boul' Mich' she had mentioned that her troupe was going to London in the spring and in one of his letters to O'Malley he slipped in casually a phrase to the effect that if his young friend Alix happened to be coming to town he, O'Malley, might let him know and he would look her up. He would like to hear from her own ingenuous lips what she thought of the nude O'Malley had painted of her.

"When the painter some time afterwards wrote and told him that she was appearing a week later at the Metropolitan in the Edgeware Road his heart gave a great thump against his chest. He went to see her play. If he had not taken the precaution to go earlier in the day and look at the program he would have missed her turn, for it was the first on the list.

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"There were two men, a stout one and a thin one, with large black mustaches, and Alix. They were dressed in ill-fitting pink tights with green satin trunks. The men did various exercises on twin trapezes while Alix tripped about the stage, giving them handkerchiefs to wipe their hands on, and occasionally turned a somersault. When the fat man raised the thin one on his shoulders, she climbed up and stood on the shoulders of the second, kissing her hand to the audience. They did tricks with safety bicycles.

"There is often grace, and even beauty, in the performance of clever acrobats, but this one was so crude, so vulgar that my friend felt positively embarrassed. There is something shameful in seeing grown men publicly make fools of themselves. Poor Alix, with a fixed and artificial smile on her lips, in her pink tights and green satin trunks, was so grotesque that he wondered how he could have let himself feel a moment's annoyance because when he went to her apartment she had not recognized him.

"It was with a shrug of the shoulders, condescendingly, that he went round to the stage door afterwards and gave the doorkeeper a shilling to take her his card. In a few minutes she came out. She seemed delighted to see him.

"Oh, how good it is to see the face of someone you know in this sad city!" she said. 'Ah, now you can give me that dinner you asked me to in Paris. I'm dying of hunger. I never eat before the show. Imagine that they should have given us such a bad place on the program. It's an insult. But we shall see the agent tomorrow. If they think they can put upon us like that they are mistaken. Ah, non, non et non! And what an audience! No enthusiasm, no applause, nothing.'

"My friend was staggered. Was it possible that she took her performance seriously? He almost burst out laughing. But she still spoke with that throaty voice that had such a queer effect on his nerves. She was dressed all in red and she wore the same red hat in which he had first seen her. She looked so flashy that he did not fancy taking her to a place where he might be seen and so suggested Soho.

"There were hansom still in those days and the hansom was more conducive to love-making, I imagine, than is the taxi of the present time. My friend put his arm round Alix's waist and kissed her. It left her calm, but on the other hand it did not wildly excite him. While they ate a late dinner he made himself very gallant and she played up to him agreeably; but when they got up to go and he proposed that she should come round to his rooms in Waverton Street she told him that a friend had come over from Paris with her and that she had to meet him at eleven; she had only been able to dine with Brown because her companion had a business engagement.

"Brown was exasperated but did not want to show it, and when, as they walked down Wardour Street—for she said she wanted to go to the Café Monico—pausing in front of a pawnbroker's to look at the jewelry in the window, she went into ecstasies over a bracelet of sapphires and diamonds that Brown thought incredibly vulgar, he asked her if she would like it.

"But it's marked fifteen pounds," she said. "He went in and bought it for her. She was delighted. She made him leave her just before they came to Piccadilly Circus.

"Now listen, *mon petit*," she said. "I cannot see you in London because of my friend, he is jealous as a wolf, that is why I think it is more prudent for you to go now, but I am playing at Boulogne next week—why do you not come over? I shall be alone there. My friend has to go back to Holland where he lives."

"All right," said Brown, "I'll come."

"When he went to Boulogne—he had two days' leave—it was with the one idea of salving the wound to his pride. It was odd that he should care. I dare say to you it seems inexplicable. He could not bear the notion that Alix looked upon him as a fool and he felt that when once he had removed that impression

from her he would never bother about her again. He thought of O'Malley too, and of Yvonne. She must have told them and it galled him to think that they should laugh at him behind his back."

For a minute Sir Herbert was silent. He looked straight in front of him as though his thoughts were far away.

"When my friend came back from Boulogne he knew that he was madly in love with Alix and he had arranged to meet her again in a fortnight's time when she would be performing at Dunkirk. He thought of nothing in the interval but this, and the night before he was to start—he only had thirty-six hours this time—he could not sleep, so devouring was the passion that consumed him. Then he went over for a night to Paris to see her and once when she was disengaged for a week he persuaded her to come to London.

"He knew that she did not love him. He was just a man among a hundred others and she made no secret of the fact that he was not her only lover. He suffered agonies of jealousy but knew that it would only excite her ridicule or her anger if he showed it. She had not even a fancy for him. She liked him because he was a gentleman and well-dressed. His means were not large enough to enable him to make her any serious offers, but even if they had been, liking her freedom, she would have refused."

"But what about the Dutchman?" asked Ashenden.

"The Dutchman? He was a pure invention. She made him up on the spur of the moment because for one reason or another she did not just then want to be bothered with Brown. What should one lie more or less matter to her?"

"Don't think he didn't struggle against his passion. He knew it was madness; he knew that a permanent connection between them could lead only to disaster for him. He had no illusions about her: she was common, coarse and vulgar. She could talk of none of the things that interested him; nor did she try; she took it for granted that he was concerned with her affairs and told him interminable stories of her quarrels with fellow performers, her disputes with managers and her wrangles with hotel-keepers. What she said bored him to death, but the sound of her throaty voice made his heart beat so that sometimes he thought he would suffocate."

Ashenden sat uneasily in his chair. It was a Sheraton chair very good to look at and quite adequate to dine from, but hard and straight; and he wished that Sir Herbert had had the notion of going back to the other room where there were comfortable armchairs.

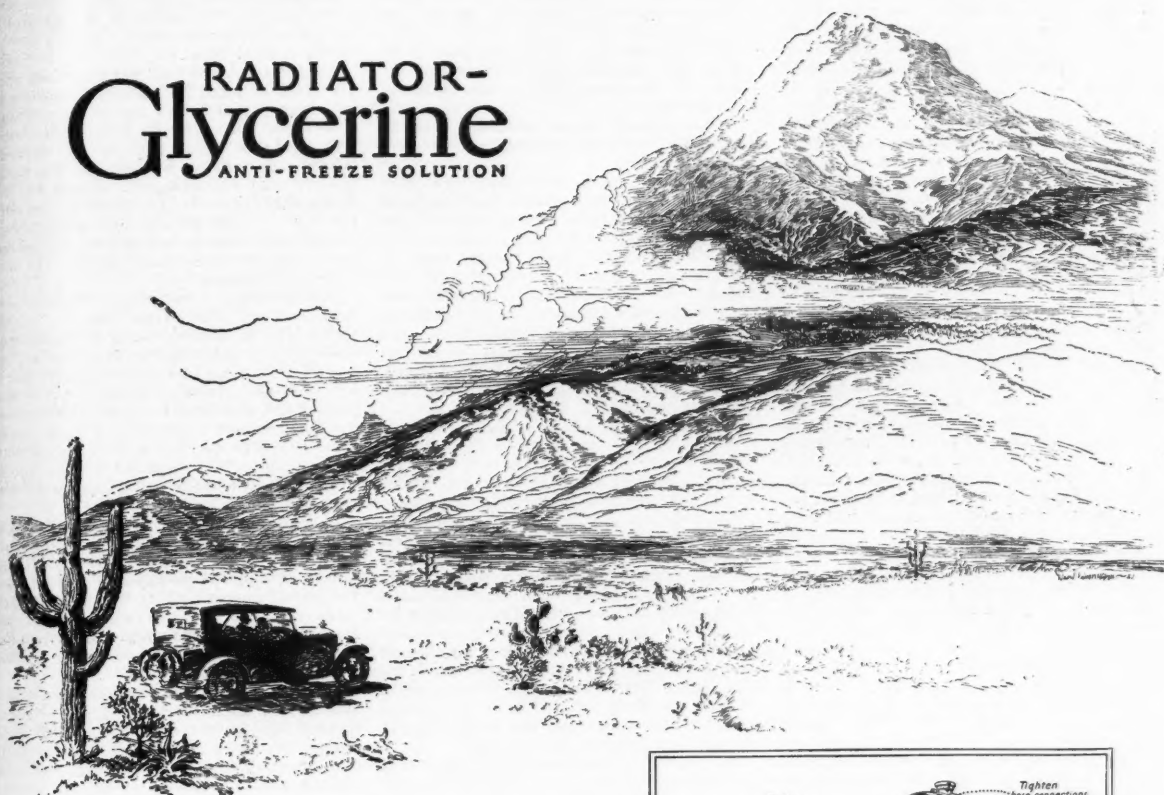
It was quite evident now that this story he was telling was about himself and Ashenden felt a certain indelicacy in this man's stripping his soul before him so nakedly. By the light of the shaded candles Ashenden saw that his host was deathly pale and there was a wildness in his eyes that in that cold and composed man was strangely disconcerting. He poured himself out a glass of water; his throat was dry so that he could scarcely speak. But he went on pitilessly.

"Now it happened that Alix was going to spend six months in the north of Africa with her troupe and for that time at least it would be impossible for him to see her. He made up his mind that he must seize the opportunity and make a definite break. He knew bitterly that it would mean nothing to her. In six months she would have forgotten him.

"And then there was something else. For two or three years he had been on very intimate terms with some people, a man and his wife, whose social and political connections were very great. They had an only daughter and, I don't know why, she fell in love with him. She was everything that Alix was not, pretty in the real English way, with blue eyes and pink and white cheeks, tall and fair; she might have stepped out of one of Du Maurier's pictures in 'Punch.' She was clever and well-read, and since she had lived all her life in political circles, she could talk intelligently of everything that interested him. He had

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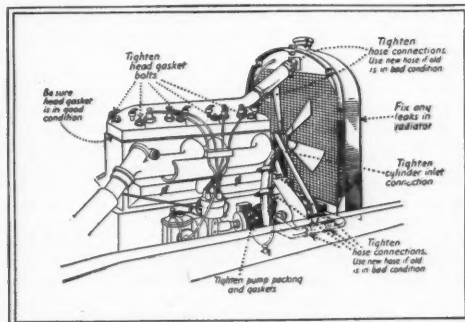
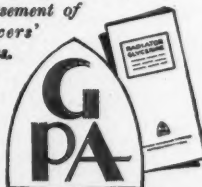
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reason to believe that if he asked her to marry him she would accept.

"I have told you that he was ambitious. He knew that he had great abilities and he wanted the chance to use them. She was related to some of the greatest families in England and he would have been a fool not to realize such a marriage would be an asset that must make his path infinitely easier. With her connections to push him the result was certain.

"The opportunity was golden. And what a relief it was to think that he could put behind him definitely that ugly little episode, and what a happiness, instead of that wall of cheerful indifference and matter-of-fact good nature against which in his passion for Alix he had vainly battered his head, what a happiness to feel that to someone else he really meant something! How could he help being flattered and touched when he saw her face light up as he came into the room? He wasn't in love with her, but he thought her charming, and he wanted to forget Alix and the vulgar life into which she had led him.

"At last he made up his mind. He asked her to marry him and was accepted. Her family was delighted. The marriage was to take place in the autumn, since her father had to go on some political errand to South America and was taking his wife and daughter with him. They were to be gone the whole summer. My friend Brown was transferring from the F.O. to the diplomatic service and had been promised a post at Lisbon. He was to go there immediately.

"He saw his fiancée off. Then it happened that owing to some slight complication in the diplomatic world the man whom Brown was going to replace was kept at Lisbon three months longer and so for that period my friend found himself at a loose end. And just when he was making up his mind what to do with himself he received a letter from Alix. She was coming back to France and had a tour booked; she gave him a long list of the places she was going to, and in her casual, friendly way said that they would have fun if he could manage to run over for a day or two.

"An insane, a criminal notion seized him. If she had shown any eagerness for him to come he might have resisted; it was her airy, matter-of-fact indifference that took him. On a sudden he longed for her. He didn't care if she was gross and vulgar, he had got her in his bones, and it was his last chance. In a little while he was going to be married. It was now or never. He went down to Marseilles and met her as she stepped off the boat that brought her from Tunis. His heart leaped at the pleasure she showed on seeing him. He knew he loved her madly.

"He told her that he was going to be married in three months and asked her to spend the last of his freedom with him. She refused to abandon her tour. How could she leave her companions in the lurch? He offered to compensate them, but she would not hear of it; they could not find someone to take her place at a moment's notice, nor could they afford to throw over a good engagement that might lead to others in the future; they were honest people, and they kept their word, they had their duty to their managers and their duty to their public. He was exasperated; it seemed absurd that his whole happiness should be sacrificed to that wretched tour. And at the end of the three months? What was to happen to her then? Oh, no, he was asking something that wasn't reasonable.

"He told her that he adored her. He did not know till then how insanely he loved her. Well, then, she said, why did he not come with her and make the tour with them? She would be glad of his company; they could have a good time together and at the end of three months he could go and be married to his heiress and neither of them would be any the worse. For a moment he hesitated, but now he saw her again he could not bear the thought of being parted from her so soon. He accepted. And then she said:

"But listen, my little one, you mustn't be silly, you know. The managers won't be too pleased with me if I put on airs, I have to think of my future, and they won't be so anxious to have me back if I refuse to please old customers of the house. It will mean nothing, that is business, you will be my *amant de cœur*."

"He felt a strange, excruciating pain in his heart, and I think he went so pale that she thought he was going to faint. She looked at him curiously.

"Those are the terms," she said. "You can either take them or leave them."

"He accepted."

Sir Herbert Witherspoon leaned forward in his chair and he was so white that Ashenden thought too that he was going to faint. His skin was drawn over his skull so that his face looked like a death's head, but the veins on his forehead stood out like knotted cords. He had lost all reticence. And Ashenden once more wished that he would stop; it made him shy and nervous to see the man's naked soul: no one has the right to show himself to another in that destitute state. He was inclined to cry: "Stop, stop! You mustn't tell me any more. You'll be so ashamed."

But the man had lost all shame.

"For three months they traveled together from one dull provincial town to another; sharing a filthy little bedroom in frowzy hotels; Alix would not let him take her to good hotels—she said she had not the clothes for them and she was more comfortable in the sort of hotels she was used to. She did not want her companions in the business to say that she was putting on side. He sat interminable hours in shabby cafés. He was treated as a brother by members of the troupe; they called him by his Christian name and chaffed him coarsely and slapped him on the back. He ran errands for them when they were busy with their work. He saw the good-humored contempt in the eyes of the managers and was obliged to put up with the familiarity of stage-hands.

"Miserable? No, he was happier than he'd ever been in his life. It was the gutter that he wallowed in, but he wallowed in it with delight. Oh, he was so bored with the life he'd led hitherto, and this one seemed to him amazing and romantic! This was reality. And that frowzy, ugly woman with the whisky voice, she had such a splendid vitality, such a zest for life that she seemed to raise his own to some more vivid level.

"There were only three months of it. Oh, how short the time seemed and how quickly the weeks sped by!

"He never really chafed with the thought that when the three months came to an end he would not return to his own life with its obligations. With his mind, that cold, logical mind of his, he knew it would be absurd to sacrifice everything for a woman like Alix; he was ambitious, he wanted power, and besides, he could not break the heart of that poor child who loved and trusted him.

"She wrote to him once a week. She was longing to get back, the time seemed endless to her and he, he had a secret wish that something would happen to delay her arrival. If he could only have a little more time! Perhaps if he had six months he would have got over his infatuation. Already sometimes he hated Alix.

"The last day came. They seemed to have little to say to one another. They were both sad; but he knew that Alix regretted only the breaking of an agreeable habit—in twenty-four hours she would be as gay and full of spirits with her stray companions as though he had never crossed her path; he could only think that next day he was going to Paris to meet his fiancée and her family.

"They spent their last night in one another's arms weeping. If she'd asked him then not to leave her it may be that he would have stayed, but she didn't; it never occurred to her, she accepted his going as a settled thing, and she wept not because she loved him, she wept because he was unhappy.

"In the morning when he left her she was sleeping so soundly that he had not the heart to wake her to say good-by. He slipped out very quietly, with his bag in his hand, and took the train to Paris."

Ashenden turned away his head, for he saw two tears form themselves in Witherspoon's eyes and roll down his cheeks. He did not even try to conceal them.

"In Paris they cried out when they saw him. They said he looked like a ghost. He told them he'd been ill and hadn't said anything about it in order not to worry them. They were very kind. A month later he was married. He did very well for himself. He was given opportunities to distinguish himself and he distinguished himself. His rise was spectacular. He had the well-ordered and distinguished establishment that he had wanted. He had the power for which he had craved. He was loaded with honors.

"Oh, he made a success of life and there were hundreds who envied him. It was all ashes. He was bored, bored to distraction, bored by that distinguished, beautiful lady he had married, bored by the people his life forced him to live with; it was a comedy that he was playing and sometimes it seemed intolerable to live for ever and ever behind a mask; sometimes he felt he couldn't bear it. But he bore it. Sometimes he longed for Alix so fiercely that he felt it would be better to shoot himself than to suffer such anguish.

"He never saw her again. Never. He heard from O'Malley that she had married and left her troupe. She must be an old bourgeoisie woman now and it doesn't matter any more. But he had wasted his life. And he never even made that poor creature whom he married happy. How could he go on hiding from her year after year that he had nothing to give her but pity?

"Once in his agony he told her about Alix and she tortured him ever after with her jealousy. He knew that he should never have married her; in six months she would have got over her grief if he had told her he could not bear to, and in the end have happily married somebody else. So far as she was concerned his sacrifice was in vain.

"He was terribly conscious that he had only one life and it seemed so sad to think that he had wasted it. He could never surmount his immeasurable regret. He laughed when people spoke of him as a strong man: he was as weak and unstable as water.

"And that's why I tell you that Byring is right. Even though it only lasts five years, even though he ruins his career, even though this marriage of his ends in disaster, it will have been worth while. He will have been satisfied. He will have fulfilled himself."

At that moment the door was opened and a lady came in. The ambassador glanced at her and for an instant a look of cold hatred crossed his face, but it was only for an instant; then, rising from the table, he composed his ravaged features to an expression of perfect amiability. He gave the incomer a haggard smile.

"Here is my wife. This is Mr. Ashenden."

"I couldn't imagine where you were. Why didn't you sit in your study? I'm sure Mr. Ashenden's been dreadfully uncomfortable."

She was a tall, thin woman of nearly fifty, rather drawn and faded, but she looked as though she had once been pretty. It was obvious that she was very well-bred. She vaguely reminded you of an exotic plant, reared in a hothouse, that had begun to lose its bloom. She was dressed exquisitely in black.

"What was the concert like?" asked Sir Herbert.

"Oh, not bad at all. They gave a Brahms concerto and the fire-music from the 'Walden'—I always like that—and a Hungarian rhapsody of Dvorak. I thought it rather showy." She turned to Ashenden. "I hope you haven't been bored all alone with my husband. What have you been talking about? Art and literature?"

"No, its raw material," said Ashenden. He took his leave.

A Happy Ending by Thyra Samter Winslow

(Continued from page 71)

and then hurried to Alice Morrison Parady, Inc. At noon she ate in a neighborhood tea shop. Her afternoon was spent seeing customers, getting fabrics at wholesale, visiting cabinetmakers and manufacturers. Sometimes she would hurry home and cook dinner in the inadequate kitchenette. Sometimes they would "eat out" in the neighborhood, choosing inexpensive restaurants which left them a bit unsatisfied.

At the end of the two years both of their salaries increased a little, which enabled them to eat at more satisfactory restaurants. Being better nourished, they got on each other's nerves a trifle less. However, at that, the apartment was small for two people. It had seemed palatial for one, but somehow they were always treading on one another's toes.

Then, in spite of the raises, Lucia discovered how very dull Harry could be. She had looked into all of the crevices of his brain she could find, tried to fathom every thought he was able to make articulate. As far as she could tell there was nothing to "understand." He liked a comfortable living, a book if it were handed to him, a good drink. He disliked all work, most exercise, "arty" people, music, excepting jazz, and all poetry. While Lucia still loved him, he did prove a bore at times.

Gradually the young men of her acquaintance began to drift back, brought their friends with them. There was always a young reporter, a decorator or even a man engaged in more mercantile pursuits around.

Harry didn't like the theater. He didn't like company. He loathed parties of all kinds. When he did go he made such terrific fun of the host that she almost hesitated about repeating her invitations, though she always did.

As she found companionship outside, Harry grew more and more discourteous when they were alone. Lucia was a cheerful soul. She called him a "great grouch" and tried to laugh off his bad temper. She tried to laugh off, too, the fact that he bored her.

At frequent intervals Lucia was aware that her marriage was a mistake. She didn't know what to do about it. She still liked Harry when he wasn't grouchy. She still enjoyed talking to him when he wasn't in his more boring moods. She was not in love with any of the young men who came to call, though at times she felt flares of affection for several of them. She was busy and happy most of the time, though she did feel that she was losing a lot. There should be something more to life, she felt, than working hard all day, sitting home with Harry in the evening and nodding half an hour after dinner over a book or magazine—or going out with men to whom Harry gave only a surface approval.

At the end of five years the sign outside the shop

Alice Morrison Parady

became

Alice Morrison Parady

and

Lucia Carter

Lucia got some of the most important houses to do now. The interest she owned in the business, although it represented no outlay of capital, did mean that she had full responsibility when Miss Parady was in Europe on her frequent buying trips. Lucia gained more than a local reputation, became even more devoted to her work. It was fun, feeling the rich fabrics, choosing choice pieces of wood, magically producing correctly planned homes out of nothing at all. Yes, being a successful New York decorator was great. It meant more acquaintances, a certain prestige, invitations. Lucia liked people. She liked parties.

Harry didn't succeed as well as Lucia. He didn't attract people and his employers were always either entirely unaware of his existence or not very favorably impressed. He changed jobs with undesirable frequency, gave up one

job because he couldn't stand the way his boss treated him, was fired from another, felt that favoritism was shown in a third. He was the chap who always suffered from "office politics," "change of policy," "unexpected upheavals." He had a smooth egotism, however, so that he was sure of himself, went from one job to another without concern. He always got a fair salary—when he worked—and this increased with the years, though not as rapidly as Lucia's. He was always most fair about paying his share—or what Lucia told him was his share—toward the household.

After Lucia's name was added to that of Alice Morrison Parady's on the shop window, Lucia and Harry moved into a larger apartment, in a remodeled house in the East Sixties. It was a bit more conservative than Lucia's first effort.

Harry liked the new place as well as Lucia and didn't feel at all concerned because Lucia's money had furnished it. After all, he did his share toward running the house, didn't he? Of course, he couldn't have supported Lucia alone, but they had never thought of that from the day they were married. If Lucia's working robbed him of his ambition he gave no sign of it.

He became annoyed occasionally at the young men who clustered about, but it was more because certain young men irritated him or ignored him than because, as a species, they were displeasing. He, in turn, had little affairs with girls, usually choosing girls from a class that didn't visit his home. He did, however, meet one girl at a tea Lucia took him to. He was attracted to her because of her ribald stories and worried her for weeks until she permitted him to call. When he did call, one afternoon, he proved such a bore that she never allowed him to come back. Later this story was told to Lucia, accompanied by much laughter.

"Harry will be true to you, my dear," she was told. "He bores other women too dreadfully not to be." Harry himself never told her of his attempted affair with the young girl of the ribald stories.

Harry had rather an unpleasant and, he hoped, rather subterranean affair with another of Lucia's acquaintances, but the girl, because, alas, she had rather a difficult time attracting young men, bragged of it, much to Harry's discomfort. From time to time Lucia would hear slight rumors of Harry's "carrying on" with other women, but they never seemed serious to her. She was not especially jealous, was awfully busy, was having a good time, and she was content to "let well enough alone."

So for ten years she had been bored with her husband. Dreadfully bored. Unutterably bored. Harry hadn't said an unexpected thing, a surprising thing, a new thing, in years. He was spineless, weak, annoying. Twelve years of married life and she didn't know what she would do. This couldn't go on! There was no man whom she loved enough to make her freedom necessary. She didn't know what to do. Harry was still bitter, still a sneerer at everything she liked. He pretended, outwardly, an absolute indifference to all women. "I'll never get interested in another woman," he would say frequently. "It would be too much work getting acquainted. As for ever marrying again if our marriage broke up, Lord deliver me!"

When a palmist, at an evening party, predicted that around the age of thirty-eight Harry would have a disastrous and severe love affair, he muttered a pious "Heaven forbid!" and let it go at that. Certainly he didn't seem like a man built for passion.

When they had been married for twelve years and Lucia had been bored for ten, when she was thirty-five and Harry thirty-eight, she decided that something had to be done. Her life was going on. She couldn't stand many more years of boredom. Of course she was fond of Harry, fond of him because of the years of propinquity—but there were times when Harry

came nearer being murdered than he realized. She sat across the table from him and maternal affection turned to slow hate. This couldn't go on!

At this time the young man of her acquaintance who interested her most was Philip Halladay. Halladay was a special writer on a morning paper. He was a good-looking, jolly chap, well-mannered, hearty, who liked parties and the theater and all other social activities as well as she did. Harry Carter took the usual dislike to Philip Halladay, but that was no more than Lucia expected. She almost took a pleasure in Harry's sneers at her current young man and often repeated—to the young man himself—the slurs that Harry cast upon him.

"Your friend Halladay," he said one day about Philip, "is a fair-weather friend like all the rest of the young fellows who hang around you. Let one little thing come up and they'd all be gone."

"I quite agree," Lucia quite agreed, "but they are pleasant in fair weather, aren't they? I'm not depending on them for anything—and maybe it won't rain."

"That bunch of saps should be shot," responded Harry, prettily. "The Dog-faced Boy and Bill the Monkey are particularly annoying. As for Halladay with his Jumping-Jack ways—"

Lucia was used to it—and yet not used to it, either. In fact she couldn't stand it any more. That was it. Why stand it? She was self-supporting, always had been. She had no fear of divorce. She felt that it could be accomplished without scandal or notoriety—but she felt that Harry needed her. He had so often shown this need—dwelt upon it, in fact, when she made any move toward freedom. Excepting in her greatest periods of boredom she felt great warmth for him. After all, he was "her boy." Still, this could not go on!

The solution came when Lucia least expected it. And it came from Harry! Harry wanted his freedom! Harry, who, she had been afraid, would "break" if she left him! She couldn't believe it. She couldn't believe it any more than if someone had suddenly given her a much desired gift in a box of gold.

His reasons were inadequate, to be sure. Still, weren't most of his actions inadequate, too? As far as Lucia could figure it out, he wanted to become a writer. Lots of men had gone from the advertising business into writing and he didn't see why he couldn't write, too. Why, a chap who had been in his office and who hadn't a bit more brains than he had was making thirty thousand dollars a year on fiction! He knew what the magazines paid—and here he was writing advertising instead. Writing advertising when he might be writing fiction! Wasn't advertising harder to write?

"I think I'll go away by myself some place," he said. "I'll write. I'll make good. I can do better if I'm alone, I know. You wait and see. I'll have a story accepted within a month."

Lucia rather doubted the prophecy even while she hoped it was true. She listened to Harry's plans. They didn't seem feasible, but she didn't see why he shouldn't carry them out. Harry picked out an apartment in Greenwich Village, a location that, before this, he had always pretended to despise. It was inexpensive, he said. That was the main thing. It was eighty dollars a month. Wouldn't he have had to pay twice as much any place else? In a burst of generosity—wasn't he "her boy"?—Lucia furnished it for him. She took real delight in furnishing the apartment. She stocked the linen chest and kitchen.

"You'll want to be having people in—girls, more than likely," she said. "Got a girl now, Honey?"

"Don't be silly," said Harry. "You don't think I would let you do all this for me if I had a girl, do you? I want to work. I'm going to make good. You'll see."

With real tears Lucia saw Harry gather together his possessions—and some of her



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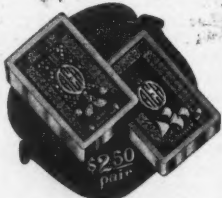
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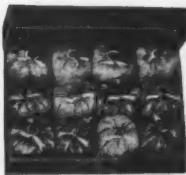
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possessions as well—and leave for the new apartment. Harry said something about a divorce and Lucia agreed with him that if they got along well apart they could get a divorce any time. After all, she wasn't in a hurry for one. Was he? Harry was indefinite, as usual.

Lucia, feeling herself a Lady Bountiful, gave Harry a substantial bank-account to live on until he "made good." All of the mother complex that had been growing during the years burst into fine flower. She fitted him out completely. New clothes, as well as new lampshades. "Her boy" going out into the world! And she was free! A wonderful freedom. A freedom tinged with a fear of the future because for twelve years she had faced it with someone, but a gorgeous freedom nevertheless.

"Harry," said Lucia, with a last gesture, "I am going to send Anna in every week to clean up the place for you. You know how discreet she is. You'll even be able to have company without my knowing it."

"Don't worry," said Harry, "I'm not going to do much entertaining. You know me—I'm going to work. I'd be a dog, letting you do these things for me, if I didn't work." Good old Harry!

Lucia felt that Harry meant well, that he really wanted to work, to succeed. And he would have his freedom. Best of all, she'd have hers, wouldn't be bored.

What a relief it was to have Harry out of the house! What a blessed relief! She couldn't believe it. She had perfect whole evenings alone when she didn't have to "make conversation." She could go out with any of the young men who offered themselves, without planning excuses, without soothing Harry's feelings. Philip Halladay took her to the opera. Fred Green took her to a play she had been wanting to see all year and to a night club she had never visited before. She went to a masked dance and didn't get in until after breakfast! It was glorious.

Two weeks passed, two more peaceful weeks of not seeing Harry. Two weeks of reading, of going out when she wanted to. Where was all the pain she had always heard accompanied a separation? And she'd been married for twelve years. Maybe the others she had heard of hadn't been as bored!

Lucia wondered whether she should get a divorce or let things drift the way they were. Anna went to Harry's apartment, reported, "Everything is fine. That sure is a pretty place Mr. Carter's got." Lucia went to the theater, or retired early with a book, and there was no one to say, "The nights that you are home why don't you stay up and talk to me?" She knew again the blessings of being alone, of not having to explain things.

Perhaps she never should have married. Maybe that was it, after all. Or perhaps she never should have married Harry. Other couples got along. There were wives who were not so dreadfully bored. There were husbands who supported their wives, ruled their households, took an interest in living, liked to go to places. Oh, well. She was through. The things she had feared—Harry's loneliness, Harry's dependence on her—had not existed. He was getting along fine without her, evidently.

Then she found out! The first news seeped to her peculiarly. A chap she knew who lived in Greenwich Village telephoned her and asked if she was seeing much of Rutherford Ford.

"Yes, I went to a party with him last week," she said. "Why?"

"Only this," he told her. "Harry's girl is saying that she has a right to run around with Harry if you go with Rutherford Ford."

"Why, certainly," Lucia was non-committal.

Then she began to investigate. Yes, Harry had a girl! Not only did he have a girl, but she was a fat creature who had made herself ridiculous by short and ardent love affairs. Lucia remembered having met her at a party—the night Harry met her, in fact. She remembered the girl's obvious attempts to attract Harry—and Harry required the obvious, Lucia knew. Suddenly Lucia's world whirled

around. She couldn't believe it! She confided in Anna—she had to confide in someone.

"Just think," Lucia told her, "Mr. Carter is going with a girl—an awful person whom folks make all sorts of fun of."

"Yes'm, I seen her in Mr. Carter's apartment," said Anna. "I didn't want to make no trouble."

Lucia began finding out things. She hadn't been specially good at detecting, but now she found that she must have had a flair for it all the time. The rather effeminate young decorators who delighted in personal stories helped her. Other men she knew, without questionings, added their bits. Yes, Harry Carter was in love. There was no doubt of it. He called the girl "Baby" in spite of her size and showed unexpected enthusiasm. If the girl he picked out had rather an unsavory reputation, the fact, if he knew it, didn't dull his affection. The girl was bragging among her friends—she had been rather unfortunate in her captures before, it seems. They always had been of short duration.

Then Harry asked Lucia to arrange for a divorce. "Of course," agreed Lucia pleasantly.

Then Lucia found out something. Harry Carter, who for ten years had bored Lucia so that the sight of him made her want to scream, had suddenly turned into an object of interest! He became important in Lucia's life. Harry was no longer a bore! He was the man who had "betrayed" her! He was the man who, on her money, was supporting another woman! Lucia found that Harry was spending more on this woman than he had ever spent on her since they were married! The girl bragged—and the news came to Lucia. Harry talked—and the news seeped to her.

Lucia's fury concentrated into an overwhelming interest in Harry. Not since the first years of her marriage had he been as important. Harry had another girl! He had fooled Lucia! He had put something over on her!

Lucia started to lay her plans. She forgot the young men who had interested her. She forgot everything excepting a desire to have Harry under her thumb again. She didn't know what emotion to call it. Jealousy? Perhaps. Hurt pride? Largely. Fury because he had double-crossed her and had used her money for the crossing? Certainly.

Lucia gathered evidence on the girl. She found data about a dozen cheap affairs. An unscrupulous business deal. A dozen other things. The girl had said, "I hope Harry doesn't find out about my past. He wouldn't stand for it."

Lucia knew what she would do. She would let these things get to Harry. Let other things get to him. He'd come back to her! She'd let Harry know what a wonderful time she was having—things he liked. She would hint at a trip to Europe—and let a friend carry the news to him. Harry always had wanted a trip to Europe. She'd get him back! She could. She knew that. She knew how to disgust him with the girl, just what to do. Oh, she'd get him back again!

Harry Carter—her husband—had dared get away! He had dared take another woman to the apartment she had furnished for him!

Lucia had proof of that, of other things, now. Week-ends. Parties. Things the girl said that would make Harry wince. Folks were laughing at him. That would hurt him, too. Oh, she'd get him back. She'd start in right away!

If this were the story as it was originally planned you'd learn how Lucia recaptured her husband. A casual invitation to dinner—and Lucia there. A meeting of "his girl" with one of her old sweethearts. Another man, one with money, whom the girl had tried to attract, would reappear, too—evidently not had her too fat this time. Harry would find out the other things. Then—Lucia's triumph!

It would have worked out, undoubtedly. As an ending you would have had the paragraphs that came in the beginning.

Then Lucia changed things. In the midst of her trouble, her heart-break, her sudden

Hot Words

*An unthoughtful blaze of temper
that kindled a new love*

A Real-Life Story
by ELINOR BRADFORD

NO matter how it started or why. The big thing is that it was a regular Class "A" quarrel. And the very first in nearly a month of married life—

With a final scorching sentence, Bob had distinctly slammed the door,—and departed in the general direction of the office.

And Jane, true to feminine form, had mechanically cleared the breakfast table, "done" the dishes—and then sat down to sob . . . and to reflect.

How in a world so full of marriageable men had she ever managed to select that beastly Bob? Between sobs she thought a bit sentimentally about Tom . . . and Harry . . . and dear old Don . . . and wondered vaguely how far it was to Reno . . . and how one went about getting a Paris divorce . . . and—

It was nearly noon when the door bell tinkled. . . . A messenger laden with a long slender box—a box that could mean just one thing . . . flowers! But who in the world—?

Tingling to the thrill that only a florist's box can bring, Jane opened the lid and revealed the most gorgeous bouquet she had ever beheld. And there, tucked away in the box was a tiny, pleading note—

It was all my fault. These flowers can say it better than my poor words. Won't you listen while they whisper "I love you?"

—Bob.

Of course, Jane could not resist that earnest plea . . . and, as thousands of brides before her had done, she heeded the murmured message of bright blossoms. Tears vanished, to give way to happy smiles, and humming a lilting air, Jane made her way to the shiny kitchen.

That night for dinner there were drop cakes with thick icing. Bob ate three—and claimed the

traditional privilege of kissing the culinary chauffeur.

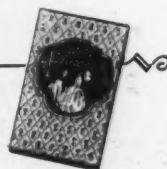
Send flowers with your note of explanation. They are first aid to an armistice—and the shortest, surest way to a woman's heart. When bright blossoms talk The Lady listens . . . with a forgiving twinkle in her eye promising the smile that will make the whole world akin.



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Eve's Engagement Starts A Flutter

EVE BORDEN had followed Vassar with a year in Europe.

On her return to her South Shore home in Long Island, she gave a luncheon—and set all her friends a-flutter by announcing her engagement.

The name of her fiancé came as a thrill. All who knew Eve and her vivacity and charm expected her to make an enviable marriage. But none was prepared for a match so breath-taking as this.

For an animated half-hour Eve's romance was the sole topic of talk. Then came a lull. Betty Suydenham seized it to ask a question which had been in the minds of all from the moment each had greeted the hostess.

"Eve, forgive my prying, but what is that ravishing perfume you are wearing?"

"Yes, Eve," Anne Wakely seconded, "do tell us. We're just dying to know. It isn't fair to keep such hypnotic come-hither all to yourself."

"No wonder," Helen Waring contributed, "you are the first among us to capture a husband, Eve—with a perfume so utterly devastating as that."

"You make-believe sirens aren't the first ones to ask about it," Eve bantered. "In London, in Paris, at Biarritz, everywhere I went, this perfume seemed to weave a spell on all who came near me."



Eve

"Perhaps after all," she laughed, "my aura of mystic fragrance was the magnet which brought David to my feet. Who knows? They say Cleopatra infatuated Marc Antony through the magic of her perfume, and that Josephine enthralled Napoleon in the same way."

"But that isn't telling us what it is," Betty Suydenham persisted.

"It is Raquel Orange Blossom Frangancia," Eve answered. "A lovely English Countess I met on the Mauretania going over simply set me wild about it. I was so completely heels-over-head with it that she gave me a bottle."

Known Only to a Few

ORANGE BLOSSOM FRAGRANCIA is the true entrancing breath of springtime orange flowers—the witching scent cherished by patrician women down through all the ages.

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Now this coveted perfume is being supplied to stores. So also are the Raquel companion toiletries so alluring with its scent.

Perfume \$2.75, \$4.50, \$7.50, \$15, \$30, and \$100. Purse size \$1.50.

Face Powder (in all shades) \$1.
Powder and Rouge Compacts \$1
each. Talc \$1.

A New Beauty Aid

Raquel Beauty Soap. For all personal use—face, hands, bath, shampoo. 35 cents the cake. Box of 3 cakes \$1.



Orange Blossom Frangancia by Raquel

Also—L'Endeley

A magnetic, mystifying odour that stirs the imagination and stays in memory.

And—Olor de la Noche

—or Fragrance of the Night. A strangely striking perfume all unlike any other ever known to womankind.

If these aids to charm are not yet being shown at your favorite counter, any of them you desire will be mailed prepaid direct from Raquel, Inc., on receipt of price.

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renewed interest in Harry, something Robert Potter said made her laugh. Robert Potter was the newest of Lucia's "young men."

Lucia laughed—and she laughed until she almost grew a bit hysterical. And after that things began to smooth themselves out. Robert was right, even if his laugh-provoking remark was not excellent humor and was funny only to Lucia—and at that particular moment. Of course. Her triumph if she got Harry back would be, in the end, Harry's triumph—and not hers at all.

What would she do if she did get Harry back? Be bored all over again? She'd have to plan for an evening out, for a tea date, worry if she were late to dinner, remember the things Harry had done, put up with others.

Harry was out of her life completely, excepting as something that had happened to her in her past. Should she ruin her whole future and bring him back, a burden, for a possible triumph? Why, her triumph was in getting away!

Lucia took out of her desk the notes on "Baby." Proofs were there, too. Harry had wanted a writing career—and he had substituted gin and a girl. Oh, why not, if that was what he wanted out of life? He'd write, eventually, or find a job, get along. Lucia knew she could wait until Harry married the girl and then send him the notes, completely break up the marriage. Harry couldn't stand things like that. Lucia knew Harry.

Why should she break up the marriage? Lucia knew, now, that the girl was most suitable for Harry. A weak mouth. Anna, with the curious perception of her race, had called it "a gravy mouth." Her shallow mind, her sloppiness, her loose morals, her lack of family background, were just the things Harry wanted. They fitted into his scale of things far better than Lucia's philosophy of life, her love of beauty had ever fitted. Yes, the thing she wanted was Harry's marriage. He'd be gone completely then. And she had planned to get him back!

Lucia knew now what she would do. Why should she "win back her husband" or even revenge herself on him, make her own life fit into the usual fiction form of a happy ending? She'd get a divorce at once. Close completely that part of her life.

An almost unbelievably lovely sense of freedom came to her. Why, she had forgot that freedom was so wonderful. She might marry again eventually—she was "the marrying kind"—but that would be unimportant for a long time. Perhaps she could make a success of a second marriage. Still, marriage these days... There were men she liked, enjoyed being with, who wanted to marry her. She knew if she married a second time it would have to be something more than friendship or propinquity, something finer. Why think about it now, or any time, unless you love someone so much you can think of nothing else?

Lucia felt that she had "come to herself." She knew she was complete, an individual. Eager and a bit wistful about life. Ambitious. Work mattered—and pleasant friendships. Evenings with books or with people she cared about. She could have those, more. Carefully, she tore the notes into fragments.

Man Not Overboard

(Continued from page 51)

sometimes. And my wife is worse than dead. She has lost her mind and has to be kept in a private sanitarium."

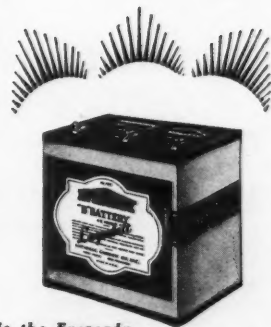
"Are you allowed to see her?"

"I do see her twice a year, on her birthday and on our anniversary. But I might as well stay away. She has no idea who I am. Poor Margaret! She is almost as beautiful as the day I met her."

"What type?"

"I suppose you would call her an Irish type—black hair and blue eyes. Just the type my

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
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WCAE—Pittsburgh	WRC—Washington
WSAI—Cincinnati	WGY—Schenectady
WTAM—Cleveland	WHAS—Louisville
WWJ—Detroit	WSB—Atlanta
WGN—Chicago	WSM—Nashville
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15 minutes (not an hour)
—to get up steam
...for 1/3 less fuel

HOFFMAN No.2 VACUUM VALVES

first wife was; in fact, I believe it was her resemblance to Edith that made me fall in love with her."

"How old was your first wife when she died?"
"She didn't die. Poor Edith! I guess it was mostly my fault. She was too young to marry, too young to know her own mind. When we had lived together a little over a year, she fell desperately in love with a man I used to invite frequently to the house, a business acquaintance."

"Did she run away with him?"

"Yes. He had more money than I. I don't mean to say that Edith was money-mad, but she did like good times and our marriage came just at a period when I was in desperate financial straits; rather, just before that period, for naturally, if I had known what was going to happen, I wouldn't have married her."

"What did happen?" asked Brainard, sipping his eighth drink.

"You are an inquisitive young man."

"Oh, if you'd rather not tell me—"

"I might as well. I warned you I'd get talky. Well, my youngest brother went wrong. He was cashier in a small bank, out on Long Island, and he embezzled to the extent of twenty thousand dollars. He had gambled it all away at the race-tracks and in order to keep him out of jail, I liquidated all my assets and borrowed three thousand from a friend to make up the amount. I did it more for my mother's sake than for his; I knew that if she heard that he had stolen, it would kill her." Lemp brushed a hand across his eyes. "She found out about it anyway, and it did kill her."

"Horrible!"

"I worked like the devil to get back on my feet, and I did it. But it was too late. Edith had gone."

"What do you say if we have a drink?"

"I say yes."

"And how long after that did you get married the second time?"

"Four years, and the same thing nearly happened again. My other brother, older than I, fell in love with a woman in Garden City, another man's wife. The husband found it out and there was a fight in which my brother shot the husband dead. There was no chance in the world of my brother's getting off, but I felt it my duty to give him the best counsel obtainable. He had no money himself. I paid two lawyers forty thousand and my brother went to the chair. Well, I learned afterwards that on the very same day my brother committed murder, Margaret, my second wife, became friendly with a piano tuner. Of course he had nothing except his wages and she was not fool enough to give me up for him. But when those lawyers had taken all my capital she would have left me if Providence had not intervened. The piano tuner was hit by a truck on the Fifty-ninth Street bridge and lost his hearing."

"Did you have any other children besides the boy killed in the war?"

"Yes, a girl. But I'd rather not talk about her. Oh, well, what does it matter? Miriam was our first-born, a year and a half older than my son. One day she was driving a car up in Westchester County, going forty or fifty miles an hour, when she was stopped by a handsome young motorcycle policeman, and the rascal told her he would let her off if she would be his girl."

"She said to him, 'I don't know what you mean by being your girl, but I think you're awfully nice-looking and I'd just as soon be your wife.' They were married and had three children. Then it was discovered that he had another wife and family in Ardsley. He was sent to jail, she is a stenographer in an insurance office down-town and I am supporting the kiddies."

Brainard consumed his twelfth drink, then fumbled awkwardly in his pocket and drew out his gun.

"Mr. Lumps," he said, "I'm going to ask you to do me a favor. Put this right in your mouth, aim it upwards and shoot."

"What are you talking about, boy? Do you

want me to commit suicide? Why, I'm only sixty-one years old and having a darn good time!"

"You do as I say and do it right in here so we won't lose the gun. I'm going to need it myself at eleven o'clock."

"What for?"

"To do the same thing you're going to do."

"But I'm not going to do anything except go to bed. What you intend to do is none of my business, though I would suggest that as you still have over two hours and a half to wait, you go to your cabin and take a nap and leave a call for eleven. I've always heard that the time to kill yourself with the best results is right after a nice nap."

Brainard had already started on one, but Lemp and a steward managed to get his room key out of his pocket and arouse him sufficiently to be conducted to the cabin, partly undressed and laid on his bed. Lemp then returned to the lounge and was soon joined by Phil Runyon.

"He's safe for the night anyway," said Lemp.

"You've done a good job, Fred, and I'm grateful to you," said the purser.

"I made him cry twice, and there were three or four times when I nearly broke down myself. Here's his gun."

"All right; I'll take charge of it if you're sure you don't want it. Though I don't know what good it would do you, as I emptied it yesterday morning after I'd got him to sleep, and I don't think we're selling any ammunition on the Gargantua, except what comes in bottles. That was a great party he took me on night before last. He insisted on dragging me to some night club and who should be there but this dame that's turned him down. She was with a man who could have been her father, but wouldn't want to if he was sober. I swear, Fred, she must be the manager's wife's sister ever to have landed a job in what they tell me is a pretty chorus."

"He was going to their table and make a scene, but I told him it would be cowardly to pick on a man as old as that. I finally got her eye and gave her the office to duck, and when she saw who was with me, she didn't hesitate a minute."

"Pretty soon Ben was worse than I ever saw him. He had his suicide plan all worked out and he gave me the details, thinking I was somebody else. He talked like this:

"I haven't much longer to live," he said.

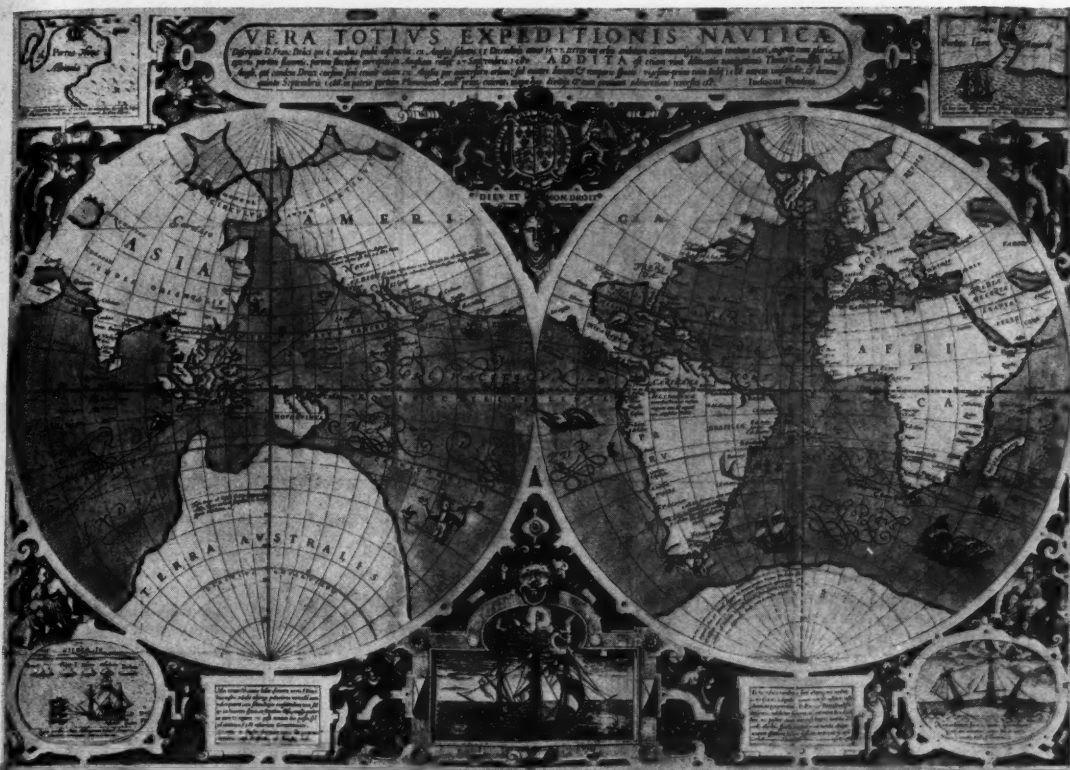
"In fact, this is the last time you'll see me. I've got it all fixed up to kill myself and a good old pal of mine is going to help me. I've bought a gun; it's over in my room now, all loaded and waiting for me. Well, this pal of mine is Phil Runyon, purser on the Gargantua, and she sails day after tomorrow. I'm going to be aboard and I'll make a date to meet Phil when we're out at sea and I'll coax him to one of the decks, telling him I want to discuss something with him where we can't be overheard. Then I'll sit up on the rail and I'll sit so that when I shoot myself, I'll be bound to fall overboard. You see, I've got to have him there, or somebody else that knows me, so there won't be any trouble about my insurance. How is that for an idea?"

"Imagine him asking me what kind of an idea I thought it was!"

"And the funny part, along about five o'clock, when I finally succeeded in getting him out of the place, he knew me and was calling me Phil and talking about other times we'd been out together."

"Yesterday afternoon I called up his hotel and made sure he was out; then I went there and fixed it with a bell-hop and porter to go up in his room after he left this morning and pack up enough stuff for him to make the trip with and have it sent down to the ship in my name. He thinks he hasn't any baggage, but he's got enough to go over and back with, and I really think the crossing will do him a lot of good. Though writers are mostly all nutty and you never know what to expect of them."

"I haven't told you," said Lemp, "that



Of five ships but one returned

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It is therefore an excellent time to remember that such a year, too, was 1577, when Francis Drake set out to circumnavigate the globe.

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The New AC Tubes and scientifically developed circuit
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The cabinet, panelled entirely of genuine mahogany, contains a large cone speaker mounted on a Baffle Board, which is placed in a remarkably resonant tone chamber, rendering exceptionally fine tone quality and "true-to-life" reproduction.

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when I was through with my story, he gave me the gun and ordered me to use it on myself."

"Oh, Ben was always a generous boy," said Runyon. "It surprises me that he didn't offer to take you out on deck, shoot you and throw you off the ship."

"Listen," said Lemp: "I need one more drink for courage and then I've got to find my wife and take my scolding. I explained to her that I'd met a man I thought I could do some business with and I might not be in for dinner. But what good is that explanation going to be when she sees me?"

"Probably none," Runyon said cheerfully. "But the drink is on me."

About noon next day Brainard woke up, summoned his steward and ordered him to send the purser to his cabin.

"Phil," he said when Runyon arrived, "didn't we have an engagement last night?"

"Yes, but you went to bed long before your bedtime."

"Phil, where did that steamer trunk come from?"

"I suppose it came from your hotel."

"I didn't bring any baggage except those two empty bags."

"Did you plan crossing the ocean without baggage?"

"I didn't plan crossing the ocean. And another thing, who was the fella I was with all evening, a fella about sixty years old, named Limp or Lemp or something?"

"Oh," said Runyon, "that's Fred Lemp, a big hosiery manufacturer from up-state."

"Say, he's had a tough life. He told me all about it. He told me stuff enough for a whale of a novel."

"Why don't you write it?"

"Because I can't remember a word he said."

"Well," said Runyon, "we'll get you together again some time."

"Do that, Phil," said Brainard. "But make it out on deck where he can't order so many drinks. A man as old as he ought not to drink so much. It's liable to get him."

Pre-War Stuff

(Continued from page 61)

well as his private secretary she felt privileged to kiss him none the less.

This was achieved by standing on tiptoes, presenting a picture that made it understandable how the young psychologist could attribute a father complex and a love image to Bettina. For William West stood a full six feet and, at fifty, preserved much of the trimness of youth.

"What's wrong?" she demanded as soon as she had kissed him.

"Somebody's chosen this moment to snipe at the organization," he replied. "A dozen department heads handed in their resignations today."

"What on earth for?"

"Ask them," he retorted with grim whimsicality. "I questioned some of them, but they preferred to be mysterious as the devil. Of course they can be replaced—what I'd like to know is what's back of it all?"

"I'll bet I know," announced Bettina abruptly. She turned and produced Peter's letter. "Read it—and weep," she suggested.

Instead, having read it, he smiled. "So that's what's become of my department heads," he commented. "What do you suppose his motive is—revenge?"

"He didn't sound revengeful last night."

"Last night?" he echoed, puzzled.

"I danced with him," explained Bettina.

Her father gave her a swift glance. "Are we to see more of him?" he suggested lightly.

Bettina dismissed that with a shrug of a pretty shoulder. "What are you going to do about his shops?" she asked.

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"DARLING! Marry me tonight."

"Silly! We've no ring."

"We'll borrow the bishop's."

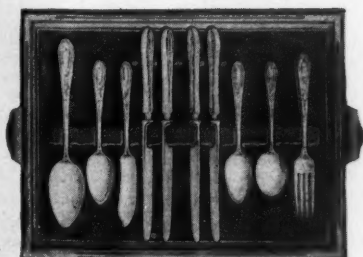
"I've no flowers and no veil."

"We'll wrap you in moon-mist."

"And—I haven't chosen my Community Plate."



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presents the essentials of polite silver service from the point of view of the *Younger Set*, that motors and dances, and dines and golfs, in *fours* . . . It comes in six patterns, luminous and lovely. Brings with it, at its price of \$25.00 a blue-and-gold tray. — And it consists of four forks, four knives, eight teaspoons, five serving pieces . . . At your jeweler's . . . NOW!

COMMUNITY PLATE is as important as the bishop at fashionable weddings . . . more legal than the license . . . as much a part of the lovely background as white satin and tulle . . . And the bride's favorite gift in the neat, white-ticketed rows of presents is — always! — her pieces of Community Plate . . . (*Watch, yourself, where the bridesmaids linger, and the crowd throngs thickest!*) . . . For those who know, there's never any problem as to *what* to give: it's just a question of deciding what pieces of Community Plate! . . . For this season's bride, we suggest the **FOURSOME**: the chosen silver service of the *Younger Set*, today . . . ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD.

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"Do?" he smiled again. "Nothing. We'll let nature take its course."

And that, Bettina realized, was the reaction she might have expected. He was no more interested in Peter's activities than a Great Dane would have been in the yapping of a terrier pup at his heels.

Later, after dinner, he dictated a brief note which no more than expressed cordial interest in Peter's project.

"The truth is," he explained, "that he did put something over on us. No one ever thought of his going into business on his own. Any action I might take would simply call attention to the fact that Leicester's is no longer New England controlled, and I prefer to avoid that. Besides, it would give him too much free advertising. Perhaps he hoped for that." He took up the next letter but before reading it added: "It takes time and planning to start even a peanut stand. I suspect he has no idea what he's up against. It will be months before we hear from him again—if ever."

In, he meant, a business way. But Bettina heard from Peter within the next forty-eight hours. He called her up to suggest a show that she might care to see—with him, naturally.

"Why—I don't know," she began, taken by surprise. And, placing her palm over the mouth-piece, she turned and relayed the astonishing invitation to her father.

"Why not go?" he suggested humorously. "You can question him deftly—and report back on his activities—if any."

She made a little face at him and—accepted. And, for all her father complexes and disbelief in dreams, contrived to present a Bettina that was young and very lovely to look at when she greeted Peter in the lobby. The inimitable intimacy of the taxi enclosed them.

"Tell me," suggested Bettina, "what the Peter Leicester Shops are to be and why—and where."

"They represent an idea of my own," he replied. "They are to be—"

"Oh, wait a minute," interrupted Bettina. "I should have warned you that anything you say may be used against you. I am—my father's private secretary, remember!"

Even the murk of the taxi failed to hide the cool amusement in his eyes. "Don't you ever take time off from business?"

Bettina flickered an eyelid at him. "Seldom if ever," she replied. "I have no regular hours—the man works me day and night."

"I hope the position pays well," he commented. "It ought to."

"I get no more than my board and clothes," she mourned. He was easy to talk to and, she suspected, would be as easy to play around with. "But if you are determined to talk about your affairs in spite of my warning, don't let me interrupt you, please."

"Really interested?" he asked. "Terribly!" she assured him. "You gave me the idea you were just going to enjoy life."

"I expect to—immensely. I—"

The taxi stopped and they were engulfed in the flow of theater-goers, swept into an auditorium already darkened for the first curtain. At the end of the act he turned to her.

"I imagine you missed my announcement in tonight's paper," he said abruptly. "The shops will be in the Park Square section. They will open April first, but if you'd care for a preview I'd be charmed."

"April first?" echoed Bettina. "So soon?"

"Why, does it seem too soon to you?"

"I thought it would take longer. Father said that—"

"But I have had all the time in the world these last few months."

"You mean—while you still owned Leicester's?"

"While I still owned what was referred to, erroneously, as control in Leicester's," he corrected. "Are you suggesting that I did something unethical? Because if you are I must protest that at Leicester's I was plainly regarded as an interloper. The idea seemed to be that if I had to be seen around the place—and even that didn't seem tactful of me—I might

at least refrain from making myself heard."

"But if you owned—"

"And I thought," he commented, "I was talking to a business woman. Can't you understand how successfully I could be flattened out?"

Bettina could. But before she could reply the lights glimmered out and the curtain rose again, imposing silence on them.

The play was—just a play. A slice of life presented for their interest, yet less interesting, as often happens, than the slice of life some of its spectators find themselves acting out. Especially those who are engaged, unconsciously or otherwise, in the ancient tilt of sex.

The moment the act ended his eyes sought—and found—hers. "It was intimated to me in many ways," he told her, "that I was very young and that what little knowledge I had was theoretical."

"Well, it was, wasn't it?"

"Absolutely. I had no false ideas about that. But I did crave a chance to learn—instead of going out in the back yard and playing with my toys, as it were."

"I still think you might have managed to have your way," she commented.

"I think I might have," he agreed coolly, "if, just then, your father had not come into the picture and offered to buy control."

Bettina glanced at him. He did not seem bitter. But was he? Being Bettina she promptly asked him.

"It was mighty good business on his part," he replied. "He couldn't have chosen a better time. Leicester's is a mighty big proposition and it does need a firm hand at the helm. Particularly just now."

"Why just now?" demanded Bettina quickly.

"Everyone," he went on as if he had not heard her, "who knows anything about retail merchandising knows your father. To the minority stockholders he seemed a commercial Moses, ready to lead them to a promised land. I don't blame them. I imagine I would have felt the same way—a darned sight rather have William West own the controlling interest, than have that in Peter Leicester's hands."

"Are you really as modest as you sound?"

"Probably not—who is?" he retorted, with a swift smile. "But the facts are there. The handwriting was on the wall and—" He checked himself abruptly. "That curtain," he remarked, "certainly seems to be cutting the entr'actes short tonight."

The third act was the last. At its end Peter, draping her cloak over her shoulders, asked if she cared to go somewhere and eat.

"Not tonight—some other time, perhaps," she replied unguardedly.

"I am so glad that there is to be some other time," he replied.

"Well?" her father demanded as, later, she planted a kiss on the tip of his nose. "How came young Lochinvar—in peace or in war?"

"Oh, he's nice—an engaging child," retorted Bettina.

"What's he up to?" asked her father idly.

"I just don't know exactly. He talked mostly of Leicester's—but he did say something about an announcement in the paper."

Letting her wrap slip swiftly from her intriguing shoulders she found the newspaper, turned the pages, then paused. To read:

THERE'S A LITTLE SHOP IN THE RUE DE LA PAIX

The little shops of Europe! Who has not heard of them? Some on the beaten track, some off. But all quickening the memory of the seasoned traveler.

"There's a little shop in the rue de la Paix"—how many smart, always exquisitely attired women who know Europe intimately have shared that secret with some feminine intimate or acquaintance about to make her first trip abroad! . . .

"The most ravishing things, my dear—everything from the skin out. And the values! That trotteur of mine only cost . . ."

"What are you reading so absorbedly?"

The Flavored Perfumes



Quelques Fleurs—
\$7.50; other sizes—
\$25, \$15, \$4, \$2.

Le Parfum Ideal—
\$6.75; other sizes—
\$12.50, \$3.50, \$1.75.

Subtilité—\$12.50; other
sizes \$15, \$8.50, \$4.25,
\$2.25.



Why a few fragrances have universal appeal, while others never attain it, is a question that can be answered only by those who know and love the outstanding favorites. ¶ They alone can tell why the

Houbigant perfumes, *Quelques Fleurs* and *Le Parfum Ideal*, continue to delight and inspire — while other odors win but passing interest.

¶ *Le Parfum Ideal* is like an individual one might know forever, and in whom one would still find charming, unexpected new qualities. . . .

Quelques Fleurs is a gay bouquet, gloriously buoyant, with a smiling freshness that is always welcome. ¶ *Subtilité*, a later Houbigant odeur, is the perfume of sophistication, of luxury and mystery. This fragrance is held in a life-like Buddha bottle, which sets in a little shrine of black and brilliant red. ¶ As gifts, these Houbigant perfumes are unexcelled in appropriateness and quality.

There is an interesting booklet, "Things Perfumes Whisper". We will gladly send it to you, with five sachets perfumed with Houbigant odors. Please write for them. There is no charge. Houbigant, Inc., Dept. 204, 339 West 43rd Street, New York.

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Socket Power
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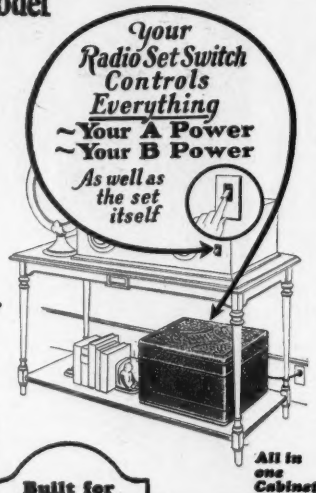
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No Matter What Set You Buy—
Philco Will Run It From the Light
Socket!**

It makes no difference whether you now have a dry cell or storage battery operated set or what kind of battery radio set you buy, the Philco AB Socket Power will run it from the electric lighting current. Here is your chance to do away with ordinary "A" storage battery and all dry cell "A" and "B" batteries. Super-power for all Power Tubes! No hum; no distortion!

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will deliver
100 Volts!
60 milliamperes**

**Easy as
Turning On
Your
Electric
Current**

Merely snap ON your radio set switch when you want to listen in. Snap it OFF and your radio is silent. No fuss. No bother.

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Special Philco Models are built to fit inside the cabinets of practically all well-known radio sets, including

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You won't need it with the Philco. Any Authorized Philco Dealer will make you a liberal allowance for your old "A" storage battery when you buy the brand-new guaranteed Philco.

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Address _____

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State _____

demanding Bettina's father at that point. "Let's see it."

Bettina, without surrendering the paper, perched on the arm of his chair and let her eyes run ahead of his.

And so an address is scribbled down, treasured. Paris may be only a shadowy dream city, the Louvre still just a storehouse of art. But the little shop in the rue de la Paix is, so soon, a definite, clearly imaged feminine Eden.

All these famous little shops are not devoted to women, of course. There's a little shop in Piccadilly that your masculine friend who knows London can and will tell you about—enthusiastically.

"He's a long time coming to the point," commented William West—yet read on.

And so, presently, came to the point. Which was that the Peter Leicester Shops, Inc., proposed to transport the atmosphere, the charm, the know-how and the values of a dozen of the best-known little shops in Europe to Boston, where, exact replicas of their originals, they would all be housed under one roof.

"What do you think of it?" demanded Bettina.

"Too long—and amateurish too," he commented. "I imagine he wrote it himself."

"I don't mean the ad—I mean the idea," she told him. "Do you think it's a good one—that it will be successful?"

"Now you're asking two questions at once," he replied. "No idea is better than the man—or men—behind it. A man who starts off with a good idea can smash up just as quickly—sometimes even sooner than a man who starts off with a bad one. It's—well, like using a baby-carriage as a chassis for an eight-cylinder engine, if you get what I mean."

"You—think he hasn't a chance?"

"Read Bradstreet's monthly report on failures," he suggested dryly.

Somehow Bettina did not like the sound of that. Why, she could not have said. Perhaps it was because Peter had looked so young and gallant as he bade her good night. And it must have been hard for him to surrender control of the business that had been his father's—and his grandfather's.

"You haven't said yet what you think of the idea," she reminded her father.

"How can I—yet? I will say this, though—the better an idea seems, the more I prefer to study it. I doubt if your young man has done that."

"He isn't my young man," protested Bettina indignantly.

"Glad to hear it," he replied. "Got a kiss for your old man?"

Bettina had. Then, "How long are we to be in Boston?" she asked.

"Lord knows," he replied. "The truth is, kismet, that Leicester's is not a smooth-running organization at the moment. It looks as if I'd have to stick around a while."

"He—Mr. Leicester, I mean—said there was something wrong with the business. That it needed a firm hand at the helm."

"What did he say was wrong with it?" asked her father quickly.

"He didn't say—something interrupted."

"He may be a young fool—but that doesn't sound as if he were a hopeless one," commented her father thoughtfully. "Clip his ads for me, and—you might accept that invitation to view his shops."

"O. k.," replied Bettina, but with mental reservations.

She'd clip the ads, certainly—but she had no intention of giving Peter any false impressions by going around to see his shops.

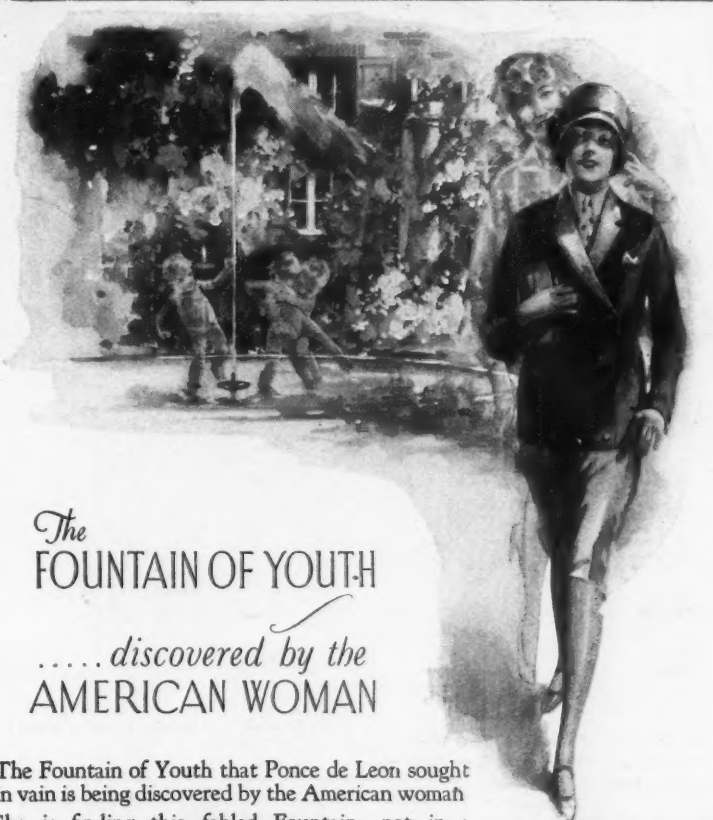
At one o'clock on Wednesday, however, her father departed for a flying trip to New York. At four o'clock on Wednesday—which was as perfect a May day as ever slipped out of its place into the March calendar—it occurred to Bettina that she was bored and that there was no reason why she shouldn't drop around and have a look-see at Peter's shops.

He greeted her with just a hint of disciplined

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eagerness in both eyes and voice. "I hoped you'd come," he said.
"Father suggested that I might," she replied coolly. "I'm really a spy—do I get shot?"
"I prefer," he amended, "to treat you as an ambassador from a great and—I hope—friendly nation. This, by the way, is the little shop."
"From the rue de la Paix," she supplemented. "I guessed as much—although you don't suggest the atmosphere your advertisements promise."
He grinned. "I suspect not—I belong in the pipe shop."
"Have you got a pipe shop too?" she asked, surprised.
"Absolutely! The twin of the one in London where they try a pipe on to see if it fits your face—just as if it were a hat—and then send you down-stairs to have a physician test your heart and prescribe the proper smoking mixture for you."
"Not really!" protested Bettina.
"You'll see it," he promised. "And the rest, too, I hope."
The little shops were all in process as yet, but Bettina could see that they would have distinction, exert fascination. She told him so, frankly. It was five o'clock by then and the workmen were leaving.
"I've a car outside—can I drop you somewhere?" asked Peter.
Bettina said he might—at her hotel. The car, a long underslung roadster, was at the curb; he opened the door and after she had seated herself, maneuvered himself behind the wheel. Then, swiftly, his eyes sought hers.
"Must you go back to the hotel?" he asked.
Bettina hesitated. "Why—I don't know," she murmured. "Father has gone to New York, leaving me to amuse myself."
"Let me help—or try to," he begged.
"How?" demanded Bettina practically.
"It's got to be something better—more original—than dinner and a show, I warn you."
"Dinner and a show on a day like this!" he protested. "Perish the thought."
The clutch slipped in and the car gathered momentum, took its place in the stream of traffic.
"You haven't told me yet what the program is," Bettina reminded him.
He glanced at her. "This is only the sixteenth," he replied. "I'm sorry for that."
"Why?" she asked.
"The moon will not be full until the eighteenth. But it will be almost full tonight, anyway. And we'll see it rise out of the ocean. And there will be the sound of the surf and a bit of river and a stretch of marsh that suggests the Scottish moors. I hope, by the way, you like lobster and clams."
"Adore them," she assured him. "But where is all this to happen?"
"I have a place on the South Shore that I used to use as a hunting stand. I haven't been there"—he checked himself almost imperceptibly—"for some time. But the caretaker and his wife are there and—"
"Lovely!" murmured Bettina. "You sounded like Aladdin, but I was awfully afraid it was going to be a road-house. And today suggests Pan rather than jazz."
The sun sank, the sunset flamed and after that the darkness, soft-starred overhead, was pierced by the searchlights that ran ahead of them during the last, sea-savored stretch of road that brought them to their destination.
The caretaker, a tall, weather-beaten Cape Codder who hadn't shaved for days, appeared to greet whoever it might be.
"Why, Pete!" he exclaimed, and as Pete swung out to shake hands, thumped him on the back and bellowed "Ma!"
The door he had emerged from, a golden oblong of light, framed a matronly silhouette for a second. Then: "Pete!" pruned Ma, and they moved swiftly toward each other until they merged, with Pete in Ma's embrace.
The house, save for the light from the windows and the open door, was but a shadow against the sky. But Bettina could smell and hear the sea, and both sound and scent followed

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her indoors. An isolated, primitive place, this camp of Peter's, yet there were shaded lights in the living-room and an unstudied charm that suggested neither Peter nor the caretaker, somehow.

"My mother used to come a lot," explained Peter, as if sensing the question in her eyes. "We were great pals. She was killed with my father in an automobile accident while I was abroad, you know."

Bettina hadn't known that. And, for a second, she felt an impulse to place swift, comforting fingers on his arm. But Ma hustled in.

"Jim's going to lay a fire here," she said. "Would you like to go up-stairs and take off your things, Miss?"

Up-stairs Ma, obviously excited by this visit, became confidential. "We'd begun to think we'd never see Pete again," she said. "Of course we got our check regular, but it's been a sore trial not having him drop down the way he used to before he went to foreign parts and his ma and pa were killed. He's changed a lot—older, don't you think?"

"I haven't known him very long," confessed Bettina.

"Well, I guess you don't have to know him very long to see that he's salt of the earth," said Ma stanchly. "Goodness, how I run on with supper to get! Fix yourself up and come down when you're ready."

Logs were blazing in the open fireplace when Bettina rejoined Peter. She slipped into a chair and smiled up at him.

"Like it?" he asked.

"Love it," she assured him.

"I'm glad," said he.

They had dinner on a table set for two, in front of the open fire, with Ma bustling in and out and Jim hanging around smoking a corn-cob.

Presently Bettina, filled to satiation, leaned back and let her eyes meet Peter's.

"I'll bet I'm a sight," she suggested.

One is apt to be after clams and lobster. But what she saw in his eyes disputed her.

They lingered a little before the crackling fire and then went out to the beach. The moon, as if it had courteously awaited their arrival, soared up out of the sea.

"I should think you'd want to come often," said Bettina, drinking it all in. "If I owned all this—"

"I don't own all this," he corrected. "Only the cottage—and I don't really own that now. I've made it over to Jim and Ma—they don't know it yet."

"You have? Why?"

"I'd want them to have it—if anything happened," he said.

"You sound as if you were making your will. Why should anything happen?"

"In business many things can—and do."

"You don't mean—that you're afraid of failure?"

"Afraid? Not exactly. But it's always possible. And I'm in to my neck."

"But even if the shops should fail, you won't go broke, surely. I know what Father paid you for your stock, remember."

"It's all mortgaged—I bought the building the shops are in, too."

"But—you didn't need that, did you?"

"I thought I might—sometime," he confessed. "But this is a beautiful night and that's a long story."

"I'd like to hear it," she announced impulsively. "If—if you feel you can tell me."

"I seem to want to—awfully," he replied.

Which, as Bettina very well knew, was a symptom. But she made no move to deal with it, administer the proper prophylactic.

"The real reason I sold my control," he began, "was because it struck me that Leicester's had reached a danger point." He paused for a second, then: "Leicester's employs almost three thousand people who, individually as well as in aggregate, stand for the firm. Put it this way: a single salesperson who ignores or high-hats a customer creates animus toward the name Leicester. And it seemed to me that

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Leicester's needed a thorough overhauling." "That," ran Bettina's thought, "must be what Father meant."

"My grandfather," he went on, "started small. He had personal relations with his customers, knew his business intimately. I was catapulted into control of a big organization I knew nothing about. If it had been smaller I might have had a chance. It was that which gave me the idea of starting small."

"I still think my original idea was a good one—just a single shop. But ideas grow fast. I began to think of half a dozen shops, then a dozen. Each in charge of an expert, selected from Leicester's, who would own a share in it, maintain close personal relations with clerks and customers."

"I don't," commented Bettina, "see anything wrong with that idea."

The moonlight revealed his smile, gallant yet a bit wry. "You might ask your father his opinion of it," he suggested. "And of my big idea—which was that the shops could be used as a cornerstone for a department store which would eventually fill the building I bought."

Bettina glanced up at him. "Are—you sorry now that you sold out?" she asked abruptly.

"No," he said deliberately. His eyes met hers squarely, revealingly. She did not speak or move. She couldn't. Then he himself broke the spell. "I suspect," he said, with a glance at the luminous dial of his wrist watch, "that it's time I started you homewards."

The moon that rode over them as the long-nosed roadster coursed back, the throbbing motor, the rush of the wind, were like subtle drugs. They hardly spoke.

"Thank you," said Peter when he dropped her at the hotel.

"It's I who should thank you," she protested. To which she added an impulsive, "If you want to let me know, some time, how things are coming, I'd be interested, truly." Which, from Bettina, was a considerable admission.

It was almost eleven the next night when her father returned. He was tired, she knew. Even his eyes, smiling at her, were weary.

"What have you been up to while I was gone?" he asked.

"I went for a ride with Peter—I mean Mr. Leicester, last night," she confessed. "He told me a lot about his ideas and his shops."

"Were you pledged to secrecy—or may I share his rosy dreams with you?"

"They aren't very rosy," she retorted. "He seems to think he may have made a mistake. When I asked him why, he told me to ask you why. I'll tell you some time."

He gave her a swift glance. "Tell me now." He listened, without comment, while Bettina repeated what Peter had told her. Then, "A department store—good Lord!" he said.

He considered that a second, while her eyes questioned his.

"His ideas are going in opposite directions," he explained. "Take just the shops. The basic idea seems to tie them together, but they are not homogeneous. Their appeal is limited, too, for they do suggest exclusiveness and expensive things. If he had, instead of selling out, retained control of Leicester's and used its resources to stock such shops, he—"

There he checked himself. "But he didn't," he commented. "And though the shops might make profitable adjuncts to a down-town department store, as the cornerstone of an up-town department store they're pipe-dreams."

"Then—then he will fail?" protested Bettina. His shrewd eyes read her face and briefly something seemed to tighten around his heart. But his voice remained unchanged.

"A man may fail in the sense that he goes broke," he said, "but he is still alive, and if he is any good he has learned something, acquired experience, which is the most valuable capital a man can possess. Your young friend might have invested his millions safely and yet been a failure to my way of thinking—and yours too, I suspect. He may lose them—though I see no reason why he should if he'll listen to reason."

"Would—would you talk to him?" suggested Bettina eagerly.

"Me? Good Lord! You forget I've never even met him. He as much as told the other stockholders he saw no reason why he should talk to me."

"I think he'd love to just the same," persisted Bettina. "If you only would—"

"Love it too?" he grimaced. "It would be a waste of time, kitten. He—"

The sentence broke off there as his eyes met hers. "Oh, all right," he surrendered. "But let's not make it too formal. Why not just invite him to dinner some night and see what, if anything, he has to say for himself?"

"That's my sweetheart," paeaned Bettina and kissed him swiftly.

But again his heart constricted. This was Thursday, the seventeenth of March. To Bettina, considering the prospective dinner date, it seemed that sometime during the next week would be best, preferably toward the last of the week.

But that night she dreamed of Peter again. Almost a nightmare, this time. He seemed to be in a great building that was falling down on him. Of course all dreams are silly. Yet when she awoke from this Bettina did not grin. Or think, "Of all men, him!"

Temperamental March was back on the job this morning—the wind blew chill from the east. But though the sun was still brilliant enough to dissipate the mental miasmas that unpleasant dreams weave around the moment of waking, Bettina's persisted through breakfast and thereafter.

"Perhaps," she concluded, "if he has no engagement for tonight—"

The telephone book gave his number. Not of the shops but of his apartment. But his phone did not answer. Not at eleven, twelve-thirty, two or four.

"I guess that settles it," she announced. Nevertheless, it didn't! The young psychologist could have told her that it hadn't.

"I'll take a taxi and drop in on Father," she decided.

She believed that it was pure impulse that caused her to change the directions she started to give the taxi driver.

"He won't be there now, of course," she assured herself—he did not refer to her father—"but it won't do any harm to stop a minute and see."

The building which she had visioned in her dream as collapsing on Peter seemed reasonably proof against any such gymnastics as the taxi paused before it.

"Wait—I'll be just a second," she told the driver.

The arcade which ran through the building was deserted, for Peter's crew had quit at five.

"Mr. Leicester?" repeated the lone elevator operator. "I guess you'll find him in the French shop."

The little French shop presented an inhospitable front, soft gray draperies closing off show-window and door. Bettina knocked.

So, curiously enough, did her heart.

The door opened. And there stood Peter. Taken by surprise but with a swift gladness in his eyes as he invited her in.

"You've heard the news, I suppose," he said.

"News—what news?" asked Bettina. Then, ignoring her own question, added quickly, "Could you come to dinner tonight? With Father and me?"

"I'm sorry," he replied, and his voice was ever so sorry, "but I've got another engagement. I promised Ma and Jim I'd run down to the camp tonight. They want to celebrate the—the gift I told you about. I—could you come?"

Bettina wavered. She wanted to, somehow. Awfully! Yet: "I wanted you to meet Father," she protested. "I—"

"But I have met him. This morning. I thought that was why you came. He's going to take over my shops, as a part of Leicester's."

"You—you mean to say you've sold them to him?" gasped Bettina.

"He has the habit of buying things, you know," Peter reminded her. "And it struck me that these shops would go better with Leicester's resources behind them."

"Why—that's just what father said!"

"Great minds!" he commented, with a swift smile. "Anyway, I pointed out that I had a good location for what Leicester's used to call the carriage trade and—"

"But—what are you going to do?"

"Learn the department store business from the ground up—I'm swapping the shops in for a block of stock. Your father has promised to find me a job. I don't know just what and I don't care. It will give me a chance to study him and his methods." He paused, but Bettina, still bewildered, said nothing. "I suppose," he remarked, "that it sounds as if I ate crow. But—well, your father is a prince, Bet—I mean Miss West. He can make crow taste like Vermont turkey."

"Don't you believe it!" Bettina assured him swiftly. "I've seen Father make men he had no use for eat crow—and they knew it was crow. He must like you."

"He did say I wasn't as half-baked as some of the other stockholders had led him to think," admitted Peter, "or as—"

"Half-baked!" echoed Bettina indignantly. "Why, I think—"

There she checked herself quickly. As she should. Why should she tell him what she thought of him? Or he be particularly interested?

Yet he was, plainly. "What do you think?" he asked eagerly.

"I—I think I'd better go," murmured Bettina hastily.

Nevertheless, she didn't move. It was as if Peter's eyes, besieging hers, held her prisoner. She evaded them desperately until, against her will, their glances met. Then:

"Oh!" she breathed involuntarily—and was immediately silenced.

The little shop from the rue de la Paix might have been even smaller without inconveniencing them. A telephone booth would have provided all the space they needed as his arms went swiftly around her and his lips discovered hers.

Presently, "I never dreamed I had a chance," he murmured huskily. "You are so proud of your father and his success that I thought that unless a man was a regular ball of fire in business—"

"I thought so myself," she confessed. But her eyes, meeting his, removed any sting that might be in that even before she added, "But I'll bet you'll be a ball of fire yet. Not that it matters—"

They sprang apart hastily. The door to the little shop had opened and a voice was speaking. "Say," it demanded, "how about that taxi?"

"Gracious," gasped Bettina, "I'd completely forgotten—"

She paused to blush to her charming ears as Peter quickly offered the driver a bill.

The driver glanced at the bill and automatically reached into his pocket for change. And as automatically withdrew his hand. He, as the phrase goes, knew his onions.

"I can't break this," he complained.

"Don't bother to," advised Peter pointedly. The driver grinned. "Much obliged," he said and, disciplining a desire to wink, withdrew.

The wink, however, was only momentarily delayed. He tendered it to the elevator man as he fluttered the bill under the latter's nose.

"See that?" he exulted. "Got it from the guy in there—caught him with a case of regular pre-war stuff in his arms."

About what these days passes for love he was a cynic. Yet he did know the real thing when he saw it. Pre-war stuff, he had called it. The stuff that the little god, not so blind as he seems, still manages to slip to his customers.

Two of whom, back in the little shop, were again occupying no more space than a phone booth would have provided.

For even modern love stories still end that way.

A Book Upside Down by E. Phillips Oppenheim (Continued from page 37)

one put in upside down—looks as though it had been returned to its place in a hurry, too—no dust on it, evidently been looked at lately. "The History of the Rosicrucians," he went on, reading out the title. "That's a valuable book, isn't it, Miss Mason?"

"I know nothing about the prices," she replied. "I expect you'll find it inside."

He glanced at the title-page and nodded. "Forty shillings," he murmured. "That's quite a lot of money! Had you noticed, Miss Mason, that the volume was in upside down?"

"I haven't been near the shelves. I've had other things to think about."

"You haven't shown the book, then, to anyone who's been in since?"

"I haven't been near this end of the shop."

Benskin handled the volume gingerly. "It's interesting in a way, you know," he observed, "because it probably was taken down by the murderer. You won't mind if I keep it for a time, Miss Mason? I don't think it's much use looking for finger-prints, but you never can tell."

He asked a few more questions and presently prepared to take his leave. The girl smiled at him sardonically.

"Well," she asked, "any theory?"

He shook his head. "I can't go so far as that for the moment," he admitted. "By the by, can you tell me whether the whole contents of the till were taken?"

"Every penny. There were over seventy pounds in treasury notes and cash."

Benskin shut up his pocketbook and sighed. "The facts so far," he acknowledged, "are not very helpful. Still, we must do what we can."

"Oh, you'll hang someone, all right, no doubt," the girl remarked sourly. "Be careful it's the right one, though. That's all!"

Benskin admitted to himself, as he mounted the steps of the free library in the next street, that if the single clue he had unearthed failed him, it was extremely unlikely that anyone ever would hang for the Dunster Street murder.

He inquired for the librarian, introduced himself and drew him on one side.

"I've come to ask you a question, if I may, Mr. Broadbent," he said, "with reference to this Dunster Street murder."

"I knew the old man well. I don't quite see what help I can be to you, though."

"It isn't exactly obvious," Benskin confessed, "but if you can answer me a question, it might turn out to be of some assistance. Can you recall any subscriber to the library particularly interested in works on alchemy and magic?"

"We could tell, of course, only by the books they ask for. One of our young fellows at the counter has a marvelous memory. We'll try him, if you like."

"I should be very grateful."

They found the young man, who listened to what the librarian had to say.

"There's one young fellow," he confided, "takes out nothing but books on alchemy and occultism—comes here now and then and reads in the reference department too."

"Can you give me his name and address?"

"I can find you his ticket, I expect. He hasn't been in for a few days."

The young man disappeared and returned with a long, oblong strip of cardboard.

"The name is Richard Monk," he announced, "address, Ballater Buildings, just behind here."

Benskin glanced at his watch as he left the library. It was just nine o'clock—not too late for a call at Ballater Buildings. Here a stroke of good fortune befell him. The man seated behind the desk in the plain stone hall was an ex-policeman who once had been upon his own beat. The two shook hands.

"I looked in to make an inquiry about one of your lodgers here—a young fellow named Monk—Richard Monk," Benskin said.

The porter scratched his chin. "Not much

wrong with him, I should think, except that he's been pretty well starved lately. Writing a book, he always says he is, but it don't seem to bring him in much. He got hold of a bit of brass somehow last week and paid up the rent, or out from here he'd have had to go."

"I don't suppose you'd be able to remember what Monk's movements were last Thursday evening?"

The man considered for a moment. "He most often stays in at night," he ruminated. "Let me see. Last Thursday, it was, he had to go out for an hour or so in the evening—somewhere about eight or nine, I think it was. I didn't see him come back, but I know it wasn't late because his key had gone again when I went up at ten o'clock. I know that was the night because it was the same night that the old bookseller in Dunster Street, round the corner here, got done in."

Benskin made a little note in his pocketbook. "I don't know whether anything will come of this," he said, "but keep what you have told me in your mind, will you?—it might be important."

About an hour and a half later Benskin climbed five flights of stone steps and knocked at a door upon which was pasted an envelope addressed to Richard Monk. There was a brief delay, then the sound of a chair being pushed back, and the door was thrown open. A slim, scowling young man, in shirt and trousers, a pipe at the corner of his mouth, looked at his visitor suspiciously.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

"A word with you, Mr. Monk," Benskin answered.

The young man stood grudgingly on one side, and Benskin entered, closing the door behind him. The apartment was barely furnished. In the middle of the room was a table covered with sheets of manuscript, and a parcel of typewritten matter was piled upon a chair.

"I don't know you, do I?" the young man inquired ungraciously. "What is it that you want?"

"I have a warrant for your arrest for the murder of Samuel Rudd, bookseller, of Dunster Street, last Thursday," Benskin announced. "If you take my advice, you will make no reply whatever to the charge. In any case you will have to come with me to Bow Street."

The young man was obviously incapable of speech. He tottered to the chair upon which he had been seated, and leaning over the back of it, glared at his visitor.

"Murder! Who are you?" he demanded.

"I am Detective Benskin from Scotland Yard. You had better make your preparations and come along with me at once. The sooner it's over, the better. I have a taxicab outside."

Richard Monk stood away from the chair, leaned over the table and began to sort the manuscript with trembling fingers.

"Just three minutes," he begged. "This—must be done. My book. I've just finished it."

"I will wait," Benskin assented.

In less than the time stated, the loose pages were all in order and heaped side by side with the typewritten script. The young man tied a piece of tape around both. Then, turning away, he produced a coat, waistcoat and hat.

Benskin, with an adroit movement, slipped handcuffs upon his wrists. "You mustn't mind," he explained. "You see, this is a serious charge."

Upon the first landing, Monk paused for a moment. "There is one question," he said, "I should like to ask you."

"I already have told you in your own interests that I should advise you not to speak at all," was the stern reminder.

"Nevertheless," the other proceeded, clutching at the banisters, "I want to ask you this. I can't go on for a moment anyway. My knees feel funny. What made you single me out as being the man who might have killed

Samuel Rudd? Did anyone think that they saw me enter or leave the shop?"

Benskin shook his head. "You must not ask me to explain. We're not allowed to discuss these things at all. I will tell you this, though: I got on your track because there was a volume in Rudd's bookstore put in upside down."

"The Rosicrucians!" the young man muttered.

A month or so later, curiosity tempted Benskin to loiter once more outside the bookshop in Dunster Street. The girl came out to the shop entrance, more sullen than ever, more untidy, thin and hollow-eyed. She motioned to him and he crossed the threshold.

"You are sure you hung the right man, Mr. Detective?" she asked, a terrible bitterness in her tone.

"As sure as it is possible to be of anything in this world," he answered.

She considered the matter for a moment, her eyes like pools of somber fire.

"By rights," she acknowledged slowly, "I should have stood in the dock, not he."

Then a terrible fear came to Benskin, who was a brave man. He was no sentimentalist, and he had heard the death sentence passed on Richard Monk with no other feeling save one of natural and professional satisfaction that justice had been done. In those few seconds, however, a torturing thought racked him. His first case! What if after all he had sent an innocent man to the gallows!

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"Richard was my lover," she confided. "We should have been married as soon as that book had been published. I told him I couldn't wait any longer, I told him that there were seventy pounds in the till. It was true that I was out that night, but I left the side door in the passage, which he used when he came to visit me, open so that he could come and go unseen."

"You were out?" Benskin repeated, with an immense relief.

"Yes, I was out. I didn't kill him with my own hands, although I've done it in my mind many a time. Richard did that, all right. But do you think I shall be able to forget that it was I who put the idea into his head? He didn't want to do it. He hated the thought. It was I who nagged him into it. What do you think of that, Mr. Detective—or don't you ever think at all except to get your poor prisoner under lock and key, and chuckle when he swings? What do you think about it now, I wonder? Richard struck the blow, but there was never murder in his brain. I put it there. Here I am. Richard is hanged. Is that justice?"

"You could have given evidence," Benskin told her. "It might not have altered the sentence, but one never knows."

"He wouldn't let me. I went to see him. He swore that if I did he would contradict me flatly and say that I was lying to shield him. He'd have done it too! Richard was like that. He was chockful of horror at himself for the thing he had done, and he wanted to die."

"I believe he did," Benskin groaned. "And now?"

The girl chuckled morbidly. There was a terrible light in her eyes.

"I've got half the money," she said. "He left it under the mat in the parlor. Do you know how I spend my nights? I light the gas, and I go round every shelf in the place to see if there's a book upside down. That's because I'm going mad, you see! I'm mad enough now to kill you if I'd anything to do with it."

She turned away, disappearing through the inner door, slamming and locking it after her. Benskin slowly left the place. From that moment he felt that he never should think again, without a nauseating thrill, of the commencement of his career, of those suave compliments which had fallen to his lot for having tracked down the murderer of Samuel Rudd.

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The Long Young Dreams (Continued from page 85)

Bridesmaids in orchid taffeta approached through the lane of herded, watching people. Rhythmically they moved, dragging the toes of their silver shoes at every step a little. They were like dolls . . . Two bridesmaids. Then, at a careful distance, two more. Then a third pair. Then an ambling, beaming cherub in a white suit and socks, bearing a white satin pillow. Then two beruffled five-year-old flower girls. Then—

Gregory dropped his eyes.

A moment, and the music faded, changed. Faintly now it sighed: music to make you dream, to make you weep and tremble. The church was hushed. Audience, bridesmaids, ushers were still, fixed and still as the flower-banked altar or as the painted pews.

Now the voice of the bishop, deep, sonorous, dramatic: "Dearrr-ly beloved—"

Gregory raised his eyes. She was very near him. So near he could have touched her, so near he could see the almost invisible quivering of the lilies-of-the-valley she held. She was very tiny: shoulder-high to Tuck. Beyond his stalwart black sleeve her profile was marble, exquisitely chiseled, motionless and cold. Only the curving lashes, and the scarlet arrow of the lips, had warmth.

Gloria . . .

They were seniors at college, he and Tuck, living together in a bright, bannered room in an ivy-clad gray-stone house. There had been a vacation seventeen days long; it was evening of the seventeenth day. Gregory had been back for an hour or two. He had unpacked, undressed, donned pajamas and bath-robe, blown the dust off a text-book, opened it, sighed abysmally, and slapped it shut. He had started the phonograph on the window-seat. He lay stretched out in a Morris chair near by, smoking a pipe.

Tuck entered. He booted the door open and romped in, uttering cries. He dropped two belabeled suitcases, shook hands with Gregory, and pummeled him. Then he squared off, parted a raccoon coat and a suit coat, and indicated a vest on which a fraternity pin had been but now was not, saying dramatically, "Gone!"

Gregory surveyed the vest, head on one side. "You're right," he said. "It is gone. Gone where?"

"Gone," said Tuck, "to Gloria."

That was the first time Gregory ever had heard of her.

During the rest of the year he heard of little else. The room became a gallery of her photographs. The morning mail daily included one of her corpulent mauve letters. Portions of these were read aloud to Gregory, with explanations and interpretations; he came to know her really rather well.

He knew her age. He knew her favorite slang, and the make of her roadster, and just how fast and far it would go on a gallon of gasoline. He knew what flowers she liked, and what candy, and all about the time she almost had died of typhoid pneumonia. Her face was as familiar to him as a relative's; he could have drawn her features blindfolded. The level dark brows. The slanting eyes. The little, short, somehow snobbish nose. The upper lip that was two petals and the lower lip that was one. The straight bobbed black hair.

He knew that the town where she lived had eighteen thousand inhabitants, approximately half of whom toiled in the mills of her father. She was the Little Girl of the Big House, the slim and careless princess of the realm. Whenever she had a cold, or entertained a guest, or gave a party, or went away, the local News broke out into head-lines.

Sometimes Gregory wrote "Hello there!" postscripts on the ends of Tuck's letters to her. Sometimes he idly commanded Tuck to "Give her my love." Once, when Tuck was ill in the college infirmary, he talked with her on

very long-distance. She had a little drawly Alabama voice, rather frightened.

"Oh, Greg! It isn't *dange-rous*, Greg?" . . . At the end she cried, "Listen!" and Gregory listened, and there was a tiny lip sound, faint and far-away. "That was a kiss," said Gloria. "Fo' Tuck. You tell him."

But he never saw her until two years later. Until the day before her wedding-day.

She was standing beside Tuck on the station platform, eying the sliding windows of the train. She wore a white flannel suit, very snug, very smart, and a little felt off-the-face hat. Her right hand was fisted in a pocket, small-girlishly; the left held a silky Pekingese dog, like a brown bouquet against her shoulder. It could be no other. The slant eyes, the mouth, the brows, were Gloria's—in color.

"Sa-ay!" thought Gregory. "I never realized—"

As immediate background to the picture, there was a crouching motor-car, stuffed with girls and men, parked beyond at the outer edge of the platform. One of the girls and two of the men sat on the top, which was folded down, and a second girl perched on a third man's knees, and a fourth man lounged with his golf-hosed legs dangling over the door of the car, and the whole effect was exceedingly cheerful and nonchalant and young.

Gregory stepped off the train . . . She used marvelous perfume. Dim, yet pervasive. Marvelous. Her eyes were deeply blue, blue as heaven, and her smile was a lazy slight parting of the lips.

"So this is Greg!" she said. But it didn't matter, it never had mattered, it never would matter until she was forty or more, what Gloria said.

All the morning—his train had arrived at nine—he wondered dully what was wrong with him. He wondered why he felt by turns happy and heart-broken; why he kept thinking, "I ought not to have come." In effect he stood off and watched himself, with amazement and chagrin. He saw himself look too often at Gloria. He saw himself begin to smile when she began to speak, and laugh too loud and long when she had spoken. He saw himself morose and bored in her absence; waxing loquacious, boisterous—almost showing off—when she was there.

The diagnosis was obvious. Even to a gentleman who, in twenty-six years, never had been more than a very little in love, it was obvious. But Gregory would not believe it. His mind refused to convict him of such crass and utter folly, such unthinkable disloyalty to Tuck.

Then the bridal party held rehearsal in the echoing empty church—and he had to believe it. He saw Gloria on her father's arm come down the aisle to Tuck; and things swam before his eyes, and he knew.

He went back to the big cool taffeta guest-room and shut the door, and in the mirror between the tall electric lamps he talked to himself. "You ass! What's the matter with you? Haven't you got any sense?"

The answer was simply, "No." And to that there wasn't any answer.

He resolved to stay away from Gloria; and so heroically did he keep this resolution that about four o'clock in the afternoon she dropped down on a divan beside him, murmuring, "Best man, why aren't you being at all nice to the bride?"

They were on a spacious awninged porch. The porch was full of pretty girls tying sashes of white ribbon around wedding-cake boxes, and of young men who obediently put their fingers on the knots. Somebody played a piano in the room adjoining. One couple danced. Tuck juggled a cocktail shaker.

"I didn't know I wasn't," said Gregory. Gloria ignored that. "Nice to the bride," she said firmly, "is one of the things everybody has to be. Like kind to the sick." Leaning forward a little, she regarded him over one



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shoulder, and gave her lazy charming smile. "Greg Jo'dan, don't you know that if you don't like me Tuck will never forgive either of us?"

"But I do like you."

"Really?"

"Really. Immensely."

"I wondered," said Gloria. "I thought you did, and then I thought you didn't—" Her voice trailed off dreamily. Her eyes forsook Gregory and focused with seeming concentration upon the couple fox-trotting close by. Gregory would have sworn her next remark would be relative to them. But it wasn't. She said, "It's funny, meeting you at last. Isn't it?"

"Isn't it?"

"It's funny," she continued, "because I knew all about you—and now I don't know anything about you."

Gregory nodded comprehendingly. He also felt that way.

"So tell me about you," said Gloria. Then her hand was in his, a silky cool little hand that tugged. "Come on," she commanded, rising. "Come and help me open some presents the expressman just brought. They're in wooden boxes, so I can't alone, and everybody's busy but you. Besides, we can talk."

They left the sun-porch hand in hand, Gloria a pilot's step in the lead. Four times on their way through the dim beautiful house they were halted. Once by a telephone call for Gloria. Once by Gloria's mother, who waited distractedly in passing, "Honey, where on earth did I put that list?" Once by the butler, to ask if the detective on guard in the room where the presents were might smoke while he guarded. Once by a maid who desired to know whether the silver evening gown with the orange flower should go into one of the trunks or one of the suitcases . . .

"This getting married!" sighed Gloria.

"Quite a chore, isn't it?" Gregory agreed.

"Terrific." She was pensive, and added after a moment, "Tuck's sweet, though, don't you think?"

"Say!" began Gregory.

He was still declaiming on the manifold merits of Tuck when they reached their destination. This was a large room at the end of the house, used ordinarily by Gloria's young brother as a club-room for himself and kindred spirits.

The club (it was called the N. W. A.—"No Wimmin Admitted") had been compelled, to its unanimous vexation, to seek temporary quarters somewhere else.

In the room there was a tremendous welter of demolished boxes, shredded paper, excelsior, ribbon, string, all over the floor; and a pile of unopened boxes and crates towering above that welter.

"Poor little girl!" said Gregory, looking in from the threshold. "Friendless and neglected—aren't you? It's a shame!" lie waded in. "Mind if I take my coat off?"

"No, do," she directed, following. "Let's see, now. You'll find a hammer and things somewhere round—"

Then for fifteen minutes there was pounding and sawing and the horrid squeak of nails being yanked from wood. Gregory grew warm. His face reddened under its handsome tan, his hair developed surprising tight ringlets. His broadcloth shirt clung to his back and shoulders. He looked less impeccable than usual—and more magnificent.

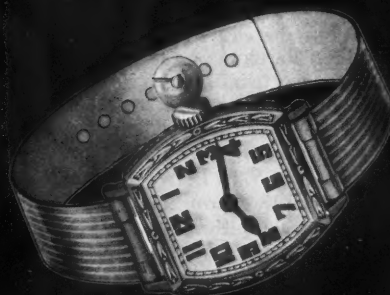
Gloria sat on an upturned empty china barrel and watched, saying little.

He was intensely conscious of her eyes. Because of them he tried to curb his hair's unruliness by plowing through it often with his fingers. Because of them he refrained from loosening his collar; from uttering the oaths and making the faces that normally attend the extraction of obstinate nails. Under that steady blue gaze he rejoiced in his strength. It pleased him to handle heavy crates as if they were toys, to pry up thick boards with the effortless air of one lifting crust from a pie . . .

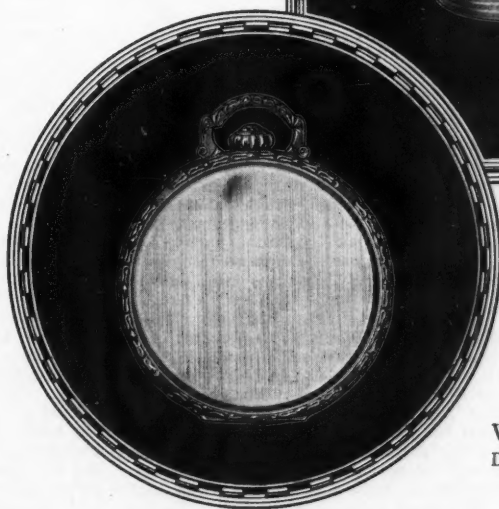
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[Lilas de France]

"You've never tried it, have you?" remarked Gloria suddenly.

He looked up at her; sat back on his heels, that he might look at her the better. "Tried what?"

"Getting married."

"Oh. No. Not yet."

"I wonder why you haven't," Gloria mused.

She was very small and slender on the big barrel; very picturesque. She leaned backward a trifle, bracing herself on one hand. "Little thing," thought Gregory. "Little thing."

"Tuck says," she went on, "that you've never even been in love, as far as he knows. I mean, really in love."

"Tuck is right."

"And you wouldn't get married without being really in love, would you?"

"Why, no. Would you?"

"I reckon not," said Gloria listlessly.

She slid from the barrel and wandered over to the corner where Gregory had placed the presents as he unearthed them. She stood there, her back toward him, her hands on her hips, surveying the display. For a minute or more she stood there. Once she leaned down and picked up a plate and examined the back of it. Once she said, indicating with her slipper-toe a plump pottery lamp, "Why do second cousins always have atrocious taste?"

When she turned finally, she held a cloisonné boudoir clock, an exquisite thing, in her hands. And she was smiling.

"Speaking of love," she murmured, "a very-long-time-ago flame of mine sent me this. Don Gibson. From Memphis. He was the only man I ever really cared much about—except Tuck, of course." She paused, and her eyes went direct to Gregory's. "Isn't it odd?" she observed. "He looked like you." She set the clock down and slipped the card that belonged to it into her pocket. "Go on," she said. "Open some more." And then, curiously, "Why are you looking at me that funny way?"

"I was thinking."

"Thinking what?"

"Oh, that you're—different from most brides."

"Calmer, do you mean?" She smiled her slight, light smile. "Most brides are happy," she told him simply. Then her eyes grew startled, grew ashamed. One hand flew to press against her lips, and she shook her head slowly, staring at him. "I didn't say it," she said, like a child.

"I didn't hear you," said Gregory.

During the rest of their sojourn in the room of the excelsior and sawdust they discussed very bravely and brightly the maid of honor, Amherst, the possibility of rain on the morrow, the presents they unpacked, and a dozen other sane, safe things . . .

There was dancing that evening. In the low stucco club-house of the Regis Country Club. It was very gay, with its Japanese lanterns, its laughter, its glittering gowns. Certainly it was brilliant. A "from" party. Supper from Birmingham. Beverages from Cuba. Band from South Africa via New Orleans. Guests from here and there, chiefly there.

Gregory was the perfect best man. He did all the things he should have done. He danced with all the ladies he should have danced with. He saw to it that elderly aunts had ices, that wall-flowers were plucked at least occasionally, that Tuck every hour or so donned a fresh collar from a bundle brought from the house for that purpose. He did not drink too much, though almost everyone else did and he wanted to more, he was sure, than any of them.

He danced five times with Gloria. The first time he said, "You're looking very lovely this evening," and she said, "That's sweet of you," and then somebody or other cut in. The second time, somebody cut before he could say anything at all. The third time Gloria said, "Greg, do me a favor—you're the only one who seems to be taking any responsibility for this party—go and tell the orchestra to play sho'ter dances and mo' of them, won't

you, please?" The fourth time she thanked him for having done so.

The fifth time he said teasingly, "Such popularity must be deserved! Ten steps is the furthest you've danced with any one man at any time all evening. I know. I've been watching you."

And she answered, dimpling, "I told you everybody had to be nice to the bride." And another pair of black broadcloth arms appeared and snatched her away.

Gregory spoke truly. He had indeed been watching her. Over the powdered shoulders of dowagers and débutantes his eyes had followed her everywhere. He knew where she was always. And with whom. He counted the number of times Tuck danced with her, and noted Tuck's happiness, his tenderness, his glow—and was sorry for Tuck, knowing what he knew, achingly sorry—but not so sorry as he was for Gregory Jordan, who had found the little girl of his long young dreams only after she was lost to him.

Toward one o'clock he sensed from afar that Gloria was becoming very weary. Her smiles, her responses were mechanical now. Her feet moved as if the jazz pulled them with strings; as if without the jazz they could not stir. Once he saw her close her eyes and press her fingers against her temples, hard.

He sought out Tuck. "Gloria's dog-tired," he said. "She ought to go home."

"How can she? It's her party."

"I know. But everybody'd understand."

Tuck's glance searched the floor and discovered his fiancée, dancing with one of the ushers at the far end. "I asked her half an hour ago if she was tired," he said. "She vowed she wasn't."

"But you can tell she is, just to watch her."

Tuck watched her an instant; then he left Gregory and made his way through the churning, spinning couples to her side. They danced half the length of the room. Tuck leaning back, looking down, pleading, Gloria resolutely shaking her dark cropped head. At the doorway where the stags clustered he was called upon to surrender her, and did.

He returned, frowning, to Gregory. "She won't budge."

Gloria and her partner danced by. She threw them a kiss on a finger-tip.

"You talk to her," suggested Tuck.

"What good—"

"Go on. Try."

Gregory cut in.

"I absolutely and positively will not," she said at once, before he could speak.

"Why not, Gloria? You're tired—"

"I'm dead. But I won't go home till they play 'No Place Like Home'—and even then I may not. After tonight," said Gloria, and her voice was hardly more than a breath against his cheek, "I'll be a married woman. Someone all the married men very politely dance with because I play bridge with their wives, or they play golf with my husband, or something. Tonight's the last night I'll ever be a girl—and I'm going to make it last as long as I can. Run away, Billy," she added pleasantly to a youth who desired to relieve Gregory. "Later."

"Thanks for that," Gregory said.

"Dance toward the door, Greg, and we'll go outside a minute. I need air—and quiet."

"I'd better get Tuck," he began punctiliously. "People might—"

"And a chance to cry," concluded Gloria. The hand that Gregory's hand clasped tightened spasmodically. She let her head drop back, and her eyes were wide and dark and imperious in their feathery frames. "Oh, mind me!" she cried. "Stop arguing! Tonight—what do I care about people?"

They danced toward the door in silence.

The porch outside was full of dusk and shadow; full of blurred couples, wheeling, whispering; heady with romance. The music that came from the ballroom had lost its brass in transit; it was sheer song, plaint of the heart and the pulses. Here and there above the stone railing cigarets made hot red dots in



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the dark. A girl laughed a soft little flattered laugh, like three notes on a violin.

They went down the wide steps to the driveway, and crossed to the other side. The sod of a putting-green caressed their feet.

"Careful of the holes," Gregory warned, and took her arm. The feel of it, warm and round and satiny, was intoxication. He kept his eyes on the ground until the putting-green was passed. Then he scrutinized Gloria obliquely. "You're not really going to cry, are you?" he queried.

Her face was lifted up; given to the perfumed cool of the little wind. Her eyes were lifted. "Ol' yellow moon," she sighed. And answered him in a voice suddenly reckless, defiant. "I might. I might do anything, the way I feel."

Their feet had led them up a small slope and on to the first tee of the golf-links. Gloria sat down on a wooden bench and rested her head against the long-legged sand-box that stood beside it.

"I don't know why I tell you things, Greg," she observed. "You're the last person on earth I ought to tell—certain things to. I don't know you at all, to begin with. And you're Tuck's best friend."

Gregory was silent.

"I told you something this afternoon," Gloria said after a pause.

He nodded. "Yes."

"Of co'se I took it back. But you knew it was true, didn't you?"

"I suppose I did."

Gloria's fingers were toying with a gold vanity-case in her lap. She held it up and twisted it tight on its chain and watched it untwist. "I don't love him," she said shortly, sorrowfully. "You might as well know."

It was impossible to refute a statement uttered in that tone and with that manner. But Gregory, to his credit, made an attempt.

"It's your mood, I think, Gloria," he said. "It's natural. You've had a darn good time all your life, and dozens of men to play around with, and the idea of settling down with just one man dismays you a little, now that it's so near. You've suddenly decided it was pretty good fun to be single—to be a girl, as you said a minute ago. You've decided you won't like being a married woman nearly so well—and since Tuck's the fellow who's making you one, you've decided you don't like him."

So earnestly had he said these things that he almost had convinced himself. He felt wise, and helpful, and brotherly. He squeezed Gloria's hand, a brotherly squeeze.

"It's all right," he assured her. "Don't let it worry you. Tuck is one of the grandest guys God ever made, and you can't help loving him, unless—" He stopped. Scowled. He was still the brother, struck with a new thought. "There isn't anybody you like better, is there?"

"There wasn't," said Gloria.

In a flash he was himself again. Gregory Jordan, deeply in love, terribly in love. His heart beat a tom-tom against his chest. His hands grew damp. He could not look at Gloria. He looked at the ground. Perceiving a pebble, pearly under the moon, he picked it up and threw it. What did she mean? Did she mean—Did she?

"And you," said Gloria slowly and with conviction, "feel the same way."

"Yes," he said.

He straightened up, and Gloria straightened, and for an age-long minute they stared at each other, too moved to speak, suddenly too appalled to move. Then Gregory's hands reached out swiftly . . . only to fall limp, hopeless, between his knees. He clenched them together, and brought them up and rested his forehead on them.

"Oh, my dear," he whispered. "My dear."

He remained thus for some time. Gloria sat very quietly beside him. His lids were lowered, but he could see her. Gloria. Wrapped with moonlight. Silver girl, girl of dreams . . .

"If you don't love him, why are you marrying him?" he asked at last wearily. "Tell me that."

Her voice was small and husky and inexpressibly sad. "I didn't realize I didn't love him—until today. I'm awfully fond of him, and I like to be with him—he's always been my buddy, sort of—" She hesitated. "I thought that if there was anything more, then I must be incapable of feeling it. I never had felt it, you see, except just a little bit once. Until today," she repeated.

Gregory gave a muffled, wordless exclamation. He leaped up and began to stalk around the tee, his fists deep dug in his dinner coat pockets . . . Presently he came back to stand confronting Gloria; he seized her wrists and pulled her to her feet.

"Look here," he said hoarsely, savagely. "Don't say such things. You do love him! He's—why, Gloria, there never was anybody like him, never! He's square, he's splendid, he's—everything. And I'm nothing. I amount to nothing. You don't know, of course. You don't know me, or one single thing about me except what he—"

"I don't need to," said Gloria.

There was stamped upon his memory, in-eradicably, a picture of her as she looked in that timeless split-second: her face like a pale heart lifted to his face; her dark hair blown by the artist wind forward against her cheeks . . . He groaned, and shut his eyes and his mind, and caught her close.

He thought wildly, "I never will let her go. Never. Never." Over and over he thought that, holding her as though in truth he never would, kissing her lashes, her throat, her lips.

She was crying when at last he raised his head and looked at her. He could feel her tears, moist on his own cheek.

"Dearest. Don't," he said shakily.

"I can't help it. I just can't help it! Oh, Greg, why didn't you ever come—till it was too late?"

The last two words stabbed them both like cruel, quick knives. Once more they stared dumbly at each other. Then Gregory felt Gloria's slim taut body relax and soften in the clasp of his arms. He felt her mouth, like a blossom brushed across his mouth.

"It isn't too late," said Gloria. Of a sudden fiercely she clung to him. "It isn't too late! It isn't tomorrow, Greg—it's tonight! Listen. Listen, Darling. Nothing matters but this, does it? Nothing. Nobody. Oh, don't you love me enough so that nobody matters? Enough to forget that there is anybody but just you and me?"

He loved her, in that moment, quite that much. He was as excited as she, as mad, as utterly unthinking and uncaring. Here was his girl. Here was his happiness. Here in his arms were all the things that all his life he had sought. Now he would keep them.

"Gloria," he whispered. "Gloria. Let's not go back. Let's find your little car—right now—and never go back."

"Yes! Let's!" she answered breathlessly.

But they had to go back for a moment at least. The key to Gloria's little car was in Tuck's pocket.

Their recollection of this fact sobered them both.

"I'll get it, all right," Gloria said. "I'll tell him you're taking me home." But her tone was flat; a monotone. And when he kissed her again, some of the ecstasy was lost.

They started for the club-house. Slowly they went, stumbling a little, holding fast to one another's hands. Down the grassy slope from the tee. Around the rim of the putting-green. Across the drive . . . Gregory spoke not at all, for he had begun to think again.

Gloria spoke only once. "Those saxophones," she murmured, shivering. "They laugh so."

At the foot of the porch steps they simultaneously halted, and faced each other, and waited. It was as though each expected the

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other to say something. But neither did. After an instant their hands fell apart, and Gloria led the way into the club-house.

Tuck was standing in the doorway where the stags kept vigil; standing somewhat apart from them, beaming benignly upon everybody. Apparently he had danced lately, for his face was flushed and he patted it with a damp, limp handful of handkerchief. At the approach of his bride and his best man, he grinned more widely, and thrust the handkerchief into a rear pocket.

"Well!" he said. "What ho! Where have you been?"

"Were you worried?" asked Gloria lightly, oh, so lightly.

"Worried sick! I thought you'd eloped or something!"

This seemed to him funny, and he chuckled, looking with twinkling, fond blue eyes from one to the other.

("Oh, God," thought Gregory. "Oh, God!")

"We took a little walk," explained Gloria. "I thought the air might make me feel better. But"—she flashed a glance at Gregory, as if only from him could she gain the courage to go on—"but it hasn't. I reckon you were right, Tuck. I'd better go home and—get some sleep."

Tuck was instantly grave, solicitous. "Of course, baby," he said. "We'll go this minute. Get your wrap. I'll wait right here."

Gregory thought, "Now." He thought frantically, "Oh, she won't, she can't!" He tried to speak, to keep her from speaking; but something choked him. He stood mute.

"Wouldn't it be better," Gloria said, "if Greg drove me over to the house? You and I shouldn't both leave the party, do you think? It's our party—and there are lots of relatives and things you haven't been nice to yet." Her voice was becoming more natural, her mien more composed, with every word. She held out her hand, palm upward. She even smiled. "Give us the key, Honey. The key to the car."

Tuck explored his pockets. Immediately. Without hesitation. "Sure," he agreed. "That's the thing to do." He handed the key not to Gloria, but to Gregory; and grinned his big grin. "Don't drive too fast, young fella," he commanded jovially. "You've got a pretty precious cargo, remember that."

Gregory mumbled that he would remember that. His fingers closed over the key.

"Tell Mother—" began Gloria. And shook her head. "No. I'll see her myself. I want to say—good night to her."

"She's over there." Tuck indicated a group in a distant corner. "Come on," he added, "I'll go with you."

"Wait for me in the car, Greg," said Gloria over her shoulder. Pale she was, he noticed. Deathly pale . . .

He stood quite still in the doorway and watched them cross the room. The band was at rest, the floor was empty now; he had an unobstructed view. There went Gloria. Gloria, whom he loved. There went Tuck, who loved and trusted him. "I thought you'd eloped or something!" Tuck had said that, and laughed. Laughed. And his fond eyes, going from one to the other, had said, "Isn't Greg a wonder, Gloria? Haven't I got a marvelous girl, Greg? Didn't I always tell you, both of you?"

A great sob rose in Gregory's throat. He whirled blindly—and almost, not quite, collided with the red-headed bridesmaid.

The red-headed bridesmaid was named Marion something, and she hailed from Washington, D. C. She had a slight, sweet lisp and beautiful legs and a heart like a stag hotel. All day long and half this glamorous night she had striven to interest Gregory, who appeared to her to be the ideal tenant. All day long she had talked for his benefit, smiled and been vivacious for his benefit. This evening she had cast aside the blue dress, which was newer, in favor of the green dress, which was lower, and spent an hour and

twenty minutes on her coiffure—for his benefit. She deserved success. And she no doubt now believed that success was hers; for Gregory greeted her with an enthusiasm that, in view of his marked indifference up to this point, would have amazed a maiden more astute and less vain of her charms than was the red-headed bridesmaid named Marion something.

"Hello, there!" he exclaimed, and seized both her hands. "You're just the little girl I'm looking for!"

"Oh, truly? How nice!"

"I think it's time you danced with me," said Gregory. "Or better yet"—he squeezed her hands, looked deep into her eyes—"or better yet—let's go outside and count the stars, shall we?"

"I've already counted them," Marion giggled. "But maybe I missed one or two."

They went outside.

"Let's go sit in a car," Gregory suggested when they reached the foot of the steps. "I know a grand car, with a flask in its pocket—"

"Lead me there!"

They almost ran down the driveway to the parking court, Gregory setting the breakneck pace.

"Good grief!" protested his lady. "What's the rush? I said 'Lead,' but I didn't say 'Yank.' I'm not *this* thirsty!"

"Sorry," he apologized, slowing down a trifle. "We haven't much farther to go, anyway. See that little roadster over there?"

"Um-hum. It's Gloria's roadster, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Are we going to count stars in Gloria's roadster—with the top up?"

"We are," said Gregory grimly.

He opened the roadster's door for Marion, slid in after her and banged it shut. He found the flask, brought along by Tuck as a sort of auxiliary tank, and proffered it to Marion, who partook with gusto. He himself drank hurriedly. There was no time to lose.

"Now!" he said when the flask was put away. "I feel better, don't you?" He possessed himself gently of Marion's hands. "You have lovely hands," he told her. "I noticed them this afternoon. You would have, of course. Everything about you is—rather remarkable. Dangerously so, I should say."

He lifted one of the hands, kissed each finger-tip, kissed the palm and pressed it against his face. As he did so, something small and cold and tired in his mind smiled faintly. Women were such fools. All but one.

He drew Marion's hand around gently until her arm encircled his neck. He put his own near arm about her shoulders and tilted up her chin with his free hand.

"You know, I sort of like you," he said.

"Do you, Greg?"

He nodded, eyes on her eyes in the darkness.

"Well," she sighed, "I'm glad, because I'm crazy about you."

He kissed her. It had taken even less time than he had anticipated.

He continued to kiss her, to hold her tight, to breathe sentimental spurious things—meanwhile listening, listening hard. For what seemed an hour at least—it must have been about five minutes—he heard nothing. Nothing but the wail of the distant band, the rustle of the palm-trees in the wind, and his own murmurings . . . His back was toward the club-house. With increasing difficulty he restrained himself from turning around to peer up the drive.

He never did hear the footsteps for which his ears had strained. But they came. After a time Marion, lifting her head from his shoulder, stiffened, and her gaze plunged into the darkness close behind him.

"Hello!" she said in surprise. "Gloria!"

"Yes," answered Gloria's voice, cool and even. "I'm—sorry I interrupted."

Gregory looked around. She had begun already to retrace her steps.

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These errors are easy for you to see. Perhaps, however, you make other mistakes which offend other persons as much as these would offend you. How do you know that you do not mispronounce certain words; are you always sure that the things you say and write are grammatically perfect? To you they may seem correct; but others may know they are wrong.

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Marion called after her, "Come back here, Honey! You're not interrupting. Do you want something? Your car?"

Gloria halted; faced them. She was several yards away now, a little ivory statue in the gloaming.

"No," she said. "No. I don't want—anything at all."

She turned again, and fled on up the drive, until she was one with the farthest lavender shadows.

"Why," said Marion, "how—how queer!"

"Wasn't it!" said Gregory, white-lipped.

He returned with a jolt to the immediate present; to the church, to the ceremony. Guiltily he glanced to right and left, at once aware that something was wrong. This awful lull! Prolonged, uncomfortable. Nobody was speaking, nobody was stirring at all—and everyone was eying him. The bishop was eying him. The bridesmaids were eying him. Tuck was eying him with agonized

eyes . . . For one hideous second he fancied he had spoken aloud of the things he was thinking. Then he saw Tuck's lips say "Ring!" soundlessly, and he realized what the trouble was. The realization was an infinite relief.

From the vest pocket just below his heart he produced Gloria's little ring and gave it to Tuck.

He did not look at her. He could not.

"With this ring—" boomed the voice of the bishop.

"With this ring—" echoed Tuck, low.

Gregory looked straight at the red-headed bridesmaid, because she was across from him.

She met his eyes, and smiled faintly; an intimate smile that remembered and asked him if he too remembered.

"Fool," he thought. But she was pretty. Symmetrical and slim, with a crimson mouth. Oh, well . . .

He smiled faintly back.

God in the Darkness (Continued from page 63)

unfaith. I'd no longer take my unfaith as a sure symbol of intellectual superiority. It might mean only another sort of ignorant prejudice. As well as I might from that moment, I would seek truth and abide by its decision.

The seeking could be only an interrupted and more or less subconscious business. One must earn bread and butter. But the idea of the search became an intrinsic part of my thinking. When I returned to New York, after a year or so, I resolved to give the churches a chance and I made the rounds of them. But these preachers, brilliant, some of them, in earnest, most of them, were not for the atheist. They were for the believer. They preached on doctrine, on behavior, on world politics from the religious viewpoint.

What I desired was to be given faith in a God, a faith based not on alleged revelation but on reason. Doctrines meant nothing to me. I cared not whether one said prayers in the name of a God Who was three in one or one in three or one in one. I cared not whether one prayed on the knees or rolling across the floor—whether one prayed from a book or spun prayers from an aching fancy. I cared not whether the earth was created in fifteen seconds or in fifteen billions of years . . . Here was I—I—a midge asking the preachers in the name of their God to give me proof that He caused me and my terrible dance. They did not do so.

After two years I ceased my churchgoing and ten years went by in which I never attended a church service.

Late in these ten years my mother died—beautiful, brilliant, gay and brave, she was from my earliest memory until the day of her death the one unfailingly noble human fact in my life. When the doctors told me she must go, I stood in the window of her bedroom looking out on the exquisite Connecticut hills and with an intensity that made me dizzy I asked of that brooding beauty, "Give me faith that I shall meet her afterward. Give me faith or I cannot go through with this" . . . But it was the stoicism learned in youth that bore me up under the shock of that loss.

It was after this that my children came to me.

It's curious what children do to us average folk. Here was I whose chief preoccupation was with unbelief—whose hardest fight for years had been to keep from looking with cynicism on this blind double shuffle called living, and the efforts of religious-minded folk to give it a significance built on sugary and unsound axioms. And yet, practically overnight, with the responsibility of these little lives on my shoulders, I changed from cynicism to a devastating earnestness.

It might be that life was only a matter of automatic chemistry. It might be that we had

no significance save as bone meal. It might be that the struggle toward decency was a blind gesture. But my children were jolly well going to be trained to make that gesture. My determination on that point was born full-rigged and grim as the Mayflower. Why, I didn't know.

And I perpetrated another about-face at this time, also. Before my children's advent, the thing in life that I desired most was to write a great book. After their advent, I did not lose this desire, but it took second place. I found myself wishing above all else that I should be able to train these three to be successful human beings. Just what interpretation to put on the word *success* in this connection puzzled me for a long time, in fact puzzles me yet, but my mind worked about like this:

Did success mean making much money? No! The people I know who have achieved wealth usually have paid too much in the achieving. To become famous? Well, only if the fame is earned by some real contribution to mankind.

No, what I wanted and want to make of my children is fine human beings. I wanted them to help to make the world a better place in which to live.

What would help my children to take their place among those who were carrying humanity forward from the jungle? What were the essential qualities, the aspects that distinguished civilization from savagery? It seemed that the capacity for working together for the common good was at the very bottom of it: race solidarity that gave peoples and their institutions strength to survive. Then I must wish for my children to develop this capacity more than all others.

To do this, I must combat the attributes that all children have in common with their savage progenitors, selfishness, cruelty, laziness, dishonesty. But how? By force of example? It didn't take me long to learn that one might be a Martha for selfishness and a Franklin for industry and a Lincoln for honesty and tenderness and that no child would show the slightest desire to emulate one. It's only in after life that one fully appreciates the saintlike qualities of parents. Example was not enough.

Punishment? Helpful but not all-sufficing. The child really must understand the way of the punishment or it loses much of its efficacy. That was it. Understanding. The child must understand the importance of selfishness, kindness, industry, honesty—those quaint old-fashioned virtues—or they never could become engrained in his character.

I considered these virtues. They are for the moment rather out of fashionable conversation, but they are the backbone of society nevertheless. I had given them a great deal of thought as a child. Why? Mother's scolding me, of course, and—ah, I had it! Books! The kind

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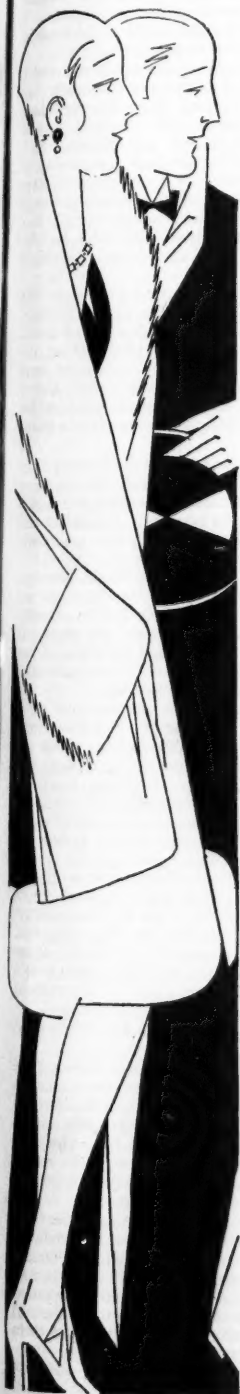
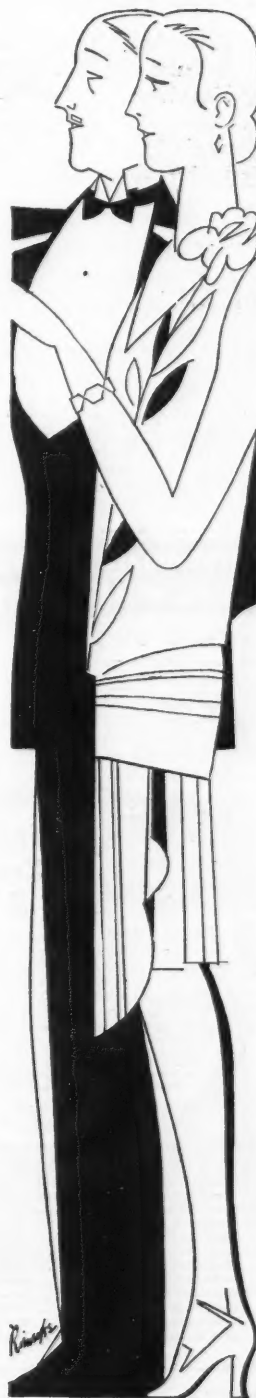
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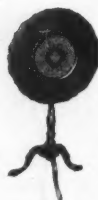
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of book laughed at today, by mothers, teachers, child psychologists—Sunday-school books!

There was no library in our town when I was a child save an old Sunday-school collection that had been gathered together heaven knew when and from what sources: the Rollo books, the Wide, Wide World, Queechy, the Dotty Dimple and the Prudy books, the Pansy books and Elsie Dinsmore; these I had devoured.

They were all alike in their essential quality. Their characters were concerned chiefly with matters of every-day ethics. The child hero or heroine sweated blood throughout the entire book to cure some weakness of character which was a serious hurt to its own and the family good. Their struggles had a more profound effect on me than Mother's scolding. I would cure myself of sneaking as did Christine. I would overcome my cowardice as did Reuben. I would be unselfish as was Elsie.

Yes, I hear the sneer with which you receive this confession! I accept the contumely, but the fact remains that these Sunday-school books built my code for me such as it was and I knew no other to give my children. So I started on a hunt for the modern equivalent of those ancient books. I found none. Either that method of teaching the homely virtues is obsolete or the modern writers for children haven't the talent those older ones had for building a sentimental melodrama on a child's struggle to be good.

Frustrated here, I started a hunt for the ancients. I unearthed Rollo, Elsie, The Wide, Wide World, and some of the Pansy books. My children, without regard to their sex, devoured them all before they were eight years old. Elsie's struggles with her father, Rollo's learning to work made long conversations for us and eased me of half my burden of admonishing.

I don't know that the books improved the children's behavior. But they did the thing I wanted done—focused their childish thoughts in a thrilling way on problems of behavior and enticed them into forming an embryonic opinion thereon.

As they passed the eight mark, however, these books lost their attraction and turned me back on myself for material. But I had nothing to give them save precepts, and these, uncoated by fancy or weighted by universal authority as Moses weighted the Commandments, are only an irritation to children.

Then chance, if it was chance, gave me a lift. My father, browsing in a rare-book store, brought home to me, half as a joke, a huge old pulpit Bible filled with superb engravings. The children were thrilled. Such an enormous book! Such horribly interesting pictures!

It was a deeply interesting experience to see them standing with such delight before the mighty book, stumbling through the quaint phrases and examining the pictures with such eager curiosity. Before many days of this, it dawned on me that here was the next Sunday-school book. Of themselves, of course, they would not keep up an interest in it. It required too much interpretation. I must do a large share. Thus began our few moments at breakfast each morning, with the Bible.

We've been keeping it up for nearly eight years.

It's astonishing how often we've gone through that Bible and how the children's interest in it does not flag. Straight along, we travel from "In the beginning God created" through to the last "Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen," eliminating not a single "begat," not a dirty treachery or lechery or passionate love song.

The children enjoy it. Once in a while, when events crowd, I skip a reading and they always protest. Again, as in the case of the Sunday-school books, I cannot say that all this does more than make discussion of ethics constant and easy. Only time will tell what the real behavior effect will be. That it makes them actually think there is no doubt.

Last winter, after hearing the story of David's affair with Bathsheba, the wife of

others, teachers, school books! I know when I was in school collected together heaven's treasures: the Rollo, Queechy, the story books, the re; these I had essential quality. I d chiefly with The child hero about the entire character which and the family more profound ling. I would Christine. I s did Reuben. ch you receive untumely, but Sunday-school as it was and ildren. So I equivalent of none. Either ely virtues is for children ones had for a on a child's hunt for the e, The Wide, ansy books. heir sex, de e eight years ther, Rollo's ersations for n of admou- mproved the d the thing ish thoughts ebehavior and embryonic k, however, d turned me I had noth- d these, un- niversal au- mandments, gave me a book store, a huge old vings. The enormous ctures! ence to see before the the quaint with such of this, it t Sunday- urse, they it. It re- must do a oments at ble. arly eight 've gone children's along, we created" ord Jesus iminating achery or tile, when y always Sunday- this does constant the real ces them story of wife of

Uriah, the Hittite, for at least the fourth time, one of the children said suddenly:

"Oh, I never thought of it before but that certainly was a rotten trick of David's, wasn't it? I think David was a crook even if he did write lovely poetry."

She wouldn't let go of the matter. Why did God hold David up as an example when he'd done a thing like that? Did men do things like that today? Who punished them? Did people today go right on being friends with such men? Exactly why did people keep their marriage vows? David has not yet reinstated himself in her good graces.

One never knows whether their comments and questions will lead. I have only one rule for myself—to answer to the best of my knowledge. Noah and the animals, two by two.

"Why two, Mother? He could have had more kinds if he'd only taken one."

I replied, "Because that is the only way animals can breed their young."

"But why, Mother, why?"

The ten commandments. "Do you believe them, Mother? Aren't some of them silly? Like not coveting. Anyone has to covet!"

I reminded him that it was coveting that led David to murder.

"Just the same, it's hard not to covet gold and motor-cycles. Mother, do you believe Moses got those straight from God?"

"No," was my answer, "I think he had a great understanding of people's weaknesses. He made some very wise laws that he knew people would hate to obey. He knew that they'd never obey just an ordinary human being, so he let the people think he got them in a miraculous way from God."

He looked at me thoughtfully and asked, "Do you think he was justified in telling such a lie even if it did the work?"

"No, I don't," said Mother, a little uncertainly within herself.

No question of ethics has been brought up more frequently by the Bible readings than that of honor. Especially by the treacheries of the kings of Israel and Judah have the children been bothered, and the Lord of those days was not above intrigue, either, it seemed to them. I have made no attempt to justify or minimize the crooked acts.

As the years go on and the children teach me more and more, I am increasingly impressed by the importance of creating in them a sense of honor. Of all the virtues, this seems first to me, because it covers so many vital aspects of life.

After all, the business of the world depends on enough of us being honest so that the dishonest may not create chaos.

And of all the virtues this is the most difficult for the child to acquire. We're all born a bit on the crooked side. But a boy or girl who has learned to pass harsh judgment on shady tricks—on sneaking, lying, pretending, or putting over such smart deals as delighted the Old Testament folk—is rather apt to judge himself harshly if he yields to the temptation to indulge himself in that direction. If such discussion doesn't make him honest, it at least gives him a perfectly clear consciousness of what honesty is. And that, after all, is the parents' share of the battle. The rest is the child's own fight in which no one really can help him.

Ruskin's mother made him a list of readings from the Bible, scattered from Exodus to Revelation, excerpts chosen with extraordinary understanding of a boy, which she caused him to learn by heart. "These," said Ruskin, "I count confidently the most precious and on the whole the one essential part of my education." Me—I'd not sniff at my son's having Ruskin's brain and education!

Well, we have the Bible. But knowledge is not discipline. And as the children grow older they will not accept as final information about morals on the parents' lone authority. Even before they reach their teens, children desire the approval of the world on the family standards.

"Oh, Mother, don't be goody-good. Aw, Dad's too particular! People aren't like that



"Does your favorite smoke go sour sometimes?"

Great After Smoking

"You smoke pretty steadily, Bill, don't you?"

"Yes, what makes you ask?"

"Well, because you always seem to enjoy it so thoroughly. But with me my pet smoke goes sour sometimes when I smoke that way."

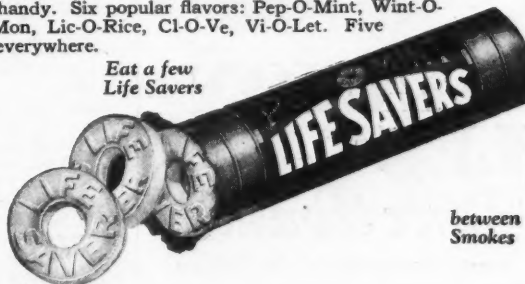
"The answer is easy," the other man said. "Just eat a few Life Savers in between and see how much better each new smoke tastes!"

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really! None of the kids I know are kept as strict as we are."

After I'd been greeted with these comments for several months before my eldest reached the teens, I realized that we needed help—outside help to popularize our family standards. But help came from an unexpected quarter.

One of the children, aged eight, asked me if God lived on the stars with all the people He let die.

I replied that I didn't know.

Young eight: "Does anyone know?"

Mother: "There are places like churches where they think they know."

Young eight: "If they know and you don't, why don't you go there and find out? I should say it was pretty important to find out where we're going afterward."

I did some rapid thinking. I had thought that our Bible-reading was giving them the best of what any church had to offer. But could I, in my state of unfaith, be a fair judge of that? Why not give the church another chance?

I'd forgotten how beautiful it was. The children were absorbed. The surplined choir, other children taking part in a program that seemed to join up naturally with the breakfast readings. A whole great building filled with people concerned with the idea of goodness. The hymns!

As the choir came in, I suddenly realized of how much that was beautiful I'd been robbing them. "Onward, Christian soldiers"—"I'm a pilgrim"—"O Mother dear, Jerusalem!"—all that glorious music was new to them, and after all, how inexpressibly dear to me, enwrapped in memories of my mother and the happy Sundays she made for us!

And the prayers—suddenly I found myself joining in them with heartfelt sincerity. "We have erred and strayed like lost sheep . . . We have left undone those things which we ought to have done and we have done those things which we ought not to have done, and there is no health in us." Not my prayers, but superb phrases from some contrite heart dead four hundred years, that still could express my sense of failure and of need better than myself. "We have left undone those things which we ought to have done . . ."

As I knelt, the enormity of my own stupid narrowness came home to me. Without regard to my personal skepticism, how blind I had been not to see in a regular attendance at church that larger affirmation of the family standards that I was seeking for the children. Without regard to their petty divergences of creed, weren't the churches still the strongest, the most obvious force at work to lift men's faces from the sod?

Something in the music, in the prayers, touched a spring in me that never before had been touched. All my troubled seeking slid in review before my inner eye. I was tired of the long, long search—for what? . . . Desert and mountains of Arizona . . . the blue hills of Connecticut . . . We have left undone those things which we ought to have done . . .

From that Sunday on, we have gone regularly to church. The beautiful services are becoming a part of the children's cultural facts. They no longer question the authenticity of our family standards and they are not yet old enough to question those of the church. This is all I know now as to the effect of the church upon them. As to their conduct, what the church will do for that, again, only time will tell.

As for myself, an alien among the faithful, the church, after all these years, seems to fill some need that I cannot diagnose. Perhaps, since so much of the spiritual has gone out of our poetry and our music, the church supplies the need for it. Perhaps the conviction that it so solidly fills the demand in the children's disciplinary progress makes for real satisfaction. Perhaps I still have a wistful hope that some happy Sunday a sermon will give the key to God and I must be there to receive it. Whatever the reason, I shamelessly admit that I thoroughly like to go to church!

So far it has not helped me in my search. But I am developing patience with the years. After all, I've come to the conclusion that religion has not had a fair chance. It has been utterly neglected by science. Suppose that a couple of thousand years ago a group of men had said:

"Here are the facts we must believe about medicine. We got these facts from some men who dreamed dreams and performed miracles. No one must question these facts. They must be taken on faith. They are of divine origin. The men who dreamed dreams told us so." And suppose that no one in all the two thousand years had been able to break the spell of the basic credo. Where would the practise of medicine be today?

Suppose that the earliest physicists had written out a few statements about the elements forming heaven and earth and had announced: "This is what we must believe about earth, air and water. The statements were given us by gentlemen who boiled snakes' eyes and frogs' spittle together to give them vision and they know." And suppose that the study of physics and chemistry today had not progressed beyond that two-thousand-year-old credo.

Religion never will have an unshakable foundation until men of science trace the atom back to its cause, the ether vibration back to the touch that set it going. It is not such as I who conduct the real search for God—not such as I or as the preachers. It is the scientists in their tireless pursuit of the essential impulse.

Some day some one of them will reach the goal, will complete the ultimate exploration—and then . . .

Will that scientist, returning from his supreme voyage of discovery, cast aside all that we have known as religion? I think not. Out of these years with the Bible has grown for me a puzzled realization that the pity of the world is that those first Christian religionists so hampered the free study of Christ's prophecies. I don't believe in prophecies except as interesting guesses based on deep study of men and history. But taken even in this light, one must think with awe on some of the statements made by the Nazarene.

Light of the world. King of kings. This I had repudiated. And yet nearly two thousand years after His crucifixion, I enter an edifice erected in His name, seeking authority to help me make my children part and parcel of the process of spiritual evolution. And I find it.

I struggle for years to gather basic virtues, racial virtues, from hither and yon, to teach to my children, only latterly to realize that He gathered them together and couched them in phrases of impregnable felicity, nearly two thousand years ago: phrased the moral practises which the most modern, the most erudite of our social and political scientists find are essential for race solidarity and progress.

Did He know? He knew how mankind must live in order not to commit race suicide. The two thousand years have proved that. How much more did He know? What will our new scientists following the ultimate reaches of stellar vibrations say of the Nazarene's idea of the Father? Will they find that those mysteriously revolving, wheeling, dancing electric particularities that form the human cells were struck off consciously and with purpose from a vast particularity—a part of its infinite entity, from which the universe sprang? And if this be so, will not the Nazarene have phrased it for all time when He said, "My Father and I are one. If you know me, you know my Father also"?

Long and arduous years lie between the little child who struggled through the crib bars to reach the beckoning Christ and the woman who stares with baffled eyes at the pile of unanswered letters on her desk. But almost, almost one feels the barriers melt away! And one has learned how to press on and be patient.

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**In the
THROAT
and nose
more than
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have their beginning or development. Some, of mild character, yield to an antiseptic. Others, more serious, do not. At the first sign of an irritated throat, gargle frequently with Listerine, and if no improvement is shown, consult a physician.

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Listerine, being antiseptic, immediately attacks the countless bacteria that lodge in the

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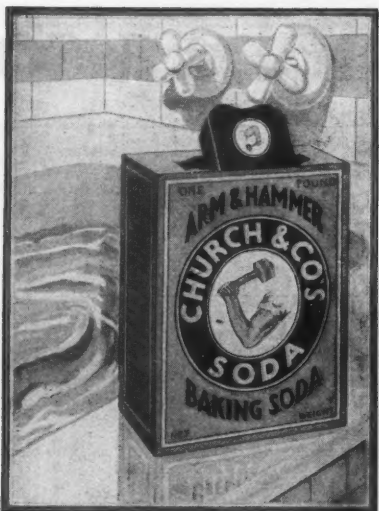
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The Mad Carews (Continued from page 87)

in town except on a holiday. Buggies and automobiles stood against the curbs on both sides of the street. Men lounged about in small groups, an air of deep earnestness in their manner. There were women in town, too, standing at the entrances to stores, or seated in buggies and automobiles, waiting for their men. Children were everywhere, clinging to their mothers' skirts.

In the front seat of one ramshackle democrat sat the wife of the eldest Whitney boy, her two small children beside her. As Bayliss drove slowly by, Elsa nodded and smiled to her. The woman gave her a frozen stare, then turned her head abruptly away. The blood pounded up into Elsa's temples. Here were the people who had but lately called her friend.

She saw Bayliss glance at her quickly. She knew he had seen the Whitney woman's response to her greeting.

"Steady, now," he warned her in a whisper. She looked to the other side of the street where a half-dozen men had gathered about the entrance to the bank, the doors of which were closed, the blinds drawn. The men turned a sullen look upon her and Bayliss. Almost at the same instant another small crowd standing before the pool-hall caught sight of the car with Bayliss at the wheel. One of them ran out into the street and Bayliss had to slow down to avoid running into him.

"Be careful, Bay," Elsa pleaded.

"Don't be afraid," he replied. As he spoke, two disorderly figures stepped down from the curb and stood directly in the way of the car. Bayliss swerved aside and came to a stop at the edge of the sidewalk. For a moment he sat in his place without speaking a word while a crowd of men swarmed from the pool-hall into the street. Elsa heard the low murmuring that grew steadily to an angry outcry in which a dozen voices joined at once.

Two drunken figures lurched toward the car and were jerked back into the crowd with a suddenness that took them off their feet. Elsa looked quickly and saw Tom Phillips standing between the two, a hand on the shoulder of each. She could hear his voice above the others—"Don't start that, you fools! Get back where you belong!" He flung them behind him into the crowd and motioned to Bayliss to get away quickly. But Bayliss sat where he was, his hands resting on the wheel, his eyes moving from one to another of those before him.

A raucous voice came from the doorway of the pool-room. "Let him get out of the car, the blasted woman-chaser!"

Coarse, muddled cries broke at once from a dozen places in the crowd. Elsa, bewildered, heard them but only half understood their meaning. Then one shout went up which she could not fail to understand. "Where's your Bohemian wench, Bay?"

Laughter followed the taunt, then more cries. "Who stole Brazell's wife, Bay?"

"Yeah—what made Nate hang himself, eh?"

"Tell 'em, Bay—you tell 'em! We know!" Elsa's brain staggered under the rush of voices about her. She seized Bayliss's arm, her eyes straining toward him. "Bay! Bay!"

He turned to look at her. Someone yelled from the street behind them. The next instant a large stone crashed through the windshield of the car. In the shower of splintered glass, Elsa was aware that Bayliss had shot his arm out suddenly and thrust her down violently into the seat beside him, covering her body with his own. Then with his other hand he threw open the door on her side of the car.

"Get out, quick!" he ordered. "Run across the street and wait."

She was out of the car and across the street before she could realize what had happened. Now she looked back, angry at herself for having obeyed him. She should have stayed there in the seat beside him. She should have made him drive away from them, out of town. It was too late now. The crowd on the sidewalk was milling about among themselves,

half of them swaying drunk, vicious-eyed, cursing foully as they struggled toward Bayliss, who had got down from the car and was standing now with one foot up on the curb. His hands were deep down in his pockets so that his coat was drawn tightly about his hips.

He stood easily for a moment, coldly eyeing three or four who were in the forefront of the crowd. With some remote and poised corner of her mind Elsa contemplated the ease and power of his body and thrilled with pride in him. Then every fiber of her being became violently alive as she saw Bayliss step to the sidewalk.

Involuntarily she moved toward the car, although her limbs seemed about to give way beneath her. She could hear Bayliss talking in the momentary lull that had followed the crash of the windshield.

"Which one of you fellows did that?" he asked, jerking his head toward the car.

Someone thrust his face toward him, his head lowered, his thick forefinger tapping his chest. It was Norbert Whitney.

"I did," he grunted. "I did! Just to show you slick Carew swine who you've got to settle with!"

Elsa saw Bayliss move quickly. A light flickered dizzily before her eyes and in that flicker Norbert Whitney staggered backward, his hands in the air, then bent forward and flattened out on the sidewalk.

"Just to show you that we do settle—on the spot, Norb Whitney!" Bayliss said, his face set and white.

Unable to restrain herself any longer, Elsa rushed back across the street. "Bayliss! Bayliss!" Her voice was drowned now in the confusion. It seemed to her that everyone in Sundowner was charging down upon the spot in which Bayliss stood with his back to the car. Farmers' wives were hurrying along the street with children dragging behind them, gasping old women, young girls wild-eyed with fear and curiosity, little boys shouting and running—a crazy riot of human figures milling about in the failing light! Elsa cowered against the car, looking about desperately for one friendly face.

There was Leon! Oh, Leon, Leon! She shrieked his name but he did not hear her. "Bayliss! Bay!" she cried wildly, thinking she might start the car. If he would only step back now, before they closed about him!

She saw him strike out with his clenched fist, and when he drew back his hand was ragged with blood. Another man lay on the sidewalk, but now Norbert Whitney was on his feet, crouching forward, springing at Bayliss from behind. Elsa fell back against the fender of the car, cold moisture breaking out all over her body. She steeled herself to look again. They were crashing together now, horribly, Norbert in senseless fury, Bayliss white, black-browed, his whole body set with the tenseness of steel.

Someone was forcing his way through the crowd. Reef! Reef with his hat off, pushing this way and that, lashing out with his one good hand, shouting angrily. "Get back—out of the way! Come on, Leon!" Leon rushed through, a blond young animal. Elsa saw Reef's fist plunge itself into the bloated face of one of Norb Whitney's friends. And there was Leon now, hurling himself upon another of them, a lithe, tawny arrow.

Elsa pressed her knuckles against her cheeks. She was sobbing now, laughing and crying without control. She saw Tom Phillips and two others doing their best to hold the crowd back. Reef and Leon were standing, one on either side of Bayliss, alert for any hostile move. A sudden quiet settled upon the crowd and Bayliss stepped back toward the car.

"Get away!" Tom Phillips cried, waving his arm toward Bayliss.

Elsa sprang into the car and held the door open as Bayliss stepped to the running-board, wiping his streaming forehead. His clothes were all but torn from his body and he swayed slightly as he turned and gave one last look at

the crowd. His face was colorless except where it was streaked with blood. His mouth was twisted into a crooked grin that made him look livid. Elsa's eyes ached as she watched him lick his lips and begin to speak.

"I mean just what I said, Norb," he said distinctly, smiling more steadily now. "The Carews settle. So long, old top."

He seated himself and started the engine. Looking over his shoulder, he called to Reef and Leon, who were standing near. "Going home, boys? Get in here—we can make it."

The two got silently into the car, Elsa seating herself on Reef's knee, and Bayliss drove down the street and out of the town.

With the open road before them, Elsa lapsed into a sort of dream. She was no longer of the Hollow, the Mountain, the petty world of human bickerings and conceits. She had been close to something primitive, something shameless, elemental. Life had caught her up suddenly, lifted her and borne her aloft, enveloped her in another existence where she and Bayliss were two stars rushing wildly together through the reaches of eternal space.

With an impulse she could not check, she leaned toward Bayliss and touched his lips lightly with the tips of her fingers. A tremor passed through her body, shook her. He looked at her quickly and smiled.

"I'm a fine-looking specimen, eh?" he apologized.

She could not speak. She wanted to tell him . . . tell him that she loved him . . . loved him with a love that was an agony in her spirit. She turned away and closed her eyes.

Reef was talking now, his voice curiously apologetic beneath his anger. "The fools! What did they expect to get out of it? But you can't reason with that bunch. Give them a couple of drinks and the first thing they think of is a fight. Norb Whitney never could hold his head. He was like that when we went to school in the Hollow."

"I saw him before he got in with the crowd," Leon said. "He was seeing red even then."

Elsa heard Bayliss's low chuckle. "Well, you fellows didn't know just what your little sister was letting you in for when she ran off with a Carew."

"I don't think we've raised much of a holler," Leon protested stoutly. "Anybody that can hit the way you can—gosh, Reef, did you see Norb go down?"

That was Leon, Elsa thought proudly, glorying in the physical.

And then Reef, thoughtful, deliberate. "I think, perhaps, it will do Norb a lot of good, when he gets time to think it over a bit. But he certainly put a crimp in this windshield."

Elsa broke into a nervous laugh, unable to control herself. She caught Bayliss's quick glance then, saw his frown.

"We got out of it lucky, at that," he said. "Elsa might have got it instead of the car."

"It was meant for you, Bay," she told him.

Then she closed her eyes again and heard their voices from a distance, not knowing what they said. She was going home with Bayliss . . . she was going home with Bayliss!

They stopped at the Bowers gate only long enough to let Reef and Leon out of the car. "Tell your mother we'll run down and see her tomorrow," Bayliss said. "I'd make her sick if she saw me now. Tell her what happened—and make her understand."

"Leave that to us," Leon replied.

"So long, then," Bayliss called. "And thanks for pitching in. It was darned decent of you. I'd have been up against it properly if you hadn't. I hope you haven't lost any friends on my account."

"It isn't the first time we've fought the Whitneys," Reef grinned, and waved his cap at them as they moved away.

Elsa called good night, then fell back against the seat with an overwhelming sense of fatigue. Presently she felt Bayliss's arm slip about her shoulders, drawing her close to his torn, grimy clothing. The car slowed down. She felt his lips moving gently over her closed eyes.

"Little enemy, you're there!" he said. "A



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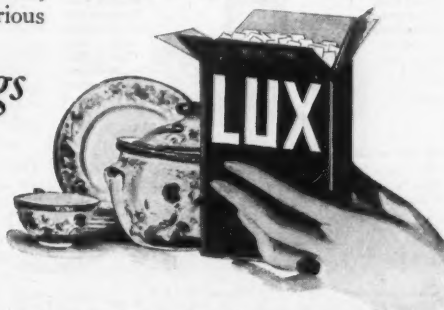
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man always can get out and fight if he doesn't like what's being said about him. But a woman has to sit and take it or get out and run away. You heard all they said about Nate Brazzell?" She nodded. His face became grim and set. "I had heard some hint of it before," he said, "through Michael. I didn't know it had become common gossip."

"I knew," she told him.

"And you never said a word about it?"

"I was afraid. It—it might have been true. You'll not understand that, I know. But I understand it. Oh, Bay—what is terrible!"

The car had come to a standstill now. Dusk had settled about them, enfolding them. She felt his arms closing about her, drawing her to him, crushing her. She opened her eyes slowly and looked up at him. His mouth was moving nervously in the struggle to control himself.

"Darling—my poor darling!" he murmured. "Why—why did you do that?"

She regarded him seriously for a moment. "Haven't you just said—a woman has to sit and take it—or get out and run away?"

"Good Lord, Elsa!" he exclaimed. "Haven't the Carew women done enough of that? Or are you going to be another of them?"

She did not reply. She could not. Deep within her was the painful memory of her first months of living with Bayliss. When one hungers for love, what place is there left for pride?

He took his arms suddenly from about her. "I'll not have it!" he broke forth, and he set the car moving down the road again. "I'd rather have you hate me for the rest of your life than see you become another Grace Carew. What that crowd says about me—what any crowd says about me—doesn't matter. They're going to go on saying it. They'll find more to say—far more. They'll rake up all the mud they can find and sling it whenever the name of a Carew is mentioned. For the most part, the Carew name will deserve it. Peter—and Michael—and Joel—all of us! But one thing I'll have you know, Elsa. What they said there tonight—about Nate and his wife and me—was untrue. Lies—all of it! Do you believe that?"

Her eyes drew from the road ahead and looked up to meet his, somber and appealing. She smiled and nodded. A warm peace radiated over her.

"I believe it, Bay," she murmured, as though she were telling herself something of which she had never before been quite sure.

In the days that followed, Elsa recalled again and again those last words Bayliss had spoken to Norbert Whitney. "The Carews settle!" Day after day, she watched the Carew men as they fought desperately, their backs to the wall, holding their enemies at bay while Reef and old Tom Dewing labored night and day, listing assets, drawing up papers, making endless adjustments while a snarling pack waited outside the doors of their office in Hurley.

"The Carews settle!" Day after day she watched the Carew holdings melt away, like fields of snow under a warm sun, until nothing was left but the great white house that stood back from the road, at the end of an avenue of elms. "The Carews settle." She watched them all—old Seth Carew, broken now, a tragic figure as he walked the fields where he had reaped his harvests for years, Michael Carew, stubborn, sullen, profane, Joel Carew, home from the city, crestfallen and bewildered, even Mahlon Breen—all these she watched, moving through the days as if they were being driven by some power of will outside their own. She watched Bayliss, fighting silently, resolutely, unflinchingly. "The Carews settle."

And behind them all, Elsa knew, sat Hildreth Carew, come fiercely back to life again, obdurate, arrogant, intolerant, driving the men under her relentless fury, forcing them to pay their last dollar. Elsa had seen her but once during those terrible days. She hoped she might never see her again.

And now the end had come. Hildreth Carew had sent word to Bayliss and Elsa, summoning them to the big house for one last meeting

of the family before Michael should leave for Texas. In the late afternoon they rode through the fields, Elsa mounted on Fleta, Bayliss riding a black colt lately broken to the saddle.

Before them, as they entered the avenue of elms, the Carew house stood, dazzling white in the sunlight, topped with its brave green roof, which to Elsa had always seemed remote from death, from decay, from any failing of the spirit. The light, elusive green of the tall elms curved tenderly against the blue, and on the inviolable smooth lawns the great bouquets of shrubbery made an unstudied pattern of beauty in vermilions and ambers and greens as faint as rain. Elsa drew in her breath sharply. Ruin had come to that great white house with its roof shining and triumphant in the sunlight, impervious to the rigors of the seasons.

She stole a glance at Bayliss. His head was lifted, his eyes narrowed. He seemed to be drawing in toward him everything upon which he gazed. It was a look preoccupied, intent, arresting. She knew that he was unaware of her regard. A pang smote through her.

"Damnably, isn't it, that the old place has to go?"

She heard his voice, aware of a new, hard quality in it. She murmured some reply, knowing that he was too absorbed to hear her.

The family had gathered in the library, through the windows of which the sun sent long searching shafts across the rich carpet and the massive table where Hildreth sat in a serene brilliance. Elsa looked at her. It was the Hildreth of old who sat there, head held high, eyes alight, imperious. For many moments, then, Elsa did not see the others in the room, did not even see Hildreth. What she saw was Grace Carew, seated directly in the path of light, no longer in her severe mourning, but in a white silk dress and rocking slowly, measuredly to and fro in her low chair.

Elsa closed her eyes for a second, almost dazed from the power of the illusion. She believed, in that instant, that Grace was rosy and rounded, and that her hair was honey-blond and arranged in an elaborate pompadour upon her head. When she looked again, what she saw was not the frail being of a month ago, but a woman with a cheerful face and a strong, erect body. Whatever the change that had come over Grace Carew, there was nothing now to indicate any failing of the woman's powers, mental or physical.

"Sit down here beside me, Elsa," Hildreth said out of the quiet. "What's Bayliss looking so glum about?"

Elsa sat down in the chair beside Hildreth, her eyes searching Bayliss's face as he moved to the other side of the table. Nellie wheeled the tea wagon into the room, placing it so that the sunlight fell across it. In the steam rising from the quaint Delft blue pot, in the little rich cakes on their blue plate, and in the fine sheen on the linen, Elsa thought there was a mellowness, an untroubled calm that was the very essence of Hildreth Carew herself.

Nellie's two sons had followed their mother into the library. They went directly over to Bayliss, who had seated himself beside Michael. Elsa noted in the elder of the two children a striking resemblance to Bayliss. Her heart quickened with a deep blending of pain and sweetness.

"Send the boys out, Nellie," Hildreth ordered in a voice that was all patience and control. "They'll grow up soon enough."

Nellie led the boys out and the elder one smiled roguishly at Elsa.

From the door at the other end of the room Seth Carew entered, quiet and gray, a faintly ironical smile playing about his lips. "Another council of war, eh, Hildreth?" he remarked. "You should have been a general."

He laughed gently, a laugh, Elsa thought, that sounded the depths of despair. In a moment he seated himself a little apart from the others, in an alcove, beside an open window through which he could look out upon an apple tree that made a blossomy blur on the outer world. By his action he seemed to remove himself, not only from the group but altogether from the life of which he had been a



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part. He laughed again, to himself, as though at something deeply, prevailingly amusing.

Nellie had served tea. Hildreth drank two cups, calmly, deliberately, then set her teacup aside and folded her white hands in an attitude of resignation. Elsa, glancing quickly aside at her, saw that beneath the tragic mask of her face there shone the fierce, triumphant and perverse excitement in the catastrophes of the Carews—the same look she had seen there after the death of Peter. It was so baffling, so enigmatical that Hildreth became, for the moment, a total stranger to her.

Ruin? There could be no ruin where this woman lived. The very purpose of life burned in her. Of the wreckage about her she had already built a new stronghold within herself. She sat now, an erect, challenging figure, looking slowly about the room with an elfin irony lurking in her eyes.

"Michael," she began promptly, "will you tell us now just where we stand—after everything has been cleared up?"

Michael moved his chair close to the big table and drew a sheaf of papers from his pocket. For half an hour or more Elsa listened to an account of how the Carew assets had been all but exhausted to meet the demands of the district. It was a harrowing story from first to last, and one the details of which Elsa did not even try to understand. While she listened, however, she realized how complete had been the collapse of the Carew fortunes. Even if she had not heard a word of what Michael said, she could have read the significance of his report in the tragic face of old Seth Carew. The old man sat, silent and unmoving, his eyes fixed upon the apple tree that was a pink-white cloud of blossoms.

When Michael had ended, Hildreth lifted her head quickly and squared her thin shoulders. "There is nothing in that report that we have not all heard, one way or another, before," she said. "It's just as well to have it all before us, however. You have known for days—all of you—that the family has reached the end of its resources. You probably know—all of you—that I have looked forward to such an hour as this for a long time."

Seth Carew looked around and lifted his hand toward her. "Don't go into that, Hildreth. You can spare us something, surely."

She looked at him sharply. "I'm not going into that, Seth," she replied. "I'm saying that I have been expecting a crisis of this kind ever since this business was first mentioned. I opposed it from the first. I kept my own money out of it—and I kept Grace's money out of it. We have that still. It isn't much, but it will take us over the crisis, if we act wisely."

Elsa heard that same gentle laugh of Seth Carew's. She looked quickly at the old man. His eyes were still upon the apple tree, but an ironical smile played about his mouth.

Hildreth went into some details concerning the amount of money she and Grace had in their own names, and made a rough estimate of what still might be realized from the sale of household effects and the little livestock that still remained in the name of Seth Carew. But Elsa found it impossible to keep her mind on what Hildreth was saying. It was impossible to think of anything there except the fixed expression on Seth Carew's face. Hildreth might talk as she liked of carrying the family past the crisis. For Seth Carew, Elsa knew, there would be no passing this crisis. He had spilled his life out here, his spirit had already passed into the soil that was now no longer his.

"Grace and I have talked over the future," Hildreth went on in her hard, even tone. "We have discussed it with Nellie and the girls. We can't stay on here—you all know that. The ground is rotten under us. Whether we could rebuild the family fortunes is a question we need not consider. There is something more important than that. We cannot allow Nellie's boys—and there will be other children to think of, too—we cannot allow them to grow up, bearing the name of Carew, when that name has become what our men have made of it in this district."

Her voice now was like snapping steel. None moved or dared to speak except Seth and he did no more than lift his hand in protest.

"You will let me say what I have to say, Seth," Hildreth went on, more resolute than ever. "When Peter brought disgrace—"

Seth was on his feet, his eyes blazing. "Stop it! I'll not have it!" he roared. "You can say what you will of the living, but you'll not call the dead to account."

Bayliss got up and put his arm about his father's shoulders. "Sit down, Father," he said gently, urging him back into his chair.

When they were seated again, Hildreth went on. "Out of respect for your feelings, Seth, I'll do as you wish. You ought to be told, however, that our neighbors have known the truth about Peter's death—known it for a long time."

"Let them—and be hanged to them!" Seth said.

Hildreth continued as if Seth had not spoken. "Michael has never pretended to make any secret of his conduct. We don't need to speak of that. It will do no harm, however, for Joel to know his name is being mentioned freely in connection with the wife of Axel Fosberg."

Elsa saw Joel color to the roots of his hair. Even for her the ordeal was becoming almost unbearable. But Hildreth seemed to have no feeling left for anyone.

"We all know what is being said of Bayliss and that wife of Brazell's. I am not asking whether Bayliss was responsible for the death of Nate Brazell. I don't want to know. All I want to say is that I can't tolerate the thought of staying on where such things are believed and spoken of by people on every hand."

"You're working yourself up for nothing, Aunt Hild," Bayliss broke out impatiently. "What they say about me can't—"

But Hildreth was not to be reasoned with. "Nellie and the children and Ada are going at once to Texas—as soon as Michael and Nellie's brother can arrange a place for them to stay. Grace and I are following as soon as we can put our affairs in order. What Florence and Mahlon may do is for them to decide. Seth has consented to accompany Grace and me when we leave. I am curious to know what Joel and Bayliss wish to do. When that is settled, we can put our plans to work."

While Hildreth had been talking, Elsa had seen the pageant of the Carews passing before her eyes, down through the ages, a spectacle of brilliance, of rash knight-errantry, of romantic folly. Now, once again, the pageant was moving.

A quick fear gathered at her heart, drew her involuntarily away from Hildreth.

"First—Bayliss," Hildreth said, after a pause. "I don't wish to keep it a secret, Bayliss, that we expect you to come with us. It has always been the family's luck to go from disaster to new success. There is nothing left for you here, Bayliss, except poverty and contempt. And nothing but humiliation for Elsa. I never have had a moment's doubt as to what you would do, if a way out offered itself. Am I right?"

There was a heavy moment of silence during which Bayliss seemed to be seeking for a reply. In that moment a sudden rush of images out of the past flashed sharply before Elsa's mind: a day of brilliant August heat, with the smell of dust and hay in a barn loft, and a glittering equipage moving into the Bowers yard below; a brown November afternoon, a decade ago, when she had carried samples of her mother's knitting to the Carew women, and had sat squirming on her chair, smarting under the cool stare of Ada Carew—"Do you wear those, El-sa?" And then a sultry June night, and the Carew women with an aloof, patronizing cordiality, receiving their humble guests in the haymow of the big Carew barn; and later, a heavy morning in this very room, when she had suffered the chill warmth of their reception of her as the wife of Bayliss.

It was these people who were asking her to go with them now, to accept their defeat, to flee from their disgrace and take up life again in another world.

Bayliss had begun to speak, but Elsa felt herself getting from her chair and standing to an incredibly slim and conspicuous height before Hildreth—before Ada and Nellie and Florence and Grace—before Michael and Bayliss and Joel, and Seth Carew, their father. Her body seemed to sway, and yet throughout her being there was a rigid core of resistance, the firm entity of Elsa Bowers. She looked across the room at Bayliss and her eyes held him as impersonally as though he had been a stranger. Her mind never had been so clear. Never, not even for Bayliss and all the strength of her love for him, would she follow that vain-glorious pageant of the Carews.

"Bayliss may go—or stay—as he chooses," she said clearly, and it seemed to her senses that a little door clicked shut after each word. "Whatever he does—I shall stay here." She hesitated only for a fleet instant. "You may raise your children where you will—and how you will—but I will raise no children in the fear of the heritage of the Carews." Her voice became deeper and moved more slowly as she looked across at Bayliss. "I don't want a child of mine to be—a coward."

She held her head high as she moved across the room to the hall door. "You will feel better if you can discuss this without me," she said steadily. "I have said all I can say. I'm going home, Bayliss."

Fleta took the road home without guidance. Elsa, alone on the road, realized that she must have run out of the house. The whole landscape before her was crazy with tears that were fire in her eyes. Some monstrous power seemed to be closing upon her, dragging her back, that she might witness with her own eyes the family's devouring of Bayliss. She saw herself living on in the Hollow without him, her mind and heart a dead garden where he had been.

The sun was setting in a nebula of flame when she rode into the yard below the barn. She turned Fleta into the pasture and then ran to the house. It had come upon her suddenly that she need have no fear for Bayliss; he would come to her here on the Mountain where all manner of fair things were.

She had come to the crest of the Mountain now and above her the sky was pellucid and green, naked save for the slender silver bauble of the new moon. The air about her seemed tangible to her fingers, seemed drenched with the sweetness of new and delicate growth. The Mountain flowed downward, a somber downward streaming of earth, and against that flow Bayliss was pressing on upward toward her.

Now he was passing by the budding, tender birches, waving his hat to her. She had been sitting upon a little grassy hummock that was still warm from the heat that had lain upon it all day. She rose now, and her pale dress undulated faintly about her limbs in the warm stir of air. She knew that he could see that waving motion of her gown. That was enough. She did not wave to him, nor call to him. She stood still with her arms behind her head, looking down the side of the Mountain.

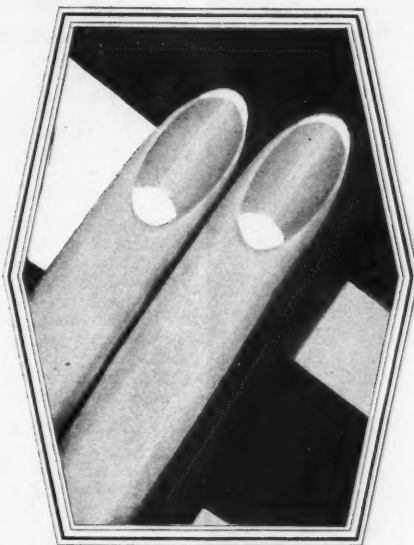
He mounted the last grassy knoll slowly, with long strides. She could see little facets of reddish light on the bright leather of his riding-boots. The same reddish light outlined the ridge of hair above his forehead, and tinged his cheek-bones. Now he was on the crest of the Mountain, smiling dimly at her. She moved toward him and put up her hands to his face, drawing his head down so that she could touch the gleam on his hair with her lips. Then she felt him draw her close with abrupt violence, and in the hurt of his kiss she saw that his eyes were bleak and distraught.

He laughed gloomily. "I'm here, you see. You knew I'd come. You didn't think for a second that I'd go with them. Not for a second. You—you were right."

She hid her face against his shoulder and could not speak for a long time. At last she said:

"I should have died, Bay—really died."

"I'm the poorest man in the Hollow, Elsa,"



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he said after a while. "You might just as well have married—"

She put her hand over his mouth. "Don't you say that, Bayliss," she cried, "ever!"

He went on dully. "I'm stripped—almost nothing left except this hill—and it's yours. But I couldn't have stood it any other way. We're of the Hollow now, for sure."

Elsa laughed with a sudden unaccountable happiness and caught his arm. "I'm glad, Bay, glad! Do you forget who I am? Come—let's sit down here, and talk and laugh a little. We've had enough woe for a while."

She seated herself on the grassy hummock and Bayliss stretched out before her, his head resting on his hands. They were silent for a time, then Bayliss asked abruptly:

"Did you mean anything—anything in particular—when you said that this afternoon—about your children?"

Elsa laughed tenderly at him. "Are one's dreams anything—anything in particular?" she asked him.

"Everything," he told her.

"I have dreamed—again and again—of a boy—with hair cropping up exactly like yours—and a sulky groove between his eyes—just like this—and funny eyebrows, like blackish minnows."

She let her eyes dream past him, down far into the Hollow where color ebbed and flowed about the foot of the Mountain now in faint, lingering waves. She knew that his eyes were upon her tensely, but she pretended not to know. Suddenly he caught her hands. She heard his voice, and the tremble in it, but deeper down a strength that frightened her.

"And I have dreamed, too. I have dreamed your dream, Elsa—and another that is my own."

"Tell me."

"I once spoke to you about doing something with the Hollow. Do you remember? And do you remember how angry you got about it?"

Slowly, as though she had had her ear to the

ground and had heard distant thunder, a new knowledge entered her mind, a knowledge vague at first, then increasingly sharp, until at last it stood out stark and unrelieved, a burning symbol in her brain. Alarm flashed through her like an illuminating flame.

Bayliss was speaking once more. "It will take years, Dear—but I want to do it—I want to do it."

Her eyes filled suddenly with tears. Bayliss's dream—the dream of a Carew! "It will take years," he had said. She thought of that Child of hers, then, would come to know the Hollow as she had known it. That other being, with the tinge and the contour of Bayliss, but with a soul that was half Elsa Bowers, would come to know that shallow palm of the earth where the lazy brown creek was, and the rotten, ancient smell of waters at the flood, and deep-down the ivory tentacles of old roots, and above, the dipping blade of a night-hawk's wing. After that, what would it matter?

The light had fallen into a blue pool below them, the sky doming above in dusky sapphire was spurred with the white of May stars. Bayliss drew her into his arms, where she lay in an indolent rapture, drugged by the swift warmth of his body, luxuriating in his strength and cleanness. The outline of his head against the luminous dark stirred her intolerably; she drew him suddenly down to her and kissed him with all her strength. She felt herself gathered in toward him sensationally, into the throbb of oblivion...

The little frail moon had vanished now and there was no wind in all the darkness on the Mountain. Elsa held up her hand, spreading the fingers fan-wise to see how many stars they could be made to darken. But Bayliss caught the hand and kissed each finger.

After a time Elsa trailed her fingers in the grass; there was dew on it. She had been with Bayliss a long time on the Mountain.

THE END

Jessie's James (Continued from page 33)

suit for an undersized gnat I moved away from his piggy eyes. But bold Charley reached over and pinched my bare shoulder and I whirled around and slapped him right in the face. I simply can't stand being pawed over by these volunteer osteopaths!

"Don't do that to me again—ever!" I stormed.

"Well, I'll be a son of a gun!" gasped this gentleman. "That's what a guy gets for tryin' to be nice. I'm hurlin' a party for you and Urania after the show tonight, too. You better get smart, kid, you're gettin' the wrong people sore at you!"

"You can tune me out of this exhibit any time you want. I'll manage to eat!"

"You'll soon get sick of them drug-store sandwiches," sneered Charley.

Before I could deliver the answer to that one, the doorman ambled over and handed me an envelop. Inside was a note, reading thusly:

I'm on the rail clocking your entertainment. It's a yell and you're what the rest of them would like to be. I want to see you for a minute after you get through work. If you answer this I'll wait for you. If you don't, I'll wait anyways.

Jimmy Cooke (The Boy Friend)

I smiled and thought for a second. "I'll go to your party if I can bring a friend," I said suddenly to Charley Cash.

"This ain't supposed to be no Elks' banquet, but it's o.k. with me," growled the big-hearted bookmaker. "I'm used to crowds."

So it came to pass that after the show I was introducing Jimmy Cooke to Urania and Charles in Charley's big limousine. Right at the very start it looked as if the evening would be ruined, for while Urania gushed all over James, her layer of odds and my jockey greeted each other with the same warm friendliness they'd greet a mad dog.

"I guess I better fade out," remarked Jimmy, strangely uncomfortable. "I—I got to get up early in the mornin' and—"

"What he means is that he can't afford to be seen with me," calmly interrupted Charley, who didn't believe in mincing matters. "Bookmakers and jockeys ain't supposed to cuddle up to each other—the scissor bills would think I was propositionin' him. Well, I'll fix that part of it. We'll take two tables. Me and Urania will go in first and you two come in afterwards and set down by yourselves. I'll take care of the check."

But Jimmy still hesitated. "I'd sure like to go along," he stammered, "but—"

"We're not keeping you, are we?" I butted in coldly.

He looked briefly at Charley Cash and long at me, gritted his teeth and then turned on that killing grin of his.

"No, you're not keepin' me—I been self-supportin' all my life," he said. "I may have to do my ridin' on a merry-go-round from now on, but tonight I prowl, what I mean!"

We went to the nifty Club Richfield and following Charley Cash's advice let the others go in ahead of us by about fifteen minutes. Our ringside table had been arranged for by Urania's burly colleague and we sat down almost touching them and still not with them, as far as anyone could see. I thought all these elaborate precautions a bit silly then, but later I didn't. You see, at that time my knowledge of racing, bookmakers and jockeys was exactly the same as my knowledge of astrology.

Jimmy devoted his entire time and attention to making me feel he was no enemy of mine, while Charley Cash, in whispered asides, tried to pump James about this horse the jockey had sworn would win the next day. Jimmy simply brushed all questions aside with a dumb look and a dumber smile.

When Urania and Charley got up to dance,

James seemed greatly relieved, but his troubled eyes meeting my questioning glance, he sighed and shook his head.

"I'd positively like to dash out on the floor and hug you to that music, Jessie," he said, "but I can't dance a step—yet. I'll get educated on this gag if you give me a little time."

"That's all right," I smiled. "I've been dancing on the stage all night and I'm tired." "Girls never get tired dancin'—I got sisters!" returned James. "You don't mean a word of that, but you're a peach to say it so's I won't feel like a chump. Y'know, I been so busy tryin' to provide room and board for myself since as long as I can remember that I didn't get a chance to study dancin' and them kind of parlor tricks. Why, I never been in a joint like this before in all my life!"

"You've never seen a New York night club? Why, you're a country boy, aren't you?"

"Yeah!" snorted Jimmy. "From the country of Second Avenue, where I was born and raised. But that don't mean nothin'. What would I be doin' in Broadway cabarets—washin' dishes?"

"But, Jimmy, wouldn't you like to get away from Second Avenue and being a jockey and do something big?" I asked him earnestly.

"Sure I'd like to do somethin' big," he answered promptly. "I'd like to win the Kentucky Derby!"

"Do you still think you'll win at Belmont tomorrow with that horse Carmelite?"

"No," Jimmy grunted, "I don't think I'll win, I know it! The only thing bothers me is the weight—a hundred and twenty-seven pounds. The handicapper's makin' Carmelite carry the grand stand, but I'll have one of the best whip horses in America under me, and, Sweetness, they call me the top whip jockey since Paul Revere!"

"That," I remarked, "is something you'll have to spell out for me, James, for all I know about horses is that they're press-agents for the Prince of Wales. What's a 'whip horse' and what's a 'whip jockey'?"

"A whip horse," explained Jimmy, "is a horse that'll quit like a hound if the boy don't go to the whip comin' down the stretch and is liable to beat *anything* if the jock knows his stuff with said whip. That's Carmelite! Lots of good riders is helpless with the old bat in their hands. They ain't strong enough to keep their mount straight with one hand while stingin' him with the stick in the other. Plenty races has been lost because the boy wasn't able to apply the switch at the right minute. Well, that's where I shine and I don't mean perhaps. Watch me tomorrow!"

The music stopped then and Urania and Charley Cash rejoined us, which at once caused Jimmy to shut up like a clam. It was plain that James was doing everything in the world but enjoying himself and suddenly he leaned over and whispered to me:

"Beautiful, I'm goin' to shove off. I'm in a tough spot and I just got to get out of this drum! If some wise guy pegs me acin' around with this bookie, the stewards will have me on the carpet and I'll about get set down for a month. I'll see you at the track tomorrow. Don't forget, send in the works on Carmelite's name—he'll win from here to Brazil!"

And with a muttered two-word apology to Urania and Charley, my Jimmy was gone.

I moved over to the other table.

"Well, I'm glad that little rat hauled heels!" Charley snarled. "If some of the big players had seen me with him, the rap would go in and they'd never of laid another dime with me. Where'd you grab him off?"

"None of your business!" I flung at him, immediately becoming a four-alarm fire. "And he's not a little rat, you big clown, he's a gentleman—something you'll never be!"

"Behave yourself or papa spank!" growled Charley. "If he's a gent, what's he want to go to work and rib you up on a Airedale like Carmelite for? That terrier would be third in a two-horse race!"

Urania yessed him with a laugh and then turned to me. "Charley thinks it was pretty

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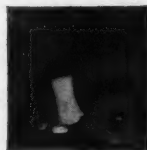


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"Oh, hush your mouth!" I exploded, simply steaming. "If Jimmy Cooke says that horse will win, it will. He's a nice, honorable kid!"

"Honorable, hey?" sneered Charles. "Say, listen, Sister, these jocks is all the same. They'd cross you like them fliers crossed the Atlantic! Why, they'd cut each other's throats—if you go to Belmont tomorrow, watch 'em crowd and bear over at the turns tryin' to get through to the rail. Suppose a boy gets pinched off and goes down with his mount on top of him? Well, as far as the rest of 'em is concerned, that's just too bad!"

I rose and did my best to murder him with a glance. "I'm going home," I said frigidly, "and don't you ever ask me to go out with you again!"

"C'mon, sit down and knock off a poultice," grinned Charley, in a useless attempt to be nice. "If you're a good little girl I'll slip you a winner for tomorrow myself!"

But I was already weaving my way across the crowded floor to the exit. Good heavens, how I hated that big blah!

There was no matinee the next day and I left for Belmont about half-past twelve, firmly refusing to go with Urania in Charley Cash's car and taking the train instead. However, I did keep my promise to meet my girl friend at the track and we both sat down in the grand stand awaiting the start of the first race—the one in which Jimmy Cooke was going to ride Carmelite.

There may be plenty more colorful places in America than Belmont Park on racing days, but I haven't seen many of 'em. There's refinement in the air itself, and unless at a polo match, nowhere else will you find as aristocratic a crowd of sport lovers. Society turns out in full force, mingling under the trees with the less ritzy mob of horse addicts as they never would mingle with them anywhere else.

Photographers working feverishly to fill the Sunday rotogravure sections; raucous program sellers; shark-eyed "oral" bookmakers; poker-faced plungers and nervous pikers; special policemen more interested in viewing the races than in watching for possible pickpockets; stable boys with a funny air of importance; "Who d'ye like in the stake race?"; the blaring band; the cool, refreshing green of the steeplechase course; the nail-biting thrill as the field goes to the post and the soul-stirring one when they get there; the critical inspection of the thoroughbreds in the paddock; "That mare looks hopped up to me!"; the dignified club house, very up-town and try to get in; field-glasses by the scores and lead-pencils at a premium; "I thought betting was against the law!"; everybody putting on dog and everywhere you look—color, excitement, laughter, life!

A bugle sounded and Urania tugged at my arm. "They're coming out!" she exclaimed. "There's Carmelite, number seven; and there's the favorite, who Charley knows is going to win, number one. I hope you haven't been silly enough to bet on Carmelite, Jessie—why, he's twenty to one!"

"Will you please tend to your own knitting and let me alone?" I said wearily. Really, between her and Charley Cash I was getting red-headed!

I watched eagerly as the horses—I think there were a dozen of 'em—minced proudly past the grand stand on their slow parade to the post. Perched on Carmelite's neck, it seemed to me, Jimmy Cooke didn't even look up when I impulsively waved my hand and shouted to him. But then, of course, he couldn't hear me away down there, with that rumbling murmur of impatient comments all around us. Urania kept jostling me and mumbling nervously as she screwed her program into a knot.

At last they were all lined up at the barrier, and, honestly, the strained waiting as the horses reared and pranced around there made you want to scream! Then—"They're off!"—

a hoarse roar from twenty thousand anxious throats and the race was on!

In a faint cloud of dust they swept down the straightaway, a closely packed, bobbing mass of bright colors moving at dizzy speed. Through a cheap pair of opera-glasses I had brought with me, I saw them swing around the turn, fighting for the rail position just as Charley Cash had said they would the night before. Carmelite was well up in front when the favorite, coming over too fast, bumped him and threw him off balance. He stumbled and it looked certain that he would go down with Jimmy under those terrible flying hoofs! Honestly, my heart was bouncing against my temples. I was satisfied Jimmy Cooke was going to be killed before my very eyes!

But quick as a flash, a boy riding beside Jimmy reached over and grabbed his arm, steadying him so that he could steady the falling Carmelite in turn. It was a thrilling exhibition of quick-thinking courage that I don't believe many saw, and in another instant they were all thundering down the stretch.

Suddenly two horses shot out of the swiftly moving jam and the big crowd leaped up with an ear-splitting bellow. "Carmelite walks in!" boomed a husky voice behind me. "Cooke could whip a cow home in front!"

Jimmy Cooke and the boy who'd saved his life in that frightful instant at the turn were riding neck and neck—riding as if nothing less than their lives depended on who won! The whip in Jimmy's hand lashed up and down furiously, but more furious were the wild howls of the mob. The favorite was nowhere, but Urania yelled with the rest of 'em just the same. About fifty yards from the finish, a sheet would have covered both Carmelite and the other horse, and then as Jimmy's arm rose and fell, the whip slipped out of his hand, flying through the air. Carmelite faltered just long enough to be beaten by a head!

"Well!" gasped Urania. "At least your boy friend tried—and how!"

I simply nodded, still thinking of that horrible moment at the turn. That and the race itself had just about ruined my nerves and I was weaker than a bootlegger's alibi!

Jimmy Cook came up to us in the grand stand before the second race. He wasn't to ride again that day and as I rose to greet him, his mournfully set face touched my heart.

"I'm sorry, kid," he muttered. "I know it looks like I give you a run-around, but——"

"Never mind," I comforted him. "You couldn't help dropping that old whip. It's a wonder you could ride at all, after the narrow escape you had!"

A new voice interrupted: "Thanks, Jimmy—I'll even matters up some day!"

We wheeled around and saw a little fellow holding out his hand. Jimmy flushed, shook it heartily and then whispered half angrily:

"Get out of here, sap—d'ye want to tip off the world?"

Mr. Sap got out, swiftly losing himself in the milling crowd. Jimmy turned back to me.

"That's Willie Fisher, the boy which rode the winner. Didn't you recognize him?"

"No," I answered, and I looked him squarely in the face. "Listen, Jimmy, what's this all about? What did he thank you for?"

"Oh, there's no use stallin'!" blurted James. "I guess you're hep, anyways. Fisher's never rode a winner till today and this was his lifetime chance to earn brackets. Well, that scramble was no Futurity, it was just another horse-race to me, and if Willie Fisher hadn't saved me at that first turn I'd of been ridin' in hades from now on! There was a chance to pay him off and I took it. I didn't drop that whip—I threw it away!"

And Charley Cash said there was no honor among these boys!

"How much did you bet?" Jimmy was asking. "I'll square it with you."

"Why—I—I didn't bet at all, Jimmy," I smiled at him. "I never gamble on anything."

After all, a hundred wasn't so terribly much to lose.

The Lion Tamer

(Continued from page 43)

of circus interests and gossip till it reached the projected tour, now so soon to be begun in earnest. In response to Juan's question the Englishman launched into a descriptive and detailed account of London and other great European cities which showed an intimate knowledge that made Juan wonder more than ever what had been the antecedents of the man who was now only Marquerry's clown. To Juan it was a revelation that disclosed a totally different individual from the moody recluse he had known for two years.

Throughout Manners's description Paul had sat entranced, and Juan's interest had been held no less completely. He gave a little laugh when Manners stopped speaking, and beat soft applause on the table.

"You're some guide-book, Jim," he said admiringly. "Guess he's going to be real useful to us over on the other side, kid"—turning to Paul. "But what about Paris, Jim?"—glancing at Manners again. "Don't you happen to be acquainted with that gay burg?"

Manners looked up slowly. "Paris?" he repeated absently. "Yes, I know Paris pretty thoroughly. I was three years in the Em—" Conscious all at once of what he was saying, he pulled up abruptly, staring for a moment at Juan with eyes that had grown suddenly haggard. He passed his hand across his forehead. "What was I saying?" he asked shakily. "Oh, yes, what I was doing in Paris. Well, nothing that did me any good, or anyone else, for that matter. I was—er—employed there some time, by—an English firm. It's a loathsome place," he added with sudden fierce bitterness.

But though his faltered explanation rang unconvincingly, Juan's face showed neither disbelief nor curiosity. What Jim had been or had done in the past was Jim's affair and no business of his at all, he told himself. So he made no further reference to Paris, turning the conversation again to circus matters.

He was preparing to pour out a cup of coffee for Paul when he felt a touch on his arm. The china pot still suspended in his hand, he looked up, to see Madeleine close at his elbow, and, standing a few paces behind her, Maurice, whose scowling face grew darker as he met Juan's inquiring gaze.

Completely ignoring both Paul and Manners, the French girl stooped lower, her hand still resting on Juan's arm. "Maurice 'as got an automobile," she began rather breathlessly. "You will come wiz us thees afternoon—yes? We want to mak' *une petite course* in the countree, and drive 'ome in thee moonlight. Eet will be ver' amusing. But you must mak' 'aste, Juan. Thee car is waiting." She spoke loudly and peremptorily, as one who had the right to command.

With an almost imperceptible little shrug, Juan turned from her and began to fill Paul's cup. "Sorry," he said laconically. "You'll have to count me out. I got some work to do in the office this afternoon." Then, his tone changing completely: "Two lumps, kiddy?" he asked, and reached out for the sugar-bowl. And without another glance at Madeleine, he filled Jim's cup and his own and, lighting a cigaret, commenced talking to Paul.

The snub was too direct to be misunderstood. With a furious glance at Paul, Madeleine shrugged her shoulders in assumed indifference and, drawing herself up haughtily, turned away—to be met by Manners's cynical smile of amusement. For an instant he thought the storm was going to descend on his own head, but, thrusting out her lower lip at him like the true *gamine* she was, she gave vent to her feelings only in a single coarse epithet in argot he perfectly understood, before she went slowly to sweep past Maurice, who followed her in gloomy silence.

"Coming our way, Jim?" Juan asked, when the three stood once more in the wind-swept

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street. "There's a job in the office you can help me with, if you care to."

Manners shivered slightly as he turned up the collar of his thin overcoat. "Don't think I'd be much use," he said, with a rather bitter little laugh. "Office secrets aren't for the likes of me. But what about tonight? Are you going anywhere, or will you come and have a bit of dinner with me?"

"I'm sorry, Jim, but I made a date with Harvey," Juan explained. "It's his last free evening before sailing, and he's kept it for me. But look here," he went on eagerly, as a sudden thought came, "won't you come along too? Harvey'd be glad; he was talking of you again just the other day. And he's an awful good chap. You'd like him, I know."

Manners shook his head slowly. "Maybe, maybe," he said dully. "I'm willing to believe all you say of Harvey Weston, but I think we'll let it go at that. Millionaires aren't in my line—nowadays." And with another bitter little laugh he slouched away.

Juan lingered for a moment or two, looking frowningly after him, then turned back to Paul. "Come along, kid," he said shortly. "You'll freeze if we stay here any longer."

When they had reached the circus she tried to falter her thanks for the luncheon.

"That's all right, kiddie," he cut in quickly. And with a nod and a rather constrained smile he walked off to the office.

Lighted only by a skylight, it was a dingy room, and, warm with walking, Juan felt the chill of it strike forcibly when he entered.

Only Marqueray knew how much of this secretarial work was done by Juan. "Wish I knew what I was supposed to be—cat-trainer or head secretary," he murmured with a yawn, "and what's the Old Man's idea anyway, piling all this office stuff onto me. He's not doing it for nothing, that's certain. Must have some pretty good reason—but I'm hanged if I know what it is. P'raps he's going to make me a partner." The utter absurdity of the thought brought a smile to his lips.

Today the work seemed more tedious and uninteresting than ever, and he found it difficult to pin his mind down to the columns of figures he was laboriously checking. His thoughts kept wandering, incidents of the morning obtruding to distract his attention from the matter in hand: Madeleine, Jim, Paul.

It was late when he left the office, but a glance at the clock in the main promenade told him that there was still an hour to put in before the time came to start for Weston's palatial flat. Not worth while returning to his own lodging, he decided. He had everything he needed in his dressing-room.

Leaving the door slightly ajar, he crossed to the dressing-table. Coat and waistcoat, collar and tie went flying in different directions, and, rolling up his shirt-sleeves, he sat down to get the irksome business of shaving over as speedily as possible. His face lathered, he was stooping to pick up the razor-blade he had let fall when he heard the door shut softly, and then a quick, light step behind him.

For a second his heart beat furiously. But before he could turn or even look up, two warm hands closed over his eyes, blinding him, and close to his ear came the laughing whisper: "Guess who eet is."

Raging at himself for the thought, which he knew had been a hope, that had leaped to his mind, he flung round in a white heat of anger. "What the devil do you want here, Madeleine? I've told you a hundred times I won't have you coming to my room. Do you want me to tell you again—and tell you just what I think of you? You won't like it, believe me. So you clear out, right now—before I put you out."

Totally unabashed at this hostile reception, Madeleine slanted her golden head on one side and looked at him with feigned demureness, though the corners of her too brilliant lips were curling in a mischievous little smile.

"Oh, don't be so stupefied," she cooed. "I once want to 'ave a leetle talk wiz you." "Well, I don't want to talk," he flung at her angrily, "so hop it. I want my room to myself."

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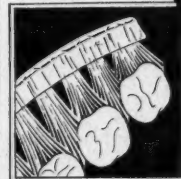
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I'm busy—and besides, I'm—I'm shaving," he added rather lamely.

A bubble of laughter came from Madeleine. "Well, that's not so ver' dreadful, is eet?" she mocked. "Do you sink I-nevaire see a man shave before? Go on wiz your toilette, chéri, an' I will be jus' so quiet as a leetle mouse. But if you try to put me out, I shall scream—an' everyone shall know I am 'ere."

Knowing her as he did, Juan knew that the threat was no idle one. Anger fell from him, leaving only a cold disdain and disgust that augmented every moment. Argument was useless with Madeleine. The tawny brutes behind the bars in the Lion Park had as much understanding of morality as she. She was a sensual, pleasure-loving little animal—but a dangerous little animal who still could make serious trouble if he was not careful. If that, then, was her game, let her stay—till she tired of his unresponsiveness.

Turning back to the table, without another glance at the lissom figure curled seductively in a great chair, he lathered his chin afresh and took up the razor again, resolved this time to make the process as lengthy and tedious as might be. Behind him Madeleine sat watching his slow and deliberate movements, with her eyes glowing somberly.

The passionate longing she had for this one man who had consistently refused her attentions had reached a culminant point today when he had publicly rejected her advances. And she determined, by a bolder stroke than she had yet attempted, to break through the cold indifference which, in her complete egoism, she could not believe to be other than assumed.

Practised coquette, with no thought but the satisfying of her desire, she had come to his room with deliberate intent, confident in her beauty, confident of her own powers of seduction. A fierce little thrill went through her. As she had made other men love, so could she make him—so would she make him. For was he not a man, to be fired with the flame of her passion, to yield in the end, as all other men had yielded? And never had there been such a man as Juan! He would love, when he loved, with all the jealous mastery of a conqueror. In the acceptance of that certain domination her sordid little soul soared for an instant to a height of self-abnegation it would never reach again, and for that one moment the woman that might have been rose triumphant over the woman that was, exultant in surrender.

Tonight, here in this little room where he had repulsed her, might come the fulfilment of all her hope! Unprincipled, primitive, like some savage little beast of prey, the blood beat in her ears as she gave herself up to the expectation of that hope, and trembling, shuddering, she crouched forward, her hands clenched tight on the arms of the chair.

A woman-hater—yet they said in the circus that the woman-hater had been caught at last, that he was crazy about that miserable little white-face *coquine* who had been with him in the restaurant today. She had laughed then, scorning to believe. But if it was true—if it was true? The thought sent her bolt upright, almost choking with the jealous rage that forced her to derisive and unthinking speech.

"You sink she ees prettee—that little Ricardo?" she burst out. "Me—I sink she ees ver' uglee. An' she ees not a girl at all. She ees onlee a boy, like a flat board on two sticks. What you want to waste your time wiz 'er for? She does not care for you, you know. She does not care for anything but those stupeed 'orses. She ees onlee flattered because thee great Juan tak' notice of 'er. She jus' want to get somesing out of you."

Paying no attention to her at all, Juan went on slowly fastening his collar.

But the next moment, as he reached out to take his tie from the table, he grew suddenly rigid, his hand dropping back to his side. For, close behind him, he heard a quick movement, and then Madeleine's voice, soft and tearful as he had never heard it before.

"Please not to sink of that little Ricardo,

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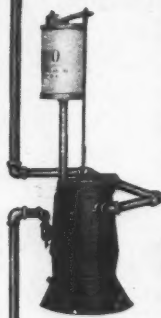
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For Coughs
PINEX

Juan. She does not want you to be kind like—like I do. I want you to be my friend—oh, so, so much! You don't know. You sink because I laugh always I am 'appy. 'Appy—me? *Mon Dieu!* you don't know what ees my life with Maurice. He beat me, often—till sometimes I want to kill myself. You don't believe? *Eh, bien, regardez donc, see what 'e 'as done!*"

Thrusting herself before him, throwing off the fur coat that enveloped her, with passionate abandon she wrenched open the filmy laces that covered her heaving breasts, and dragged them from her shoulders, exposing a great discolored bruise on one white rounded arm. "Look—'e did it. Maurice did it," she panted while, disregarded, the torn fragments of her dress slipped lower and lower.

But the beauty of the body she displayed so wantonly brought no softening to Juan's face. One glance he gave at the injured arm, then looked straight into her eyes, his own accusing. "That's a lie," he said with slow deliberation. "Maurice never laid a finger on you in his life. You got that bruise two days ago, practising."

She flinched at that, her face suddenly paling. Then, with a strangled cry, she dropped to the floor beside him, gripping him before he could move in her strong young arms. "Don't look at me like that," she moaned. "Oh, I know I lie to you, but it was just because I wanted you to be kind to me, because I love you! Juan, Juan, *mon amour*, you don't know 'ow much I love—'ow much I want you. You don't know what I give if onlee you love me. I give you everying you ask, all—all, if onlee you take me."

Her arms slipped suddenly about his neck, her whole body quivering, she writhed closer, wooing him with her eyes, and softly from the eager, pouting lips that were almost touching his came a low-breathed whisper that made him leap to his feet and thrust her away.

"And Maurice?" he cried harshly. "What about Maurice?"

Clinging to the chair he had overturned, coughing and struggling for breath, she looked up at him in frank amazement. "What does Maurice maittaire—to you an' me?" she gasped.

For a moment he stared at her. Then he laughed, a laugh that brought her slowly to her feet, that made her, for the first time, afraid.

"What does Maurice matter?" he repeated trenchantly. "To you, apparently, nothing. To me, something more than that. If you knew anything of love at all, you would know what Maurice's love was worth. He'd have married you, would marry you now if you'd let him—and you treat him like dirt. I tell you, Madeleine, it's women like you that make men beasts—the sort of beast you seem to think I am. But if you haven't any sense of honor left, do you dare to think I haven't either? If you belong to anyone, you belong to Maurice. And yet you can come to me here tonight, to tempt me with your beauty, to offer me your body, as you've offered it to scores of other men, when you know I am Maurice's friend. Do you think that's my idea of friendship? Do you think I'm the kind of yellow dog that takes another man's woman from him? Do you dare even to suggest it? You make me sick!" And turning from her with a gesture of repulsion, he strode to the door and flung it open. "Put on that coat and go!" he ordered.

With her face grown hard and defiant, with head erect and glittering eyes, she moved slowly to the door. "Do you sink I care what you say about me?" she choked, with a shrill laugh of contempt. "I care jus' that—jus' nothing at all," and she snapped her fingers insolently in his face. "I sought you were a man—I am ver' glad I found my mis-take. But some day I mak' you sorree, some day I mak' you pay for thees—*Saint Juan*. Thee saint of thee circus!" Venomously she spat out the words, then tossed her head and flaunted past him.

Alone, leaning back against the door he had closed, Juan drew a long breath, struggling to regain command of himself. With a bitter

sneer of self-contempt he went back to the dressing-table and, picking up a book, sat down to try to read, to try to force his thoughts to subjection—when the door of the room burst open again, to slam to even more violently. "Where is Madeleine?" It was Maurice's voice, thick and almost inarticulate with passion.

If he had come but five minutes ago! Almost Juan wished he had come—to learn for himself, if he did not already know it, the utter worthlessness of the woman he adored.

His muscles tightening instinctively, Juan swung round slowly in his chair. "That's no way to break into a fellow's room, Maurice!"

But the little Frenchman was beyond mere form and ceremony. With a threatening gesture he came nearer, his eyes flaming dangerously. "Where is Madeleine?" he repeated in a hoarse monotone.

Throwing the book aside, Juan rose to his feet, his own eyes steady under the other's furious stare. "How the devil should I know where Madeleine is?" he fenced, shrugging indifferently.

The gymnast's twitching limbs stiffened to sudden rigidity. "Don't play wix me, you fool!" he shouted. "She was wix you 'ere in thees room. The watchman tell me—an' the *parfum* she use—do you sink I not know it?"

Though Madeleine had forfeited all right to Juan's consideration, the impulse to deny any knowledge of her had been a spontaneous and purely chivalrous one, but, frustrated in his effort to shield her, Juan now made no more attempt at concealment.

"Well, then," he began calmly, "since you know so much—she was here, but—"

He got no further. With a cry that was hardly human, with a swift tigerish leap which, unexpected, almost threw him off his balance, Maurice was on him, foaming at the mouth as he bit and kicked and wrestled in a blind paroxysm of fury.

But the struggle was short-lived. Trained gymnast though he was, Maurice's strength was not equal to the strength against which he had matched himself. Caught in a grip that was crushing his ribs almost to breaking-point, he collapsed utterly, falling weakly onto the chair, where he buried his head in his arms and burst into tears.

"What did you want to do that for, Maurice?" Juan said quietly. "If you'd waited a moment I'd have told you all you wanted to know. But you're so crazy jealous you just jump at any fool notion that comes into your head. What's the idea, anyway? Because Madeleine happens to drop in for a friendly call, have you got to put some beastly construction on it? Don't you know me better than that? You don't happen to be jealous of me, do you?"

"She love you." It was a cry so hopeless, so utterly despairing that, knowing there was or had been at least some truth in it, for a moment Juan was nonplused. Then he laughed, as if refusing to take the matter seriously.

"That's rot, Maurice," he said firmly. "Madeleine doesn't love anyone—unless she loves you, you saphead. She's only amusing herself. And she didn't find it very amusing here, believe me. Guess I wasn't sparkling enough, for she quit very soon, after telling me a few home truths, and walked off with her nose in the air."

Maurice raised his head slowly, and turning a white, ravaged face, stared at him with still lingering suspicion. "You swear to me—" he began huskily.

"I'll swear at you in a minute, you poor fool," interrupted Juan sharply. "See here, Maurice, I've had about enough of this. I don't want Madeleine—and you know it. And if I did want her, she's your girl, and I'm not such a skunk that I'd take any man's girl from him."

Maurice heaved a deep and despondent sigh. "I was a fool, jus' now," he cried impetuously, "an' I am sorree—I mak' you my apolojee. It was jus' I was so crazy jealous—I nevair stop to think—I—"

"That's all right, Maurice," Juan cut in swiftly, wringing the little man's hand hard.

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"I knew you didn't mean it. I'm going out, got a date up-town. But drop in here any time you like. I'll sure be glad to see you." And gently pushing the still ashamed and apologizing Maurice before him, he got him across the room and out of the door

Three days had passed, for Juan interminable days that had been one long struggle against the acceptance of a fact which even yet he could not bring himself to believe.

A strange feeling of restlessness had come over him, restlessness that set him now wandering from one end of the circus to the other, until at last it drew him, almost against his will, to view the spectacle that was provoking continuous and thunderous applause.

Walking mechanically, scarcely realizing his own intention, he found himself amongst the circus hands collected in and about the dim tunnel-like entrance by which the performers reach the ring. The program was more than half over, and the ring cleared for the Shooting Stars, who were in the middle of their sensational turn; the space in the entrance and adjacent alleyways was congested.

Juan seemed blind and deaf to everything about him as he stood waiting for the one event he could no longer pretend he had not come to watch.

It was to see Paul he was here; to see the sad childish face, the slender, supple little figure whose image for days had never left his mind. To see Paul—that much, at least, was clear, and he could be honest with himself at last. But why here? he asked himself—and why this urgent need to see her now?

The shrill scream of a nerve-fretted stallion, together with a dull pounding of hoofs on the matting of the alleyway, warned him of the approach of the turn for which he was waiting.

His breath quickened, and a look of expectancy leaped into his eyes as he drew farther back against the wooden partition to give room to the grooms running out to line the arena and others who were grouped in readiness to lead the horses into the ring. Out in the brilliantly lighted space only Manners now held solitary sway, keeping the audience in gales of mirth.

Juan flattened himself against the partition just as Ricardo strode past on his way into the ring. Juan scarcely noticed him. At the moment Ricardo was nothing. Nor did he pay any attention to the nervous thoroughbreds who, tossing their feather-decked heads, were pacing out, two by two, in the wake of their master. It was only Paul he was looking for. Paul, who came last of all, mounted on a temperamental chestnut, not one of the black Russians, who was sidling and rearing excitedly. Under the paint Juan could see that her face was deadly pale and drawn into lines of such pain that instinctively he started forward, his own face flaming. But, like Ricardo, she passed without seeming to see him.

"Lord, the kid looks bad! She ain't fit fur to ride." The hoarse growl came from Shorty, whose rough features were twisted into an expression of deep concern.

To the enthusiastic audience the performance was moving with ease and precision. But the more discriminating circus people could see there were slight hitches and blunders, due entirely to the Texan's temper, that sent Paul hurrying several times to save a set piece from disaster. And to their better-trained eyes were revealed, more clearly than ever before, the subtle savageries he employed. Cruel always, today he scarcely seemed to be attempting to conceal his cruelty, and his whole demeanor showed a nervous irritability that found vent in a more frequent use of the stinging whiplash.

Act by act the trick horses worked through their performance, ending with an elaborately staged set piece from which they finally broke away two by two, to be trotted out of the ring by the grooms.

Ricardo was still responding to the plaudits of the spectators when Paul remounted the chestnut to give an exhibition of *haute école*

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that brought a further outburst of applause. Keyed up now to the highest pitch of excitement, it was her last act with Satan—a spectacular turn called the Death Race—that the audience was really waiting for.

Already the giant black was awaiting his turn in the shadowy alleyway behind, madder than ever and lashing out savagely as he wheeled and kicked and bit at the hands that held him. It was the heavy stamping of his hoofs and the imprecations of the three men clinging to his head that roused Juan from the almost dream-like feeling of unreality that had come over him. His mouth parched suddenly. In a moment she would have to ride that screaming devil—and she wasn't fit, she wasn't fit. Soundlessly his dry lips kept repeating the words.

Between the double row of circus folk drawn back to let her pass, Paul came slowly, reeling slightly as she walked. Reaching up her hands, she caught at the stallion's head, drawing it down till the rolling, bloodshot eyes were level with her own. Then, with a queer little cry, she pressed her cheek against his silky face. "Oh, boy," she moaned, "be good, for I shan't be able to hold you!"

In the open space that had been cleared by Satan's flying heels it was only Juan who heard her pathetic appeal to the horse she loved. Gone suddenly white to the lips, he flung his free arm round her, crushing her to him as he stooped his face to hers. "Kid, kid, can you do it?" he whispered.

Her eyes closed, and for a moment she relaxed weakly against him. But before he could speak again she slipped from his hold. "I got to," she gasped. "I daren't—" She broke off, shuddering, and turning quickly to Satan pulled his head down again. "Get me the things," she said urgently. "He'll be quieter with you."

The things for which she asked, electric attachments used in the act, were thrust into Juan's hand by one of Ricardo's lads, and stifling the remonstrances he had to clench his teeth to keep back, he helped her fix the metal strip with its shining blue glass bulbs to the frontlet of Satan's head-stall.

Then, still silent, he passed her a close-fitting helmet-shaped cap, encircled with the same glass bulbs. Cap and frontlet held a small battery which, operating, threw out a blue light that made both girl and horse look ghost-like. And ghosts they were supposed to be, a phantom rider on a phantom horse, haunting the forest through which in life they had ridden to their death.

In the alleyway, conscious that she was behind time, Paul was working feverishly to finish her preparations. Cramming the cap over her curls and slipping into a long dark highwayman coat, she switched on the batteries and, gathering the reins in her hand, tried to mount. Twice she lifted her foot to the stirrup and twice fell back panting against Satan, who had begun to snort and plunge again.

It was almost more than Juan could endure to watch her painful efforts. The waiting public, Marqueray's, everything went from him but the dread that at last forced protest from his lips. "You can't go through with it, kiddy. For heaven's sake, don't try!"

Her white face quivered, but resolutely she shook her head. "I must," she muttered desperately. "Put me up, quick. They're waiting."

With a smothered groan Juan dragged Satan closer and swung Paul into the saddle.

There was a snort and a plunge, a volley of oaths as the men scattered before him, and out into the darkened arena—lighted now only by the blue-colored spot-lights which, simulating lightning, darted confusingly over the big empty space in dazzling intermittent flashes—swept the great stallion, his scream of rage mingling with the thunderous blaring of the music that, swelling and quickening every moment, was rising in a wild crescendo of maddening, deafening sound.

As the giant black tore past Ricardo, jerking at his bridle and almost out of control, two

blinding rays from the spot-lights caught him full in the eyes, checking his wild flight. Slithering to a momentary standstill, with another ear-splitting scream he shot up into the air, rearing almost perpendicularly, to crash down heavily and then rear again and again, mad with fright and rage.

Followed a fight between horse and rider that for savage intensity and swiftness of motion eclipsed almost anything that had ever been seen in that ring before. Phantom horse and phantom rider leaped through the darkness like things possessed.

Never had the opening scene of the Death Race so taken the audience by storm. They were stamping and shouting themselves hoarse. Only Juan, almost beside himself with fear for her, and the other anxious watchers crowded in the mouth of the entrance knew that the fight was a real one.

In the swift succeeding flashes they could see Paul clinging by what seemed a miracle to the saddle, working desperately with Satan as she used every device she knew to quiet him.

For Juan those moments were like a foretaste of Hell. But just when his endurance reached breaking-point, it became evident that Satan was either beginning to weary of the struggle or had taken it into his equine mind to respond at last to the touch that had never failed to soothe him.

Little by little he calmed down, until at length, drawn into a walk, he commenced the stealthy zigzag passage through the fir-trees that should have marked the opening of the scene. It was then that Ricardo roused himself to activity. A flash of light showed him for an instant standing abreast of the slowly moving horse, his long whip quivering in his hand. What happened perhaps not one amongst the audience saw. The girl's sharp cry and the forward surge of the stallion as he broke into the furious gallop that was carrying him round and round the ring at racing speed was to them all part of the spectacle, the climax for which they had been waiting.

But from the alleyway the snaking whiplash that had shot out to sweep like a white-hot flame across Paul's face had been plainly visible, and the agonized cry that burst from Juan was almost drowned in the roar of angry disapproval that came from the men grouped round him.

"Did you see that?"

"'Twas the horse."

"'Twas th' girl, ye blind ape, an' full in th' face—th' dhirty blackguard!"

Since the cry that had been wrung from him Juan had neither moved nor spoken. And not even Manners, the faint suspicion that for days had been growing in his mind now become a certainty, guessed the full extent of the passion of rage and fury that was driving him almost to frenzy as he stood like a statue, his clenched hands hanging at his sides. In his set white face only his eyes seemed to be alive, terrible, burning eyes that never left the little swaying figure on the galloping horse.

But at last the pace slackened, slowing gradually till suddenly, of his own accord, Satan headed for the entrance. Almost did it seem as if the horse had gaged the limit of her powers, for as he carried her out beyond range of the public eye, what little strength she still retained went from her, and sinking forward, she lay limp against his neck.

It was Juan who caught and brought him to a stand, and Juan who, when the men closed in to hold the horse, reached up to lift her down. "Kiddy, kiddy!" Only she heard the shaking whisper, and again she tried to smile. But as she felt his arms tighten round her she motioned him away.

"I'll—ride him," she whispered faintly. "He'll go better—for me. The lads'll only—fret him again." And signing to them to stand clear, she walked Satan slowly down the alleyway.

And because his own act followed, because before even her need came his duty to the great expectant public whose servant he was, Juan had to let her go alone—to face heaven

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only knew what when Ricardo got back to the stables.

Inside the lion cage Juan focused his whole attention on the great beasts whose every move he had to watch and be prepared for. There were only one or two he could trust absolutely; the rest needed perpetual surveillance.

Lily alone would have been trouble enough this afternoon. Fighting with her neighbors, clawing at him at every opportunity, from start to finish she behaved diabolically. Twice, on the other side of the bars, Lin moved closer, his hand stealing to his jacket pocket.

And the rioting spread like an infection. But it was what the audience wanted, what they had paid their money to see—and if a trainer risked his life, was he not paid, and well paid, to give them the thrill they expected?

Not until the lights in the amphitheater were extinguished one by one, as a gentle hint that the session was over, did they cease from cheering and begin slowly to vacate their seats.

The truth had been burned into Juan in those few moments in the alleyway. No use to play with his thoughts now. Paul was only a child, yet he loved her—loved her as he had never believed it possible that he could love. To save her before it was too late, to take her from the brute whose cruelty was slowly killing her, he would gladly risk his soul, if need be. For what did his soul matter compared with her well-being and happiness, happiness that surely his love and tenderness must bring?

But there was no look of tenderness on his face as he hurried through the deserted building, and the light that gleamed in his eyes was not love but hate, a hatred that was eating into him like a living flame. Ricardo was going to pay at last, and pay as few men had ever paid. Never again should Paul feel the weight of that merciless hand, never again should she suffer the torture that for years had been her daily portion.

But the shuddering spasms of burning rage that had been pouring over Juan in continuous waves ever since his mind had been free to think of Paul again went from him as he passed into his dressing-room.

He was deadly calm as he took the revolver from his pocket and tossed it onto the dressing-table. It was safer there—and his bare hands were all he needed. Still without haste, he stripped off coat and waistcoat and began to roll up the sleeves of his flannel shirt.

But his preparations were scarcely finished when the echo of a distant sound outside in the corridor brought him to sudden and rigid attention, listening intently.

It was the sound of flying footsteps he heard, footsteps which, coming nearer, he recognized. Paul! As he wheeled towards the door, she came through it like a driven wild thing. Coatless, her hands outstretched, swaying and stumbling, she sped across the intervening space between them, to fall in a moaning, shivering little heap at his feet. No articulate word came from her. Too mad with terror and pain to speak, only her anguished eyes besought him as she strained against his knees, clinging to him in an abandonment of fear. There was blood on the ragged strips of her torn shirt, blood on the soft flesh that showed white through the jagged rents, and blood on the pale convulsed face across which the mark of Ricardo's whip rose in a great purple weal.

In the flash of an instant he saw it all, and there was madness in his own eyes as he caught her up into his arms. But before he could speak, before he could still the pitiful sobs that were nearly breaking his heart, there came the sound of other and heavier hurrying footsteps, and the next moment Ricardo burst into the room.

Still holding the heavy quirt with which he had thrashed her and with a bellow like an angry bull, he sprang forward, brandishing the quirt, and shouting words of vile insinuation, brought the leathern thong down with crashing force across Juan's face.



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Almost blinded by the blow that had come too swiftly to be warded off, Juan thrust Paul behind him and, leaping at Ricardo, closed with him.

Locked in a deadly embrace, they swayed backwards and forwards, straining and heaving as they struggled for mastery. A continuous hoarse raving came from Ricardo, but no sound passed Juan's set lips. He knew better than to waste his breath needlessly. Under the fierce pleasure rioting within him, his brain was working swiftly. He knew he must keep something in reserve, must fight to wear down Ricardo's resistance before he could hope to administer the final punishment to which he had sworn himself. But as yet Ricardo showed no sign of weakening.

So protracted was the struggle, the two men apparently so much more nearly equal in strength than had ever been anticipated, that a time came when even some of the most confident of Juan's partisans, among the crowd that had quickly gathered to watch the battle, began to be aware of an uncomfortable feeling of doubt stealing slowly over them.

Then all at once Juan changed his tactics. Up to this moment he had acted almost entirely on the defensive, waiting until his opponent should tire. Now, for the first time, he veered round to the offensive and, putting forward his full strength at last, drove at Ricardo with all his weight, pinioning the mighty arms that were beating like flails about his head, and crushing him in a suffocating grip until little by little he began to drive him backwards towards the wall at the farther end of the room.

But as the Texan gave way step by step, suddenly, with a tremendous effort, he wrenched his right arm free from the hold that was almost paralyzing him. Swiftly his hand slid behind him. And as swiftly came Shorty's warning shout: "Boss, he's drawing on you!" Too late to prevent the shot, Juan could only divert it. And for a moment the yelling crowd stood mute in breathless suspense while they watched him force Ricardo's arm slowly upward and outward.

Then, as a deafening report crashed through the stillness and the bullet, missing Juan's head by the fraction of an inch, sped across the room and through the mirror on the dressing-table, pandemonium broke out.

What actually happened in the next few minutes Juan never knew. Something seemed to snap in his brain and, self-control gone utterly, a red mist floating before his eyes, he was conscious of but one thought—a savage and overmastering desire to kill with his bare hands the man who had tried to murder him, who had tortured the child he loved. Sight and sanity returned only when he woke as it were from a nightmare, to find himself struggling like a maniac in the hands of some of the rough gang, who were holding him back from another group kneeling beside a prostrate figure on the floor.

But though he remembered everything now, except what had followed after that blinding flash, he did not even look at the man he had punished so terribly. Whether Ricardo was dead or alive he neither knew nor cared. Ricardo seemed to have passed beyond consideration. Still too dizzy to speak, he lifted a shaking hand, clearing the blood and sweat from his face, and wrenching free from the men who held him, staggered a step or two, looking vaguely round the room.

It was Shorty who guessed and answered the unspoken question in his eyes. "Old Mammy's got th' girl, Boss," he said gently.

Paul. Juan's tired arms were aching to hold her, and in the longing to see her he forgot the throbbing in his head, the soreness of his limbs as he hurried in the direction of Mammy's room.

But when he reached the half-open door he faltered suddenly. At the sound of the choking cry that burst from him, Mammy Zoë raised herself and looked round.

She was beside him before he could move, reaching trembling hands to his shoulders as

she peered at his blood-stained, tormented face with horror dawning in her anxious eyes.

"Honey, what yo' done? You's not kill him?"

He shrugged with weary indifference. "I don't know. I don't think—I care," he muttered dully, and pushing past her, he went to drop on his knees beside the divan. And the sight of the little bruised face, so marble-white and still, brought another choking cry. "Mammy, she's not—" Unable to voice his own fear, he broke off, his head going down beside the brown curls on the pillow.

"Shoo, Honey," Mammy murmured. "Yo' don' have to fret yo'self like that. She's only sleepin'. Yo' jus' come 'way and let her sleep. She's been beat up drefful, an' she's 'most starved to death, po' lamb, but she ain't goin' to take no harm now, praise the good Lord; she's safe wi' ole Mammy."

The crushing load of fear lifted, slowly Juan raised his head. Yet for a moment longer he lingered, looking down wistfully at the beloved little face he yearned but did not dare to kiss, at the soft dark curls he touched with shy tenderness.

"Mammy, for the love of heaven, how bad is she hurt? Is she—fit to go on tonight?"

The hoarse question that to anyone other than a showman might have sounded callous, even cruel, was in no way extraordinary to Mammy Zoë, who had lived nearly all her life amongst show people, who was used to the splendid courage and devotion that puts duty to the public before private ills and heartaches.

"I reckon," she said, with more confidence than Juan had dared to hope; "if she lays quiet," she added, after a moment's thought, "an' take all I'se goin' to give her. There's ways, y'know, Honey, ways I don' hold wil when 'tain't nec'es'ry." She paused again, frowning and muttering to herself. Then: "Guess I can fix it so's she don' let Mar'ray's down this evenin'," she added reluctantly.

"I don't have to ask you to be good to her. I'll be back when I'm through with the Old Man," whispered Juan.

Outside the door he found Manners walking up and down in nervous restlessness, his haggard face more haggard and strained than usual. When Juan appeared the clown moved forward, and ranging alongside walked with him down the corridor.

"You fool, oh, you utter fool!" was all his husky greeting.

But Juan knew what lay under the apparent condemnation. "I couldn't help it, Jim," he muttered; "it had to happen—sooner or later. What he did today finished me. I just couldn't stand for it any longer. But I wish it hadn't come when it did. I never thought about tonight. Did—did you—see it?" he added jerkily.

"No," snapped Manners, "the boys told me when I got back. They're still celebrating. Seem to be rather sorry, some of them, that you didn't finish the swine completely while you were at it."

"He's alive—then?" The hoarse query was voiced so oddly that Manners turned and looked at him curiously.

"Yes, he's alive all right," he said dryly. "Didn't you know? But it's no thanks to you he isn't dead. The boys say you'd have killed him if they hadn't hauled you off when they did. As it is, he's pretty considerably damaged, and he'll be in hospital for the next few days. How about you? That cut looks nasty."

Juan dabbed at the still bleeding cut with his handkerchief. "Oh, I'm all right," he said almost roughly. And with a shake of the head he turned away and, knocking at Marqueray's door, went in.

The room seemed strangely dim as he walked across it, the way interminable from the door to the table where Marqueray sat poring over a ledger. And his voice, when he spoke, sounded unnatural even to himself.

"I've—smashed up—Ricardo, Boss." Very slowly, his words coming thickly, he told all he had to tell, stating just the plain facts of the case and offering no extenuation.

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"Curse you, Juan!" Marqueray exploded. "What the devil do you want always interfering? What business was it of yours, anyway? If Ricardo's been acting the way you say, why didn't you come and tell me? I'd have settled him. I'll not stand for dirty work of that kind here. I—" He leaped up suddenly. "Sit down, you fool!" he shouted.

For Juan had staggered and was clutching at the table that seemed to be rocking before him. And as he collapsed, quicker than seemed possible for one of his years Marqueray caught him and, flinging a steadying arm round him, lowered him into the chair he had kicked forward. His arm still wrapped closely about his head man's shoulders, his anger changed to visible agitation, Marqueray appeared for once to have forgotten his usual callousness, and there was a look in his eyes that would have amazed Juan had he seen it.

At length he looked up, blinking at the light which now seemed dazzling. "I'm sorry, Boss," he faltered apologetically, a shamefaced little smile on his white lips. "I guess I—"

With a snort that might have been anger, or the suppression of some other emotion, Marqueray thrust a glass of brandy into his hand.

"You shut up, and drink that," he growled, and going back to his seat, he waited with astounding patience until the brandy glass was set down on the table again. When he did speak it was with a calmness that made Juan wonder whether he was awake or dreaming.

"Well, what about it?" he drawled. "Who's to work the equestrian turn tonight, or what's to replace it? Ain't you got any suggestion? It's your trouble, you know."

For a moment Juan looked at him, more puzzled with his employer than he had ever been. But it was his trouble, and he felt that Marqueray was justified in putting the burden of it on him. "Ricardo don't matter," he said shakily. "The—the girl's the guts of his show, and she's a— a nervy kid. She won't let us down—if she can help it. She'll carry through—if she can stand on her feet."

"She'll have to!" retorted Marqueray, with a quick return to his usual explosive manner. "That show's got to go through tonight, and it's up to you to see that it goes through. So get along now and fix it," he went on peremptorily. "And for the rest—just you keep that infernal temper of yours under better control in future, or Marqueray's'll be needing a new cat-trainer."

But it was not the threat that was troubling Juan as he walked back to Mammy's room. It was Paul, and a doubt of her ability to get through the evening performance. He had left her sunk in a sleep of utter exhaustion, and looking like death—and yet he had almost promised Marqueray she would appear tonight.

He found her awake and sitting up, propped with cushions, and signing to old Mammy to leave them alone, he went to the divan.

She moved slightly at his coming, giving one swift glance at his face when he sat down, and a faint cry broke from her. But she said nothing. Her eyes averted hastily again, her pale lips tightly closed, she seemed to be compelling herself to calmness, to be trying deliberately to suppress any outward show of feeling. Only her hands twisting nervously one within the other betrayed the agitation she could not wholly conceal.

He caught them in his own, stifling the words of love that were almost choking him, resisting the impulse to take her into his arms. He dared not give way to the impulse yet, dared not say anything that might further agitate her. Oh, if only he could take her away this very moment—away from all the pain—and weariness—and fear!

His face was dark with bitterness as he forced himself to speak. "You know—what's happened, kiddy?"

At his low-voiced question the small hands in his jerked spasmodically. "Yes," she whispered. "Mammy told me."

"Then you know Ricardo's out of the bill—for tonight?"

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"Yes, I know." Again he felt her hands twitch, saw her mouth begin to tremble. And fearing any reference to what had passed, any breakdown that might make his hateful task an impossibility, he went on hurriedly: "The show tonight," he said, gripping her cold fingers tightly. "Can you go through with it, kiddy? Are you able, truth and honor?"

She turned her head then, looking at him strangely. "I guess—I got to, haven't I?" she answered in a flat little monotone.

"But can you?" he burst out passionately. "Are you sure? Because if you're not, I'll see the whole show in hades and the public frizzling before I let you put a foot into the ring."

It was the lover, not the showman, who spoke, but his vehemence brought only the same spiritless reply. "I can—do it," she said slowly, as if every word was an effort. "I did a show alone before—once. I'm—all right."

And to all his further questioning she made the same reply, until at last, fearing only to tire her more, reluctantly he tore himself away to seek Ricardo's head man.

In the stables Ricardo's men were still discussing the great event, and the grins and chorus of delighted yelps that greeted Juan showed very plainly that if Ricardo was hated in the circus he was hated even more bitterly by his own men.

Juan beckoned to the head man.

"Miss Ricardo'll work your turn alone tonight," he rapped out gruffly. "You'll help her all you can?"

The man's rather sleepy eyes widened in sudden surprise, but his answer came with speed and unexpected decision. "Sure," he said promptly. "There ain't nothin' I wouldn't do fur Miss Paul. I'd 'a' quit months ago if it hadn't been fur her, an' if that darn skunk didn't owe me more pay'n I can afford to lose. You jus' tell me what I got to do an' I'll do it—or bust."

With greater relief than he had yet felt Juan went straight to the point, and plunging into details began to outline the necessary alterations in the equestrian turn which Ricardo's absence made imperative.

The doors of the circus were opening for the evening session when he finally left the stables.

It was Sunday again, the day of rest always eagerly looked forward to by all the circus.

But there was no rest in Juan's mind that Sunday morning as he sat in Marqueray's office, drumming impatiently with his fingers while he waited for the ringing of the telephone bell. That drumming was a trick of Marqueray's. And Manners, lounging in a swivel-chair on the other side of the table, turned to look at the strong, nervous fingers, wondering how many more of the Old Man's mannerisms Juan was going to adopt. It seemed to him that he had noticed several lately.

Daily reports had been telephoned from the hospital, but from Ricardo himself no word had come as yet—and in ten days Marqueray's was due to sail for Europe. The point Manners was considering now, a point discussed daily in the circus, was whether, when that time came, Juan would be free to accompany it.

Juan had scarcely troubled to consider how that fight might affect himself or even Marqueray's. His only thought was for Paul. And waiting now for the answer to his telephone call, it was not of Ricardo but of Ricardo's daughter he was thinking.

Did she remember anything yet, or was her mind still a blank, as it had seemed to be when he had gone to her that evening in Mammy Zoë's room? Though she had fainted again from sheer exhaustion at the end of it, she had gone through the performance that night, and for the three succeeding days she had managed her turn at both sessions. Not allowed to go back alone to the apartment-house where Ricardo rented two bare, uncomfortable rooms, she had slept each night in the workroom, in the care of old Mammy. And sheltered as she had never been before, strengthened by nourishing and regular food, even in the three days

she had begun to show signs of physical improvement. But the fear Juan had felt for her body was replaced now by a greater and more terrible fear for her brain.

Even with old Mammy, even with Juan, she was silent, often not answering when she was addressed. And never mentioning her father, never once referring to the incident that had at last brought retribution down on his own head, almost did it seem as if every recollection of what had happened had gone from her utterly. Yet frequently, when those about her heard no sound, she would start violently and, gone suddenly rigid, would seem to be listening intently—as though to distant footsteps which only her ears could hear. And always in her eyes there was a look of fearful expectancy, a hunted look of constant dread that made Juan tremble for her reason when her dread should take tangible form again. Passionately he wished Ricardo dead, passionately he cursed the men who had kept him back from murder.

But not all the wishing in the world would make Ricardo dead. He was alive and, according to the latest report, not likely to be detained much longer in hospital. Even during this coming week he might possibly be discharged.

It was the knowledge of this fact, the thought of what Ricardo's return would mean to Paul, a torturing vision of her helpless once more in her brutal father's hands, that had driven Juan to telephone to the hospital this morning. He had to know when that return would be. And when he knew—merciful heavens, how was he to tell her?

With a little shiver he reached for the telephone again.

And at that moment the call came. Before the bell stopped ringing Manners was round the table, and to both men the operator's voice came clearly: "Yes, this is the hospital. Who's that speaking? Marqueray's Circus? ... Your man ain't here. Wasn't fit to go out, but he wouldn't stay. You just missed him, hasn't gone only ten minutes ... What's that—to the circus? No, said he was going home. He—"

Juan slammed down the receiver without waiting for more. He had heard all he wanted to know. Ricardo was out—and he, he had to tell Paul.

"Somebody's got to tell her—she'll take it better from me," he said.

"And—afterwards?" said Manners.

"Afterwards? Afterwards I'm going to finish with Ricardo."

"But, good heavens, man, he—"

There was incredulity, almost horror in Manners's sharp cry of protest, and a faint smile that was half bitter, half scornful flickered over Juan's face.

"You needn't be afraid," he cut in harshly. "I'm not going to touch him again—now. I haven't sunk quite so low that I can hit a man when he's down, no matter what he's done. I'm only going to—to speak to him."

"Then you don't go alone!" Manners burst out impetuously.

Already at the door, Juan flung round with an oath. "I've said I wasn't going to touch him," he cried angrily. "Can't you trust me?"

Manners met his furious stare with singular steadiness. "Oh, yes, I can trust you," he said slowly, "but I don't trust Ricardo, not a little bit. If you go, Juan, I go too—and if you don't like it you can lump it."

Quickly as it had risen Juan's anger evaporated, and his face softened as he dropped his hand for a moment on Manners's shoulder. "Aw, Jim—you old son of a gun," he muttered huskily.

But Manners knew he had gained his point, and with a sigh of relief he went back to the stable to get his pipe. "I'll wait in your room," he said. "We don't want the Old Man walking in here and asking questions." Only nodding, Juan passed out into the corridor.

Never had he dreaded anything so much as the task that lay before him. He had to tell her—and what would be the result of that

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telling on the jarred organism which already seemed to be hovering on the border-line of total darkness? When he reached the work-room he came to a sudden stop before the closed door, his courage almost failing him. Leaning against the jamb, mechanically wiping the perspiration from his face, he prayed for strength, not for himself but for her.

But he dared not linger, and forcing himself to calmness, he went into the room.

Slowly he turned to the divan. "Kiddy," he said softly. "Kiddy, I've something to tell you. Will you try to listen to me? Will you try to understand what I'm going to say?"

Though her lips remained closed, he could see that her attention was caught at last, for her breath quickened and she began to tremble.

"Kiddy, I've got to tell you. Your father—he's been in hospital—but he—"

He got no further. With a sudden sharp cry like the scream of an animal caught in a trap, she leaped to her feet, her hands flying to her throat.

"He's—come—for—me?"

And before he could speak, before he could move, he saw what he had dreaded to see—the beautiful little face, convulsed and horribly contorted, become almost the face of a maniac. For an instant she stood as if turned to stone. Then suddenly she shrieked, a shriek that made him shudder. And again and again she shrieked till he could bear the horror of it no longer, and catching her up in his arms he crushed her to him to stifle the ghastly sounds.

"Kiddy, hush! For heaven's sake, hush!" he groaned, and in agony that was almost unbearable desperately he prayed for the tears that might save her reason.

They came at last, but years seemed to have rolled over his head before he felt the rigid little body relax, before he knew from the shaking of her slender form that she was weeping.

Carrying her back to the divan, he laid her down amongst the cushions. For a long time she lay with her face half buried, but the tearing sobs that had seemed to be shaking her to pieces had changed to a low, continuous moaning, broken with pitiful little utterances. "Oh, what shall I do? I can't bear any more. I've tried—I've tried—but I can't bear any more. I haven't any courage left. If I see him again—I'll die." With a choking cry she was at his feet, clinging to his knees as once before she had clung. "Don't let him—get me. Don't—let—him—get—me. Oh, Juan, save me, help me!"

Help her? If she only knew how gladly! But his face was very white as he raised her and, putting her back on the divan, sat down beside her. "Do you know what you're saying, kiddy? Do you mean that, truly?" he asked, and his voice was almost harsh in its strained intensity. "Think—think before you answer."

"I can't think," she wailed. "My head feels all numb. I only know I'm frightened—I'm frightened. He—he—oh, I can't tell you—I can't tell you—"

She broke down, bursting into tears again and rocking from side to side in a very paroxysm of terror. Then, with a great sob: "Oh, I didn't know I was such a coward—I'm ashamed," she whispered, and covered her face with her hands.


Gently he pulled them down, holding them closely in his. "Kiddy—listen," he said slowly. "I can help you, if you'll let me. But there's only one way, and it's a way you mayn't care—to risk. You've never been afraid of me since that day I picked you out of Satan's stall, have you? You've always trusted me? Well, then, it just amounts to this—do you trust me well enough to—to come to me, to give me—yourself—for always? You know, you must have heard, what I am—that I haven't a name to offer you—but I swear I'll be good to you—that I'll try to make you happy."

A startled look had come into her pale face. Now a wave of scarlet suffused it, and with a strangled little sound she shrank from him.

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The Meaning of Life

(Continued from page 29)

the limitless, because it has abounding energy and frets to liberate its strength. It loves new and dangerous things; a man is as young as the risks he takes.

It bears law and order grudgingly. It is asked to be quiet when noise is the vital medium of youth; it is asked to be passive when it longs for action; it is asked to be sober and judicious when its very blood makes youth "a continuous intoxication." It is the age of abandon, and its motto, undelphianly, is *Panta oga*—"Nothing succeeds like excess."

It is never tired; it lives in the present, regrets no yesterdays and dreads no morrows; it climbs buoyantly a hill whose summit conceals the other side. It is the age of sharp sensation and unchilled desire; experience is not soured yet with repetition and disillusionment; to have sensations at all is then a sweet and glorious thing. Every moment is loved for itself, and the world is accepted as an esthetic spectacle, something to be absorbed and enjoyed, something of which one may write verses, and for which one may thank the stars.

Happiness is the free play of the instincts, and so is youth. For the majority of us it is the only period of life in which we live; most men of forty are but a reminiscence, the burnt-out ashes of what was once a flame. The tragedy of life is that it gives us wisdom only when it has stolen youth. *Si jeunesse savait et vieillesse pouvait*—"If youth knew how, and old age could!"

Health lies in action, and so it graces youth. To be busy is the secret of grace, and half the secret of content. Let us ask the gods not for possessions, but for things to do; happiness is in making things rather than in consuming them. In Utopia, said Thoreau, each would build his own home; and then song would come back to the heart of man, as it comes to the bird when it builds its nest. If we cannot build our homes we can at least walk and throw and run; and we should never be so old as merely to watch games instead of playing them. *Let us play* is as good as *let us pray*, and the results are more assured.

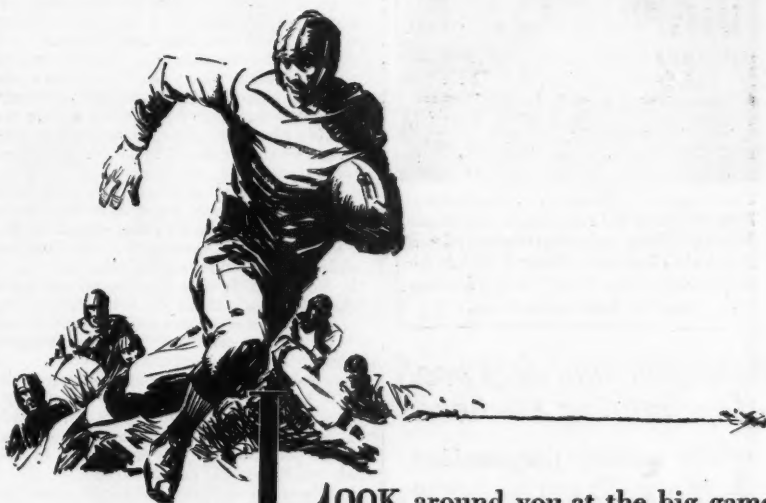
Hence youth is wise in preferring the athletic field to the classroom, and in rating baseball above philosophy. When a bespectacled Chinese student described American universities as "athletic associations in which certain opportunities for study are provided for the feeble-bodied," his remark was not so destructive as he supposed, and it described himself as much as the universities. Every philosopher, like Plato, should be an athlete; if he is not, let us suspect his philosophy.

"The first requisite of a gentleman," said Nietzsche, "is to be a perfect animal." On that foundation education should rise and build; instruction in the care of the body should equal the lore of the mind. The pangs of despised love and the bitterness of truth will not long torture a frame made sound and strong by sleep in the air and action in the sun.

Meanwhile youth is learning to read, which is all that one learns in school, and is learning where and how to find what he may later need to know—which is the best of the arts that he acquires in college. Nothing learned from a book is worth anything until it is used and verified in life; only then does it begin to affect behavior and desire. It is life that educates; and perhaps love more than anything else in life.

For meanwhile puberty has come, and with it that self-consciousness which is the origin of thought. Suddenly the boy loses the readiness and unity of indeliberate action, and the pale cast of thought overshadows him. The girl begins to bedeck herself more carefully, to dishevel her hair more artfully; ten hours a day she thinks of dress, and a hundred times a day she draws her skirt down over her knees with charming futility. The boy begins to wash his neck and shine his shoes; half his income goes to the girl, the other half to the

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Don't stay gray! Look young! Either prepare the recipe at home or get from any drug store a bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound" for only 75 cents. This is merely the old-time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients. Thousands of folks recommend this ready-to-use preparation, because it darkens the hair beautifully, besides, no one can possibly tell, as it darkens so naturally and evenly. You moisten a sponge or soft brush with it, drawing this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, its natural color is restored and it becomes thick, glossy and lustrous, and you appear years younger.

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Conquering... Teasing... Fascinating. With her beautiful eyes, Estelle Clarke, the Metro-Goldwyn star who recently played under the direction of King Vidor in his magnificent picture "The Crowd", has captured the hearts of millions.

Make your eyes deep pools of enchanting loveliness

THE witchery that smolders in heavenly eyes can now so easily be yours. Just a deft flick... and marvelous Winx weaves its magic spell. Your entire appearance is changed. Quickly, you become smarter, more beautiful and utterly fascinating.

With a naturalness that is supremely individual, this modish liquid lash dressing makes the eyes divinely beautiful...by framing them in a shadowy fringe of softly curling, luxuriant lashes.

So Easy to Apply—So Safe, Too

To capture such elusive beauty is now very easy. Lightly cover the lashes with Winx, using the dainty little plume. Then to obtain the most natural effect use a small, soft brush and instantly flick the top lashes upward and the lower lashes downward. This spreads Winx evenly from lid to lash tip.

This beauty will not vanish when you need it most. It is not transient or fragile... A tear... an unexpected cinder... glorious hours of swimming in fresh or salt water... Never fear for Winx. Its beauty remains undimmed because it is waterproof as well as lasting.

And unlike ordinary lash preparations you can apply Winx without fear of injuring the eyes or the lashes. It is harmless.

As Easy to Remove

It is better to remove Winx nightly, as most fastidious women do. Just pat cold cream or Lashlux on the lashes... then gently remove it with a cloth moistened in warm water, always stroking the lashes downward, not across. Winx comes off with the cream. You can also remove it easily with soap and water. To be sure that your lashes are fashionable and beautiful insist upon Winx... the originator of the vogue. As only Winx can give your eyes the alluring charm which distinguishes the smart woman. Your choice of black or brown... 75c complete. At all toilet goods counters. At all drug stores. Ross Company, 243 West 17th Street, New York City.



WINX

The Original Waterproof Liquid Lash Dressing

tailor. The girl learns the technique of blushing, and the young man, in the presence of beauty, walks "as if he had stolen his legs."

Intellectual development comes step by step with the growing consciousness of sex. Instinct gives way to thought, action slips into quiet brooding. There is a blossoming of poetry and imagination; a thousand fancies and magnificent ambitions flood the soul.

And at the same time that youth examines itself, it examines the world. It stretches out numberless tentacles of questioning and theory to grasp the meaning of the world; it asks inescapably about evil, and origins, and evolution, and destiny, and soul, and God. Religious "conversion" may come now, or religious doubt; religion may strengthen itself by self-attachment to the new impulses of love; or it may fight against the widening stream of desire in the soul, and awaken a hostility that for a while may rant in revengeful atheism.

It is about this time that youth discovers philosophy, and turns it into logic-bouts. The full heart flowers into song and dance; the esthetic sense is nourished with the overflow of desire; music and art are born.

Discovering the world, youth discovers evil, and is horrified to learn the nature of man. The principle of the family was mutual aid; but the principle of society is competition, the struggle for existence, the elimination of the weak and the survival of the strong.

Youth, shocked, rebels, and calls upon the world to make itself a family, and give to youth the welcome and protection and comradeship of the home: the age of socialism comes. And then slowly youth is drawn into the gamble of this individualistic life; the zest of the game creeps into the blood; acquisitiveness is aroused and stretches out both hands for gold and power. The rebellion ends; the game goes on.

Finally, youth discovers love. It has known "calf-love," that ethereal prelude to the coming symphonies of flesh and soul; and it has known the lonely struggles of premature and uninformed desire. But these were only preliminaries that would deepen the spirit and make it ready for the self-abandonment of adoration.

See them in love, this boy and this girl; is there any evil this side mortality that can balance the splendor of this good? The girl suddenly made quiet and thoughtful as the stream of life rises to conscious creation in her; the youth eager and restless, and yet all courtesy and gentleness, knowing the luxuries of courtship, aflame with something based in the hunger of the blood and yet something that rises to a marvelous tenderness and loyalty. Here is a fulfilment of long centuries of civilization and culture; here, in romantic love, more than in the triumphs of thought or the victories of power, is the topmost reach of man.

When we were young we married because romance had caught us up into devotion; but now our precarious and complex life delays marriage ever more and more beyond the age of love. What is youth to do in the increasing years between the coming of desire and the conquest of some place in the economic world that will warrant marriage? Let him answer who dares. And yet it is not time that we should be brave enough to face the issue, and understand that civilization must either restore early marriage or abandon love?

He who denounces the "immorality" of youth, and then stands by idle while financial caution postpones marriage, and therefore promotes promiscuity, and makes unnatural demands upon the sex to which love is life—such a man is a hypocrite or a fool. Desire is too strong to be dammed so unreasonably with moral prohibitions; its power has grown with every generation, for every generation is the result of its selected vigor; soon the flood of life will break through our insincerities and make new ways and morals for us while we shut our eyes.

Perhaps when it is too late we shall discover that we have sold the most precious thing in our civilization—the loyal love of a man for a

maid—for the sake of the desolate security which cowards find in gold.

Youth, if it were wise, would cherish love beyond all things else, keeping body and soul clean for its coming, lengthening its days with months of betrothal, sanctioning it with a marriage of solemn ritual, making all things subordinate to it resolutely. Wisdom, if it were young, would cherish love, nursing it with devotion, deepening it with sacrifice, vitalizing it with parentage, making all things subordinate to it till the end. Even though it consumes us in its service and overwhelms us with tragedy, even though it breaks us down with its passing and weighs us down with separations, let it be first. How can it matter what price we pay for love?

And so youth marries, and youth ends.

A married man is already five years older the next day, and a married woman too. Biologically, middle age begins with marriage; for then work and responsibility replace care-free play, passion surrenders to the limitations of social order, and poetry yields to prose. It is a change that varies with customs and climates: marriage comes late now in our modern cities, and adolescence lengthens; but among the peoples of the south and east marriage comes at the height of youth, and age on the heels of parentage.

"Young Orientals who exercise marital functions at thirteen," says Stanley Hall, "are worn out at thirty, and have recourse to aphrodisiacs... Women in hot climates are often old at thirty. In the main it is probable that those who mature late age late." Perhaps if we could delay our sexual maturity till our economic maturity has come we should, by lengthening adolescence and education, rise to a higher plane of civilization than the past has ever known.

Each age of life has its virtues and its defects, its tasks and its delights. As Aristotle found excellence and wisdom in the golden mean, so the qualities of youth, maturity and old age may be arranged to give a fair face to the central division of human life. For example:

YOUTH	MIDDLE AGE	OLD AGE
Instinct	Induction	Deduction
Innovation	Habit	Custom
Invention	Execution	Obstruction
Play	Work	Rest
Art	Science	Religion
Imagination	Intellect	Memory
Theory	Knowledge	Wisdom
Optimism	Meliorism	Pessimism
Radicalism	Liberalism	Conservatism
Absorption in future	Absorption in present	Absorption in past
Courage	Prudence	Timidity
Freedom	Discipline	Authority
Vacillation	Stability	Stagnation

Such a list could be continued indefinitely, piling truisms like Pelion on Ossa. Out of it at least this consolation emerges for middle age, that it is the epoch of achievement and establishment. For the exhilaration and enthusiasm of youth life gives then the calm and pride of security and power, the sense of things not merely hoped for but accomplished.

At thirty-five a man is at the height of his curve, retaining enough of the passion of younger years, and tempering it with the perspective of widened experience and maturer understanding. Perhaps there is some synchronism here with the cycle of sex, which reaches its zenith about thirty-two, midway between puberty and the menopause; Ellis has shown that most British men and women of genius were born when their parents were between thirty and thirty-four.

As we find a place in the economic world the rebellion of youth subsides; we disapprove of earthquakes when our feet are on the earth. We forget our radicalism then in a gentle liberalism—which is radicalism softened with the consciousness of a bank-account. After

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forty we prefer that the world should stand still, that the moving picture of life should freeze into a tableau.

Partly the increased conservatism of middle age is the result of wisdom, which perceives the complexity of institutions and the imperfections of desire; but partly it is the result of lowered energy, and corresponds to the immaculate morality of exhausted men. We perceive, at first incredulously and then with despair, that the reservoir of strength no longer fills itself after we draw upon it.

The discovery darkens life for some years; we begin to mourn the brevity of the human span, and the impossibility of wisdom or fulfillment within so limited a circle; we stand at the top of the hill, and without straining our eyes we can see, at its bottom, death. We work all the harder to forget that it is waiting for us; we turn our eyes back in memory to the days that were not darkened with its presence; we revel in the company of the young because they cast over us, transiently and incompletely, their divine carelessness of mortality. Hence it is in work and parentage that middle age finds its fulfillment and its happiness.

The commuter is the picture of middle age. He breakfasts between head-lines, and kisses his wife and children a hurried good-by; he rushes to the station, exchanges meteorological platitudes with his duplicates along the platform, reads his paper and smokes his manly pipe in the train, walks precariously through South Manhattan's fruit and filth, and clings like a drowning man to a subterranean strap while he is whirled with seismic discomfort to his toil.

Arrived, his importance subsides; instead of great decisions to be made he finds, for the most part, a soporific routine of repetitious details. He plods through them loyally, looks longingly at the clock that keeps him from his home, and thinks how pleasant it will be to spend the evening with his family. At five he rides again in suspended animation to his train, exchanges alcoholic audacities with his duplicates, and smokes again in philosophic dignity as he contemplates the daily tragedies of the national game. At six he is home, and at eight he wonders why he hurried so.

For by this time he has explored the depths of love, and has found the war that lurks in its gentle guise. Familiarity and fatigue have cooled the fever in his flesh; and then, again, it is so hard to love a woman in the morning! His wife does not dress for him, but only when he has gone away and is no longer in her mind; he sees her in disheveled negligée, while all through the day he meets women powdered and primed and curled, whose charming knees and inviting frocks and encouraging smiles and aphrodisiac perfumes leave him hovering hourly over the abysses of disloyalty. But he tries hard to love his wife, and kisses her regularly and promptly twice a day. He has an escapade or two, discovers the dulness in adultery, thanks God that he has not been detected, and reconciles himself to prose.

For the rest he mows his lawn, plays bridge and golf, and dabbles amateurishly in local politics. The last recreation soon sours on him. In the end he concludes that the wisest words of tongue or pen were uttered by Candide: *We must cultivate our garden.* He plants potatoes, and achieves a moderate peace.

In the interim his wife has learned something of life too. In the romantic years she had been a goddess; suddenly she finds that she is a cook. The discovery is discouraging. Why should she maintain the laborious allurements of dress and rouge for a man who looks upon her as an economical substitute for a maid? Or she does not cook, and does not clean; these things, and many more, are done for her, and she is left free, respectable, and functionless all the livelong day.

She spends her mornings making her toilette, and her afternoons reforming the proletariat; she reads on hygiene and maternity, and tells poor mothers how to bring up babies, when the



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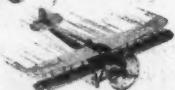


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harassed women merely wish to learn how to stop their coming. She attends extension classes, organizes clubs, and listens with romantic patience to peripatetic novelists, philosophers and Englishmen.

And then suddenly, somehow, she is a mother. She is pleased and terrified. Perhaps it will kill her to bear a child; not for a long time has she had the chance to do the wholesome work that would have fitted her physically for this fulfillment. But she is proud too, and feels a new maturity; she is a woman now, and not an idle girl, not a domestic ornament or a sexual convenience any more.

She goes through her ordeal bravely, praying for a son; when she sees it is a girl she weeps for a moment and then marvels at the child's unprecedented beauty. Fondly she slaves for it, through busy days and fragmentary nights, never having time to look for "happiness," and yet showing in her eyes a new radiance and delight.

And now what is this new tenderness in the father's eyes; this new gentleness in the touch of his hands, this unwanted sincerity in his embrace, this new willingness to labor and cherish and protect? Perhaps here in the child, where one never thought to seek it, is the center of life, and the secret of content?

Men ought to die at their zenith, but they do not; and therefore youth and death meet one another as they walk the streets. At Columbia University, many years ago, a happy student, wandering among the bookshelves of the library, came abruptly face to face, round a turn in the stacks, with a bent and white-haired man of perhaps some eighty years. They looked at each other silently; but in his heart the young man said, "There, but for the lack of time, go I"; and in his eyes the old man said: "I too was once young like you, hungry for knowledge, hopeful of achievement, eager for change. Now I spend my nights sleeplessly in remembering little things, and my days in poring over yellow newspapers that tell excitedly of the time when I was young."

And once the youth paused in the street at the sight of an old man buttressed with sideboards and leaning on a cane, looking awed and timid at the Niagara of automobiles pouring down Fifth Avenue. The lined and fallow face, kindly but puzzled to irritation, showed the subtle tragedy of a generation left rudely behind by a tumultuously changing world. Perhaps it is for such souls that the mills of the gods grind exceeding slow, lest the mind of man should break under the strain of endless transformations.

What is old age? Fundamentally, no doubt, it is a condition of the flesh, of protoplasm that finds inevitably the limit of its life. It is a physiological and psychological involution. It is a hardening of the arteries and categories, a retardation of thought and blood; a man is as old as his arteries, and as young as his ideas.

The ability to learn decreases with each decade of our lives, as if the association fibers of the brain were accumulated and overlaid in inflexible patterns. New material seems no longer to find room, and recent impressions fade as rapidly as a politician's promises, or the public's memory of them. As decay proceeds, threads and unities are lost, and coordination wavers; the old man falls into a digressive circumstantiality; and De Quincey's "anecdotalage" comes.

Then, just as the child grew more rapidly the younger it was, so the old man ages more quickly with every day. And just as the child was protected by insensitivity on its entry into the world, so old age is eased by an apathy of sense and will, and nature slowly administers a general anesthesia before she permits Time's scythe to complete the most major of operations.

As sensations diminish in intensity, the sense of vitality fades; the desire for life gives way to indifference and patient waiting; the fear of death is strangely mingled with the longing for repose. Perhaps then, if one has lived well, if one has known the full term of love and all

the juice and ripeness of experience, one can die with some measure of content, clearing the stage for a better play.

But what if the play is never better, always revolving about suffering and death, telling endlessly the same idiotic tale? There's the rub, and there's the doubt that gnaws at the heart of wisdom, and poisons age. Here is shameless adultery and brutal, calculating murder; well, they always have been, and apparently they always will be. Here is a flood, sweeping before it a thousand lives and the labor of generations. Here are bereavements and broken hearts, and always the bitter brevity of love. Here still are the insolence of office and the law's delay; corruption in the judgment seat, and incompetence on the throne. Here is slavery, stupefying toil that makes great muscles and little souls.

Here and everywhere is the struggle for existence, life inextricably enmeshed with war, all life living at the expense of life, every organism eating other organisms forever. Here is history, a futile circle of infinite repetition: these youths with eager eyes will make the same errors as we, they will be misled by the same dreams; they will suffer, and wonder, and surrender, and grow old. Only one thing is certain in history, and that is decadence; only one thing is certain in life, and that is death.

This can be the great tragedy of old age, that, looking back with inverted romantic eye, it may see only the suffering of mankind. It is hard to praise life when life abandons us; and if we speak well of it even then it is because we hope we shall find it again, of fairer form, in some realm of disembodied and deathless souls.

These steeples, everywhere pointing upward, ignoring despair and lifting hope, these lofty city spires, or simple chapels in the hills—they rise at every step from the earth to the sky; in every village of every nation on the globe they challenge doubt and invite weary hearts to consolation. Is it all a vain delusion?—is there nothing beyond life but death, and nothing beyond death but decay? We cannot know. But as long as men suffer those steeples will remain.

And yet what if it is for life's sake that we must die? In truth we are not individuals; and it is because we think ourselves such that death seems unforgivable. We are temporary organs of the race, cells in the body of life; we die and drop away that life may remain young and strong. If we were to live forever, growth would be stifled and youth would find no room on the earth. Death, like style, is the removal of rubbish, the circumcision of the superfluous.

We separate a portion of ourselves from the body that is aging, and call it a child; through our undiscourageable love we pass our vitality on to this new form of us before the old form dies; through parentage we bridge the chasm of the generations, and elude the enmity of death. Here even in the flood children are born; in the chaos of a car crowded with refugees, twins suddenly appear; here, solitary in a tree, and surrounded by raging waters, a mother nurses her babe. In the midst of death life renews itself immortally.

So wisdom may come as the gift of age, and seeing things in place, and every part in its relation to the whole, may catch that full perspective in which understanding pardons all. If it is one test of philosophy to give life a meaning that shall conquer death, wisdom will show that corruption comes only to the part, that life itself is deathless while we die.

Three thousand years ago a man thought that man might fly; and so he built himself wings; and Icarus his son, trusting them and trying to fly, fell into the sea. Undaunted, life carried on the dream. Thirty generations passed, and Leonardo da Vinci, spirit made flesh, scratched across his drawings (drawings so beautiful that one catches one's breath with pain on seeing them) plans and calculations for a flying machine; and left in his notes a little phrase that, once heard, rings like a bell in the memory—"There shall be wings."

Leonardo failed and died; but life carried

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on the dream. Generations passed, and men said man would never fly, for it was not the will of God. And then man flew, and the age-long challenge of the bird was answered. Life is that which can hold a purpose for three thousand years and never yield. The individual fails, but life succeeds. The individual is foolish, but life holds in its blood and seed the wisdom of generations. The individual dies, but life, tireless and undiscourageable, goes on, wondering, longing, planning, trying, mounting, longing.

Here is an old man on the bed of death, harassed with helpless friends and wailing relatives. What a terrible sight it is—this thin frame with loosened and cracking flesh, this toothless mouth in a bloodless face, this tongue that cannot speak and these eyes that cannot see!

To this pass youth has come, after all its hopes and trials; to this pass middle age, after all its torment and its toil. To this pass health and strength and joyous rivalry; this arm once struck blows and fought for victory in virile games. To this pass knowledge, science, wisdom: for seventy years this man with pain and effort gathered knowledge; his brain became the storehouse of a varied experience, the center of a thousand subtleties of thought and deed; his heart through suffering learned gentleness as his mind learned understanding; seventy years he grew from an animal into a man capable of seeking truth and creating beauty.

But death is upon him, poisoning him, choking him, congealing his blood, gripping his heart, bursting his brain, rattling in his throat. Death wins.

Outside on the green boughs birds twitter gaily, and Chanticleer sings his hymn to the sun. Light streams across the fields; buds open, and stalks confidently lift their heads; the sap mounts in the trees. Here are children; what is it that makes them so joyous, running madly over the dew-wet grass, laughing, calling, pursuing, eluding, panting for breath, inexhaustible? What energy, what spirit and happiness! What do they care about death? They will learn and grow and love and struggle and create, and lift life up one little notch, perhaps, before they die. And when they pass they will cheat death with children, with parental care that will make their children finer than themselves. Life wins.

Through my window the voices of children playing,
Voices that drown the wisdom of my books,

Stirring me strangely. I sit compelled
By the throbbing melody of their songs
and their laughter;
My still body moves to the rhythm of their play.

I know that the holiness of life is within them,
That their play is the groping of deity,
And the overture of persistent creation.
I utter no sound, but my throat aches with the longing:

O God! be with them, to laugh, and to sing, and to play!

Softly now through the din of the voices
I hear tramping quietly the strong music
of the Eternal;

I am filled with the mystical movement of Life,

I am warm with the fever of currents that begin not and end not;

I am merged with the river of leaping reality,

I am one with the riotous surge of the sea,
And the madness of thunder, and the glory that illumines the sky.

Sweeps through me onward the resistless power of all things;

Burns in me the hot breath of the forward flux of the world;

Through me—if I will—creation;

In me—oh, in me!—God.

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What Every Babe Should Know (Cont. from page 28)

it will play back. It will be pushed and pulled, smiled and frowned upon, rewarded and punished, knocked down and picked up again; and it always will respond with such responses as it knows.

Some of these responses are innate, unlearned, unconditioned; some are acquired, learned, conditioned. Some are obvious, for we can see the flushed cheek, the moist eye, the curled lip, and movements in motor mechanism and voice again; some cannot be seen, for they are made by organs within the body. But eternally responding, never still as long as heart beats and lungs rise and fall; action and reaction, somewhere, ceaselessly. Normal parts make for normal growth and development, thereby making normal action and behavior easy. A living concern, a going concern.

But for how long; where?

It *should* have a teacher and a chance; what *must* it have to live, what *must* it have to be normal—to fit it to learn to improve its chances? The first question is easy; the second, as we have seen, is open for discussion. But we shall do no violence to the infant's anatomy if we speak of its *living* parts and its *learning* parts; nor shall we lower its nature if we say that it knows how to live, but does not know what to live for.

These "parts" have changed little, if any, in fifty thousand years, and are common to all new-borns regardless of color of skin, hair or eyes, stature, shape of head, eyes, nose or ears, contour of face, shape or size of hands or feet or fingers or toes.

The *living* parts are viscera, *vital* organs; the processes whereby life is maintained are fundamentally the same in all animals from amoeba to man. The new-born's heart beats, its lungs begin to rise and fall. Its alimentary canal tears food apart, releasing the energy necessary for living and the building blocks necessary for growing. Nerves connect the organs behind these vital processes, and glands regulate the amounts and disposition of energy and building material.

Nothing new in all this, of course; everybody knows it. Well, everybody once knew that the earth was flat, but nobody knew how to walk off it. It is the same old earth; we fly around it now. Same old viscera. When they stop delivering fuel and building material, we die. What is death? A vital organ has quit. The new-born may live out its four-score years and ten, and at death be no more *human* than at the hour it was born; fortunately, it rarely lives more than a few months unless it has something to live for. What you and I have to live for is what marks the difference between the behavior of single-celled amoeba and man.

It is the "to live for" that gives new meaning to our vitals. Our viscera have not changed in a thousand generations. But since the day that our ancestor kindled the first fire, a vast universe has fallen under human eyes into human hands. Result: one man's word can speed up a million human hearts, one man's flight set the world cheering, one man's death plunge nations into war.

What will our new-born babe live for? This brings us to the *learning* parts. We need not list them, for it is the baby itself that learns. Through its sense organs—eyes, ears, nose, et cetera—it will learn *sense*, and thereby learn how to respond with its hands and feet and voice and glands and other organs.

But the fundamental and vital responses are not learned. Nor does the infant have to learn to be moved—pain will move it, as will hunger, a thunderclap, restraint of its arms, or gentle, soothing rubbing of its body. If it could not be moved it would not be fit to learn.

Emotion will tell it when to move—that is what emotion is for, that is what it means. The babe moves with legs and trunk and arms—in general, with striped muscles working bony levers; and with speech organ. Without emotion it would never move hand or foot.

The emotional part is the vital part, viscera. Viscera are mainly muscles, but are unstriped or "smooth." They work on a nervous system of their own, but they can of course communicate with the brain, and through brain, with hands and feet and voice; and they can get messages through the brain from eyes, ears, nose, tongue, fingers, et cetera. Otherwise that new-born could not learn to say, "I've got the stomachache," or learn to cry for candy or scream at the sight of a mouse.

It learns to make "appropriate" responses to the fundamental emotions of hunger, fear, anger, love, pain and pressure. The responses will be made by striped muscle organs. How many emotions? I do not know. The main point is that you or I, as that child's trainer, can teach these emotions human tricks.

What it sees, what it hears, what it smells, what it tastes and what it feels—and, of course, what it reads and what it thinks—will come to move it this way or that—to sleep or to smile, cry, shout, scream, pout, frown, nod, snort, run, jump, hide, blush, blink, dodge, fight, reach for, tear up, pull down, rebuild, build anew, eat it, drink it, possess it, kill it.

If I seem to lay undue emphasis on these emotional factors, may I remind you that nature has not slighted them? We slight them at the peril of our lives. We neglect to train children in sound emotional habits, and then wonder why, as grown-ups, they become moral pervers, social nuisances and economic wasters—and charge them to the account of defective heredity when we should charge them to our own neglect or ignorance. Let me say again, human behavior is made and not born.

All human attributes covered by such terms as wisdom, intelligence, decency, fair play, self-reliance, shrewdness, miserliness and selfishness, are made and not born. Any normal new-born is potentially self-reliant, for example, but the degree of self-reliance it will attain depends on how well it has learned to rely on itself. It has a gland that will release "pep," but will it use its adrenalin to fight its way out or to flee from trouble? If for fighting, will it use its fists blindly; and if for fleeing, will it use its legs blindly? Or will it use its head also, and fight like a champion or flee with discretion?

Before that babe is very many years old it has taken on "personality." It begins to have more or less definite aims in life; its answer to each critical moment is in keeping with those aims; each crisis is for it a unique event because it is a unique personality.

What is your aim in life? What do you live for? What, for example, does death mean to you—death of parent, child, mate, friend? What influence has Christ's death had on your life, or the death of Napoleon, Lincoln, McKinley, Harding, or the Austrian Crown Prince? I do not recall that any death ever moved me more than Smike's—and Smike only lived in the pages of "Nicholas Nickleby." Possibly most of us live for an ideal which has little nearer reality than the printed page.

What makes your heart beat faster? Why don't you get more work than sweat out of a lump of sugar? Why do you lay up fat on earth when you might spend it on a hungry child?

To which you reply, "Don't be so personal." But life is personal—especially in human beings. Each one of us is a person, each one has a personality. That personality is a *growth*, is never the same for two consecutive days; it changes, sometimes greatly, often rapidly; it may be changed by a word, a look, a book, a misstep. You went in for something; it does not now interest you. You had certain aims in life; you now have other aims—as had the "case" when she changed her sex.

I show you a dead cat, a live rat, an American flag, a Bolshevik, the Prince of Wales, a royal flush, a cannon cracker and a pumpkin pie. Or I turn on the radio and give you "Lead, kindly Light," Lincoln's Gettysburg address,

a Chinese orchestra, "Dixie," "Die Wacht am Rhein," and "Yes, We Have No Bananas." What are your reactions to these sights and sounds? Which of them make you smile, weep, hold your nose or your ears, jump, want to fight, eat, dance, cheer? Born that way?

Certainly not. And what is more, your reaction to any sight or sound named above does not necessarily remain constant. You yourself change, can be changed. Does your mouth water when you see a pumpkin pie, or your eye water when you hear "Lead, kindly Light"? I can teach your eye, if you are not too old to learn, to shed tears at the sight of a pumpkin pie, and your mouth to water when you hear "Lead, kindly Light."

Your lacrimal gland may be larger than mine, but unless I am a freak my lacrimal gland is large enough to wash my eye. Your brain may be larger than mine, but unless I was born an idiot, or have suffered any one of the many things which might impair my brain, it is still large enough to enable me to learn to shed tears on any appropriate occasion. We only use about one-tenth of our brain anyway.

The rub is in the "appropriate." A certain sight or sound provokes you to tears; you look at my dry eyes and denounce me as a hard-hearted wretch. And if I happen to be an Australian and we do not cry at the things which move you to tears, you say that Australian blacks have no sentiment; or if Will Rogers's jokes leave us cold, you say we have no sense of humor; or if we go in for mixed bathing *au naturel*, we have no sense of modesty.

Extreme cases—and therefore more to the point, which is: Given the necessary parts for life and the necessary parts for learning to live, any new-born babe, regardless of color or previous condition or servitude of parents, will live and learn. How long will it live? What will it learn?

The first question cannot here be answered specifically—the causes of death are so numerous, the laws of health so complex. One example will suffice. I recently lost a friend who died from the result of infection in a wisdom tooth which had never erupted. He was forty-seven years old; that tooth should have erupted before he was twenty-five.

We speak of the tooth as the "cause" of his death, but he might have lived for years: if he had inherited powerful jaws and teeth—as do native Australians; if he had had that tooth cut out five years earlier; if his father had let him cut his teeth on his shoe instead of on an all-day-sucker; or if his mother had paid more attention to her diet during his prenatal period and given him blood from which he could get the calcium salts, silicon and fluorine necessary for laying down the foundation for a sound denture.

These "ifs" do not even scratch the surface, but they may suggest the complexity of our problem and drive home the fact that you and I and the rest of us began our individual existence as a fertilized ovum which could grow into a normal new-born only under certain physical and chemical conditions. A new-born with two hundred and eighty days of abnormal conditions behind it hardly can be expected to have a full set of parts in fine healthy working order.

Some of these parts will be expected to secrete substances so complex as to defy scientific analysis. Those chemical laboratories of the new-born babe are possibly a thousand years smarter than our chemists—and chemists are a thousand times smarter than they were a century ago. Now, secretions alone do not make or break us—there is more to us than glands—but normal life, normal growth and normal behavior depend, among other things, on the normal functioning of millions of glands in general and a half-dozen glands in particular.

Our country declares war, and you and I, bursting with patriotism and yearning for glory, offer to go over the top. But you are too tall and I am too short because a little chemical factory in the center of our heads did not turn out orders for you to stop growing when you

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were tall enough, and ordered me to stop growing before I was tall enough.

You offer yourself to an ambulance corps. The recruiting officer drops a book on the floor and you jump as though you were shot—and are rejected promptly; your chemical laboratory for the manufacture of "pep" would soon wear itself out keeping you keyed up to run for your life. I apply to the same officer, and by a simple test he finds out that I could not run a mile to save my country itself; my chemical laboratory for energy storage has failed.

Suppose I have diabetes, can I charge that up to inheritance? Did I inherit a liver which was destined to fail in one of its functions after a certain number of years' usage? Or have I acquired diabetes through misuse of my liver? Just why am I now a diabetic? No one yet knows.

But suppose that I am. I begin to lose flesh and strength, although I eat and drink more than ever. I go to a doctor. "Diabetes." What do I do then? Walk out of his office with a heavy heart, go home to break the sad news of my impending death, and call in a lawyer and will a million to a medical school, thereby becoming a Rockefeller? Or do I grit my teeth, say nothing about it, and in the few remaining months of my life discover insulin, thereby becoming a Banting? Or do I walk out with a bottle of pills rattling in my pocket and a course of dietetics ringing in my ears?

It is not that I have diabetes, it is *when* I have it. A few years ago it was one disease, now it is another. It would have killed me then, it might be the only thing that would make me now.

Apply that principle to any problem of your own behavior if you would draw the line more sharply between what you could and could not, between what you can and can not. In the land of the blind the one-eyed man is king.

Can the native Australian's mouth water as fast as yours, can he shed as many tears in a minute as you can? Are his senses naturally as acute as yours? No one has yet proved the contrary—and many have tried. In cold fact, no one has yet proved that capacity to do this or that, learn this or that, or behave this or that way, varies amongst races or inheres in any one physical race, type or feature more or less than in any other.

Make no mistake about this—nor overlook its significance. All the so-called intelligence tests have as yet proved no innate connection between any particular form of human behavior and any particular form of skull, color of skin, shape of eye, or any physical feature.

Differences, yes. There are no two human beings quite alike, there never have been, and presumably never will be. But, I again insist, no one yet has proved that your learning parts were innately better fitted for learning than the Australian's.

Yet we constantly are told that the preamble to our Constitution is a joke, that men are not created free and equal, that there is inherent virtue in pale faces and long heads, and that the gentlemen who prefer blondes are potential fathers of superior people. We must look further into this matter.

Is there any fire behind this smoke? If not, why so much smoke? Are the Nordics the people? Or are we human beings all equally fit? Do we all start equal? And if not, who or what loads the dice against us? If some of us were handicapped from birth, we want to know so that we may set our faces accordingly. If we were not handicapped, who or what slowed us up, why don't we win more races?

So and so is digging deep footprints in the sands of time; all I can do is stub my toe. Why can't I leave any footprints? And if I only can stub my toe, if I can't dent any kind of success, if I am a failure, was I born that way, and if so, shall I pass my stumbling gait on to another generation or surrender my procreation rights to surer-footed performers?

I know your answer. If I stumble across your path and slow you up, you probably would want me locked up so tight that my strain would die with me. And that, in

general, has been man's answer to the biggest question in the world.

Let us suppose a case. I am short of stature, round-headed, big-eared, flat-nosed, black-haired, oblique-eyed, thick-lipped and long-armed—in which respects I differ from you. What in general is your attitude toward me and my kind? Is it not something like this:

"I have my doubts about you. As for myself, I have no doubt. I am well-born; my blood is pure, my brains are large and good. I was born with great intellectual talents; I may have done nothing remarkable, but I was born with talents—I have the stuff in me. Nothing the matter with my family; it is fit to populate the earth. In fact, no family is fitter, few families are as fit, and millions of families are so unfit they should be pasteurized or the human race will sour and the earth itself will become one big smearcase."

That answer is behind most of the history you and I read in school, and in one form or another can be met daily in most of the people we know. I have met it in a thousand forms around the world, but rarely so explicitly as Tom McKinley put it nearly forty years ago in Peru.

Tom dropped down on me out of a sandstorm while I was digging mummies at Ancon. He was white as a sheet from malaria and bearded like the pard. He was a Nutmeg Yankee and—though I did not know it at the time—a deserter from a United States man-of-war to escape prison for nearly having killed an officer. He was "broke," and as I was finding mummies faster than I could pack them, I hired him.

We were discussing Peru. "Peru ain't so bad," says Tom. "It's the people—they're no good! If we could kill off all the men and use the women to start a new race, Peru would be all right."

For "Tom" insert the next man you meet and the entire Eugenics school. That school says: "It's blood that tells"; and adds by implication, "Ours is the blood." They are no more modest than Tom's "If we . . ." and their literature is propaganda for the idea that We Are the People!

Well, we are the people; only the blind cannot see it and the perverse will not admit it. But why? *Why* are we the people? Is it because "we" are Nordic, Anglo-Saxon, Arya, white? If so, special virtue and superior fitness must inhere in Nordic, Anglo-Saxon, etcetera.

Now, as a cross between Anglo-Saxon and Irish I should like to claim a fifty-percent share in that blown-in-the-bottle virtue—but as an ethnologist I cannot believe in it. All I have learned forces me to infer that there is no innate connection between Eskimo and Eskimo pie, Mohammed and the Koran, copper tools and native Americans, iron tools and native Africans, Hindus and sacred cattle or Zulus and cowhide, between the First Families of Virginia and slavery or the First Families of Massachusetts and rum, and between Anglo-Saxons and the edge on the world.

I know of no ethnologist or biologist who does believe in such innate connections; they hold, on the contrary, that such connections can be answered in terms of fitness of new-born babes to learn and capacity of adults to invent new ways to meet new conditions and their proneness to beg, borrow, or steal any ways they want. That is why ethnology is not so popular as eugenics in some of our best families. Ethnology is not propaganda for "my family," right or wrong.

Cut across human history where you will, cut across any given personality at any given moment: history and personality are not explicable in terms of special fitness; they are explicable in terms of time, place and opportunity.

Heredity counts, of course. But against every example I could cite of innate connection between performance and physical inheritance, I would cite all human history as evidence that social, cultural and physical environmental factors set the stage for every human act. Man became human not because he was born that way but because he learned to act

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like a human being. The first years were the hardest. It probably took him fifty thousand years to learn to talk; you learn in a few months; you can learn more words in ten years than the cave-man had in his dictionary. But we never have been able to paint a better buffalo than he could.

Why, then, you may ask, hasn't the Australian black invented a flying machine? Well, did you invent one? Didn't you sneer at Langley when he invented one, and yell "I told you so!" when his invention crashed? Why didn't Miles Standish invent an airplane? Or Columbus? I do not know that the Australian black cannot invent an airplane; I think I know why he has not done so.

Our fathers busied themselves telling us what the Japanese *couldn't* do. We suspect now that an oblique eye need not take an oblique slant on life, and that there is no inherent connection between a Roman nose and a Roman character. We have no grounds for believing that a blue eye can see more than a black one; or that a man's character can be read more easily by his nose than by his handkerchief. I cannot conceivably associate any form of nose with any predisposition to any particular form of activity or amount of ability. Some people can and do. I can account for that fact—as I can account for the fact that they believe in dreams. Their ancestors were equally positive that they knew witches when they saw them and knew no reason why they should not burn them.

From what I know of the history of the other features of our face, I am equally stumped to find a reason for believing that because I can wiggle my ears I am any less "ascended" than you are, or that my germ-plasm is any less capable of begetting genius—though I do recall that my son, at the age of five, offered to bet me a dollar he never would be President. Probably Coolidge himself would have given as liberal odds up to July 4, 1923.

I do not mean, of course, to imply that chance or luck is the decisive factor. Fortuitous circumstance does play a part in our lives, often a big part. We may be all set for the big scene—and a baby begins to cry, somebody sneezes, some overworked scene-shifter drops the curtain, a fuse blows out, we burst a button, or our corn begins to hurt. Accidents do happen. But if, as I maintain, any normal new-born can learn anything, it can learn facility, composure, nimble wit, cool-headedness. Our big part may be ruined—there are other stages; our big fish may get away—there are bigger ones in the sea, or we may turn to bigger game; we may lose our legs—and develop our arms.

Possibly you recall Billy—or was it Harry?—Tripp of Barnum's? Armless from birth, he made a good living with his feet. I used to have his autographed photograph.

You probably have paid no attention to Billy Tripp; you want to know where I get the courage to maintain that any normal new-born can be taught "anything." Anything is a bit sweeping, but what is your evidence that it cannot?

Time limits us, of course. A ray of light cannot get to Saturn and back in less than ten minutes. We cannot travel nearly as fast and we have only a few years for traveling, and must stop to eat and sleep. But the big limiting factor is not time, or time out for eating and sleeping, or inheritance, or span of life; it is the kind of habits that slow us down to a standstill, and the opportunity that knocks when there is nobody at home.

What a world there is behind that one word habit! If you would get close to human nature, forget all you ever have heard about instincts and throw away your notions about natural bents and predispositions and innate talents and "blood," because man is not that kind of animal. He is a creature of habits—and a few bad ones can ruin him for life. Look into habits—find out how they start, how they are formed, how they end, how they may be broken, et cetera, and why some are good and some simply ruinous. Note especially how emotional habits eternally move us this way and that. And before you decide that this boy

or that woman never was fitted for this or that rôle, remember that any one of a dozen bad emotional habits may make success impossible in almost any direction. These habits were made, not born.

Emotional habits; motor and speech habits. Living parts, inherently wise, knowing how to swallow food, digest food, et cetera; but not knowing how to pick out food, select a mate, or whether to frown or applaud when the band plays "Dixie." Through the sense organs, by experiment, the living parts will learn what is what in foods, mates, and songs, and the motor and speech organs will learn by usage how and when to eat with knife and fork or chop-sticks, how and when to say "I love you," and how to whistle to keep up courage.

Learn, learn, learn; habit, habit, habit. Smart person and bundle of habits. But if the predominating habits are courage, directness, sincerity, frankness, self-reliance and regard for others' rights, the possessor will be endowed richly by nurture to profit from nature's birthright. I make no pretense to "mind"-reading or "character" analyzing, but if I had to predict the future of a five-year-old boy or girl I think I could get more insight from a day with the mother than I could from the family stud book even if it went back to William the Conqueror.

It is the mother that primarily and generally invests the infant's fund of potentiality. Invested wisely, that potentiality will carry the individual over the top when the bugle blows. When you hear a man say that he owes all to his mother, take his word for it. But when you hear a mother say, "It's in the blood," smile at her credulity. The prenatal infant makes its own blood; it no more inherits its mother's blood than it inherits her love for music, fear of snakes and hatred of bobbed hair. The infant inherits parts that can learn to go; what they will go for largely depends on the lessons learned at Mother's knee.

The "mother" may be a black mammy or a bottle in an aunt's hands, but as a rule the entire family puts its hand to the wheel. Father pushes, Mother pulls. Uncles and aunts have ways of their own, and push or pull accordingly. Grandparents are privileged characters, and their whims must be humored. Governess and nurse have ideas. Brothers and sisters also like to experiment with babies. And you and I and society at large have our say and back it up with rewards and punishments. So many cooks to spoil that baby's broth, so many wisecracks to help it invest its inborn curiosity to learn and its innate proneness to explore!

There is no doubt about it. But these socially conditioning agencies are so numerous, their influence to mold personality is so subtle and depends on so many factors of varying degrees of complexity, that it is far easier to set everything down to heredity and let it go at that. Not only easier but more soothing to family pride—for, as I have pointed out, I can excuse my failure in life with an "Oh, well, I could; but I've had some bad breaks." For "breaks" read "habits"—especially the habit of mumbling, fumbling, jumbling at every bad break instead of looking into it with cool eyes and so repairing it with clever hands that it will break right the next time. Such are the habits of the good man you can't keep down—that is what makes him good.

There should be a fuller understanding of the nature of the raw materials in every new-born babe. Nature, a hundred million years, are behind these materials. They are marvelously fitted to live and learn; so teachable that thousands of men had ceased to be animals a hundred thousand years ago, so ignorant that there are thousands of men today who are still animals—not because they were not well born but because they were not well trained.

It is not life that is marvelous; it is nature. Nature knows what every new-born babe should be equipped with—and spent millions of years perfecting its home. Babies still have parents, but homes now are flats and the nursery has given way to the garage. Get that new-born babe back to nature!

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Tell Your Daughter (Continued from page 38)

little paper at that time, and the editor sent for me to talk over further work.

He was astounded to find that I was a small girl of sixteen. He was forty, tall, distinguished and bookish. He talked to me about books with a greater polish and brilliance than my artist friend. He was also possessed of greater means, and his rooms in Covent Garden were furnished with an elegance I had never encountered before in real life.

He had wonderful and rare books. He invited me to come and inspect them as often as I pleased. I came frequently after office hours, and one day as I stood by the bookcase, my head bowed over an edition-de-luxe of "The Arabian Nights," he put his arm round me and kissed me—and I discovered that I did not mind. More, I discovered that something flamed up in me that I had thought extinguished forever.

After that he began to talk to me about clothes. It was he who taught me the value of clothes—until then I had been contemptuous about them. But when I began to take an interest in clothes my unbalanced nature carried me, as it was to carry me in emotional matters, to excesses. From dowdiness, I overdressed; from a contempt for the powder-puff, I took to rouge and lipstick and too much powder.

My "educator" c'ristened me "the passionate pagan" and I believed myself tempestuously in love with him. But on an evening when his senses overpowered him I fled in terror. Later I wrote a melodramatic letter to the effect that all men were beasts, himself included. I had met only one who was different.

He wrote me in reply an amused little sophisticated note in which he addressed me as a pendulum swinging ever between a passionate paganism and the pallid proprieties, but nevertheless would I come to see him as usual if he promised not to give offense? Perhaps I would ring him up? I did not ring him up, but evening drew me to Covent Garden, torn between the desire to see him and the fear of the possible consequences.

I stood under the arches of Covent Garden and stared at the lighted windows of his rooms where he waited and where I dared not go, whilst all my being cried out that I should go, and as I stood there the artist who had taken my friend's place in the firm's studio came by. He recognized me and stopped. I had instinctively disliked and distrusted his weak, good-looking face and faintly insolent manner.

Nevertheless, when he stopped and laughingly inquired if I had a rendezvous with a Covent Garden salesman, I burst into tears and told him everything.

He said: "But good heavens, a little girl like you can't be made love to by a man of forty! Don't be a silly, child. Come along and have tea at my place and a little chat."

I was filled with gratitude. I had never imagined that Tony with his weak face and overbold manner where girls were concerned was capable of such fatherliness!

So I went trustingly along to Tony's untidy two rooms and we prepared a picnic tea together, and he showed me a number of his drawings, and it was all great fun, and I was beginning to like him immensely, until he caught me to him and turned out the light.

I escaped unscathed, but I was beginning my sex education in earnest.

These two "escapes" gave me confidence. It was possible, I began to realize, to play with fire and yet not be burned—and playing with fire was a curiously fascinating business.

During the next two years I allowed men with whom I was not in the least in love to make love to me. I felt superior in my knowledge of "life." Actually I was a helpless thing adrift upon the adolescent tide of sex.

And then, quite suddenly, after what must have been about a score of worthless adventures, I fell genuinely in love with a young officer of nineteen. For these were war days.

Instantly I regretted with passionate sincerity all that silly business of "playing with fire." I loved this boy as sincerely as I had loved my first friend, but this love was a flame. I lived only for those Sundays when I was able to visit him where he was in camp. I prayed that I might marry this boy—who had the face of Adonis and the brains of a rabbit, and who, had the war not afforded him facilities for being a "temporary gentleman," would have been a clerk in a provincial bank!

There was the inevitable climax. The *fait accompli* seemed tremendously important. I was as proud and happy as a bride.

Possible disaster from such a proceeding simply did not occur to me. It was, I suppose, one of those war "romances" upon which the world looks tolerantly. But the boy's family discovered one of my letters to him; his father wrote that I was "leading my son to the devil" and commanded that I break off the affair immediately or he would acquaint my family with the facts.

Panic-stricken, I wrote him that sooner than that he should do that, I had myself informed my family. A mutual friend got a letter from me to the boy, enclosing his father's abominable letter; and after a week had elapsed the boy wrote that he felt that his father was right and we were wrong.

It was another chapter completed in my sex education; I had discovered the meaning of the word "affair."

And after that I did not care. I was not in the least resentful when a wealthy middle-aged man of considerable force of character showed me marked attention. The rich man was very charming. He taught me "the philosophy of sex" from a man-of-the-world point of view.

I began to be cynical about love. I believe that at that time, in my hurt and bitterness, I really believed with Wilde that "the only difference between an affair and a lifelong passion, is that one lasts a little longer than the other." When the worldly glamour and the flattery of the affair began to wear off, a violent reaction set in. I relapsed into my childhood's attitude to men. I hated them all. I suffered an agony of remorse. I wanted to hide away from what seemed to me the selfish sordidness of the entire sex business. I did not believe in love, and what masqueraded as love sickened me with its lovelessness.

Then the war was over, and men who had been away for five years came back to their old jobs in offices and shops. They came back to the office where I still worked, as an advertising-copy writer and sub-editor of a theatrical magazine.

There was a man who came to work in my room. His utter lack of interest in me provoked me into an interest in him in spite of myself. I was not used to men who were not interested in me. Something in me woke to life again—my feminine sex vanity.

On the night that the chief could not go to a first-night of a new musical production, and gave me the two tickets to go and get the critique, with elaborate casualness I asked this man if he would care to come with me. He replied that he wasn't sure if he could get away; he would tell me tomorrow. I was resentful of his casualness. I wanted to tell him that I couldn't wait, while he considered it—but I didn't.

The next day he said that he would come. He suggested that we dine together first. We did. It was the beginning of a year's superbly happy and supremely beautiful association. We discovered in our walks and talks that we had a hundred common interests and points of view. I realized for the first time that love is most truly what H. G. Wells calls "a friendship lit by passion." But in the man, although the comradeship was rich and full and beautiful, the flame seemed missing, and I grew restless. I was in love with him long before he was in love with me.

I met at that time a very brilliant literary

man who stirred my imagination and who was much more interested in me as a woman than as a young writer. I dined with him frequently. He at least, I thought bitterly, had no compunction about making love to me.

I made no secret of my association with this other man—and without in any sense playing one man off against the other, I discovered that the man who never had made love to me wanted to marry me. That, in fact, it never had occurred to him that we would not marry! He even had not thought it necessary to discuss it. He merely was waiting for his salary to become what he considered adequate! He was hurt that I had not taken the thing equally for granted!

All the barriers of reserve were down between us then. We were never conventionally "engaged." We scarcely had time to be, for we were married very shortly afterward.

Our little daughter Jean is, as I already have indicated, seven years old—and it is because of her that I have had the moral courage to write this. Because of her and all children, and girl children particularly. The veil of secrecy adults draw across the most important things in life is a monstrous outrage on the children.

The ghost of an unhappy, tormented child cries out on behalf of all those adolescents of today who are the adults of tomorrow:

"Tell us the truth that we may meet the problems of this business of living equipped with full knowledge. Don't leave us to find out for ourselves through bitter experience and disillusion and those mistakes which bruise the soul of youth, which is gold and which is dross. Don't leave us to struggle alone, you who already have gone on ahead and know the pitfalls. It isn't fair . . . it isn't fair!"

Conversion

(Continued from page 27)

several kneeling figures at a shrine near by. He regretted he had spoken so loud.

"Then it isn't penitence that brings you?"

"No," whispered Thibaut, "it's ambition. Hers more than mine. She's a hard woman to satisfy, Father. So persistent! When she really wants a thing—"

"I'll hear about her faults from her. Your own soul will be burden enough for you, my son."

"That's true too, yet she can't be left out of the story. She hasn't a child, and she blames me. Is that just?"

"Son, how do I know? It may be."
"Well, she thinks you do know. She thinks if I confess my sins, you can absolve me in some special way, so that the family may be increased."

Father Constant studied this proposal. "The authority of the church," he said, "is to minister to sick souls. If you came here for general conversation, my son, you are abusing a divine privilege. Remember how plain your duty is, and how simple my office. Repent, and be forgiven."

"But it isn't so simple after all. She expects me to confess not only the sins I've committed, but whatever she has invented for me besides."
"Confess your true sins, my son, and God will be content."

"My wife won't be. She wants that child of ours to be a living witness against me—proof that at last I owned up to all her suspicions. There's another matter, too—she wants me to make a generous offering to the church."

"I see no objection to that," said Father Constant, "if you are so disposed."

"But what has that to do with the child?"

"I don't follow you, son."

"Well, man to man, if I give you my best lands; do I become a parent?"

"Preposterous!"

"That's what I thought, Father. My wife sent me to confess and give you half my



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property, with the clear understanding that in return she is to be a mother. At least, if she isn't, I shall never convince her I really confessed and made the gift."

"I see the dilemma, my son. But you ought not to let your domestic exigencies obscure your theology. The favors of Heaven are not to be bought or sold. I have never counted you among the devoted children of the church; if now you are penitent, and if you also wish to make an offering, well and good. The size of your family is a matter apart. No doubt it may, as your wife suspects, be related to your past life and your soul's health, but many a saintly man has been childless too. Don't confuse the problems."

There was a pause. Thibaut was wondering how he could tell Blanche the mission had failed.

"I suppose," he said, "if I gave the church some fertile lands, it wouldn't prejudice the other cause?"

"Which, my son?"

"Having the child."

"Thibaut, the two enterprises are entirely distinct. Your gift will neither hinder nor help. It might, however, be a satisfactory expression of remorse."

"I suppose it would do no harm to confess my sins, while I'm here."

"No harm, my son! What a curious phrase for God's forgiveness!"

"I mean, it will remove one possible source of discord. Where shall I begin, Father?"

Blanche was waiting in the garden, to hear his success.

"You did the right thing at last, Thibaut. We shall have the child."

"Oh, I'm not at all sure—neither is the priest. He says you mustn't confuse the problems."

"If he knew you better, Thibaut, he'd know the problems couldn't be more confused than they are."

"My dear, he does know me better." A smile showed under the long mustaches.

"What are you laughing to yourself about?"

"I asked whether I should confess only the sins I had committed, or include also the ones you attribute to me. When I got through he marveled at your acquaintance with evil, if you could add anything to the facts."

"Thibaut, I know you like a book. You hid something from him! You are not yet forgiven."

As the months went by, he seemed not to be. No child appeared, and the argument began again. She felt he had weakened his case in the eyes of Heaven by a half-hearted repentance. The gift had been made as Thibaut put it, the property was gone for good. Nothing could be hoped from further donations. This time it must be something desperate and spectacular.

"I can't go back to him again, Blanche—not so soon. All the old sins are settled for, and you don't give me enough rope to commit a new one."

"Thibaut, you couldn't have told him all! Ask him for the worst penance he ever gave anybody. We've no time to lose."

"True enough. I'll waste none of mine on a foolish errand."

It was not surprising, therefore, that he entered the church door, next day, and sought Father Constant.

"You know why I've come, Father."

"I fear I do."

"Father, think up something extreme, something dangerous, something so thoroughgoing that if I haven't a son when I get through, at least the subject will be exhausted. If by chance the discipline involves absence from home, I shall try to endure the temporary loneliness."

Father Constant left the confessional and walked up and down the aisle with him, to permit freer play of promiscuous ideas.

"My son, there are men in the priesthood who would have given other advice than mine. In sincerity they would have accepted your gifts, and to some extent promised the

fulfilment of your wishes. I can't do it. For all I know, you may die childless. Yet I may be wrong—at times I question whether I lack faith. Just now there is stir about the new shrine of St. James—sick folks have been cured there, and certain disappointed people have made pilgrimages and afterwards have had their own way. I don't know. The church can't insure an answer to prayer. That is, not a tangible, physical answer."

"Is the shrine far?"

"Very—a thousand miles at the least."

"I'll go."

"Go armed, then," said Father Constant. "It's dangerous country, and some of the pilgrims never get there at all."

"Would it imply a lack of faith if I took along a strong guard? It would give me little pleasure to have a son if I couldn't live to see him."

He really wasn't frightened. Indeed, the journey was rather alluring. He armed five of his most reliable men, and provided mules for the baggage and the treasure. When the day came for departure, he was so excited he had to pull his mustaches nearly off before he achieved the right expression of regret to bid Blanche farewell. When he found her in the ladies' tower, however, her appearance startled him into sincere ejaculations.

"What in Heaven's name are you up to, Blanche? Are those my clothes you have on?" She was just arranging his second best hat over her thick black hair.

"This costume is most convenient for the rough travel Father Constant predicts. Besides, it might happen to protect me. Don't I look like a man?"

She did, if you didn't go into particulars, but Thibaut had no mind for compliments.

"Blanche, you're not going with me!"

"What makes you think so? Am I not as much concerned in this child as you?"

"Blanche, it's a wild journey, and I can make the prayers and the offering for us both."

"You can't make them for me! In prayer, Thibaut, you are unpractised and unskilful. Get me a good horse—I'm ready now."

He and she rode in front, with the five attendants close at hand, and the mules following. The mules delayed them. Thibaut was in a bad humor. His wife's company provided neither inspiration nor solace. Her extraordinary attire interested the men, of course—indeed it set out her person to great advantage, revealing symmetries which had hitherto been concealed. Her husband disapproved of this result, and of the manners, too, which she adopted with the clothes. Until now she had always been gentle, however masterful, but astride of her horse she became unnecessarily bold.

When they came to a swollen river, for example, and found the bridge washed away, he was for going back or for waiting till another bridge was put up, but in the presence of his men she told him he was chicken-livered, or words to that effect, and before he could stop her she had driven in the spurs and swum her horse to the other side. So there was nothing for it but to follow. In the passage they lost one of the mules, the one carrying her feminine garments. He was distressed to think of her wearing breeches at the shrine—in fact, he expressed a doubt whether the priest would let her in. Her reply struck him as flippant; the priest, she said, would see before him not a woman but a travel-stained pilgrim—men went on pilgrimages too—and God would listen to her prayer no matter what she had on.

The same reckless spirit marked her behavior the night they nearly froze on the mountain, and that other night at the inn, when the host mistook her for a prince traveling incognito, with Thibaut for squire. During the freezing she tended the fire, gathered wood from impossible thickets, told stories to cheer them up—and he had never guessed she knew those particular anecdotes. One of the men, willing to contribute what he could to the general heightening of spirits, recounted an adventure which Thibaut would have protested, if his

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teeth hadn't been chattering too much. Blanche only laughed.

At the inn her boldness was more subtle. As soon as she understood the innkeeper's error, she playfully encouraged it. In the most public way she gave orders to her husband, some of them decidedly menial in their general drift, which he couldn't reply to without calling attention to her masquerade. No doubt the men would whisper the news in the kitchen, but he preferred not to inform strangers that this handsome young man with the bold tongue was his wife. He hoped to expostulate at night, as soon as they should be alone, but she ordered an inferior room for him, and retired with formality to what the inn people afterwards referred to as the state chamber.

He was still troubled by her behavior when they reached the forest, the worst stretch of the journey. The path was difficult to trace, among so many bushes, but she would push on, even when he suspected they were off the track. They had a downright quarrel over one fork in the road, where either way looked hopeless. She settled the matter, as usual.

"Go anywhere you like, Thibaut, or stay here—I intend to finish this pilgrimage before I'm an old woman."

She led off, toward the right, and unless he had wanted to stop her by force, there was nothing to do but go along.

"Blanche, I won't be responsible for what may happen! We're completely lost."

"Come on behind me, then—I'll get you out."

While he was still nursing a grievance, the brigands appeared. He saw the leader first, then the rest of the band immediately. The leader was an immense man with the reddest of red hair and a dynamic personality. One would have suspected him of being a heavy eater if his figure had not been so athletic. Inexhaustible energy perhaps counterbalanced unlimited appetite. An invincible sort of man, amiably disposed toward himself.

Thibaut called on his men at arms and led them to the assault, if the word is not too ambitious for what happened. The red bandit himself knocked the fellows on the head, one by one, and the minor brigands bound Thibaut and his wife and searched the plunder. Thibaut's heart sank as his jewels and gold were spread out on the ground for inventory. It would have been a large fortune to throw away on the church, he thought, and now to have it snatched by thieves, just because his wife—

"This isn't enough!" shouted the red-headed bandit. "They never come so far with so little. Hand over the rest!"

"It's all I have," said Thibaut. "You may search me if you like."

"Good idea," said the bandit. "Search him!"

Thibaut expected them to go through his pockets, but he didn't know the bandit. They took each article off before they examined it. Blanche was sorry for her husband as they got to the ultimate garments; he looked unheroic, shivering there. Then, though it wasn't necessary, they stripped him completely and let him stand several minutes, naked and indignant, while they decided whether it wouldn't be safest to kill him. The good-natured chief with the red hair spared his life.

"I don't like to kill a man except in fight," he said. "Never commit an unnecessary murder. That's what my mother taught me. Besides, the flies will look after him."

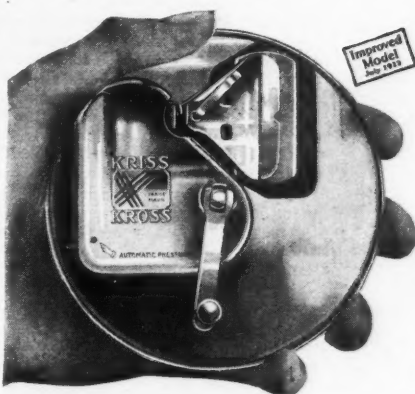
As he finished speaking, his men grasped Thibaut by a hand and a foot and swung him around a few times like a skipping rope. Let go at last, he flew through the air and landed in an immense thicket of briars. Blanche's heart ached at his groans, but she had little leisure for pity.

"Now, Sir," said the chief bandit, "you too, no doubt, are delighted to be searched."

"I am not!" said Blanche. "I'll die before you—"

"This one has the treasure on his person," said the bandit. "Search him."

She made a good struggle, but it was useless.



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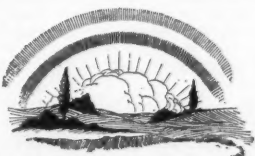
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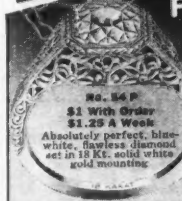
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When they had got past the outer garments they became so suspicious that they didn't stop to examine, they simply took them off. Standing before them at last, she wished she might die. She couldn't know at that moment how handsome she was, nor how nearly the thieves were reduced to decent emotions by the unexpected revelation. The red-headed leader was the first to recover himself.

"This isn't the sort of wealth we were looking for, Madam, but it's none the less welcome. My men embarrass you—forgive their intrusion. If you'll permit them to gather up this unimportant débris, they will go at once."

To judge by their expression, they didn't like to go at once, but they obeyed the hint. The forest was silent, except for Thibaut's groans, which were rhythmic and egotistic. The bandit stood off a foot or two, to have a good view of Blanche, and she looked at him.

"For God's sake, kill me!" she said.
"I'm awfully sorry, but I can't, Madam. Before such beauty as yours I always become ridiculously tender-hearted. I can't even toss you into the briars—our usual hospitality, which you have the right to expect. But there's a patch of softer bushes near by, if I can locate it—"

He picked her up in his arms and went looking for the softer bushes.

When he let her go, she lay still and tried to make herself believe she was dead. She heard him get on his horse and ride away. Then, rather faint, she heard Thibaut's groans. She never could face him again! If he got out of the briars, she must be dead when he found her! Immediate suicide—nothing else could be endured! But though she made several attempts, she discovered that suicide isn't easy, not in the primitive forest. There were plenty of trees to hang herself on, but nothing to hang with. No cliff to jump off. Life stared her in the face.

Thibaut was still groaning. Perhaps she ought to release him from the briars and let him kill her, as of course he would. Both would then be benefited. . . But by the time she had got him out, she discovered his ignorance of what had happened. He had been too busy with the briars. Well, what was the use of making a bad matter worse by talking about it?

The woodcutter who found them the next day supplied clothes, and at the nearest town Thibaut borrowed enough, partly on worldly credit and partly on pity, to complete the journey, either to the shrine or back home. Blanche was for home; her interest in the pilgrimage had ended.

"Don't you want the child?" said her husband.

"I don't want anything," said the poor woman.

"The bandits have unbalanced her mind," thought Thibaut. Then out loud: "You'll feel better when we get there. The fact that we were spared is miraculous, when you come to think of it. I understand that band never leave a victim to tell the tale. I recognize a good omen."

She had lost her masterful tone, so they completed the journey, as he wished, made their prayers and vows, and promised a generous offering as soon as he could get in touch with his supplies. The return journey was unbelievably easy.

And after an interval they knew they would have a child.

The prospect affected Thibaut profoundly. Father Constant came on him, day after day, kneeling at some shrine or other in the village church, renewing his thanks. He was ready to admit now that his wife was right—he had been callous to higher things, he had neglected his soul, Heaven had disciplined him, but praise to God, he had repented in time! Blanche awaited parenthood with other emotions. She had become very taciturn, she who had insisted on the last word and on most of the earlier ones too. She developed a strange reluctance to join her husband at church. When he pointed out the direct

intervention of the Heavenly mercy, she developed symptoms of irritability. Thibaut understood that women in her state were often queer.

When the child was born, she expressed no desire to see it. Thibaut neglected his affairs to hold the infant in his arms by the hour.

"It's the image of you, Blanche, don't you think?"

She didn't think so. She appeared not to care what it looked like.

"The light hair, of course, isn't your coloring, but they say hair almost always begins light and turns dark. He has your chin."

She was looking out of the window, at the distant forest.

"By the way, I've sent off that offering to the shrine. Twice as much as we promised."

She turned suddenly indignant. "Thibaut, if you throw away the property, we shan't have a cent! No doubt it's stored up in Heaven, but how are we to get on while we're here?"

"You don't mean you object to offerings? You?"

"In reason, Thibaut, but you've lost what little sense you had. What can the shrine do with so much treasure? Absurd!"

Her strong language made him feel that her old temperament was reestablished, and from habit he said no more. He spent his days with the child, who adored him, and when his wife wasn't around, he gave to the church whatever he could spare at the moment. He was glad to see that as the boy grew older, he developed gentle traits and a sweet disposition. It was what one would expect, from his miraculous origin. Blanche watched his development too, but with less confidence.

When the boy was three years old, he was playing one day in the garden, and his happy father was looking on from the gallery above.

"Come here, Blanche—isn't he a dear?"

Blanche came, but did not commit herself. "Have you noticed his exquisite tastes? Butterflies—and flowers—everything delicate. When I think what a rough man I was before he came, I realize how little I deserve him."

He was moved to tears, but his wife remained calm.

"Blanche, I've something on my mind. I owe it to you that my soul was saved. It isn't simply the joy of having the child—my soul really is rescued from a sort of death. You'll be glad to hear what I've been thinking of. You know, I wanted an heir to the property, and all that, and I made a harsh remark about priests. But the more I realize the goodness of Heaven in forgiving me and sending the boy, the more I'm convinced that I owe him to the church. My worldly ambition is finished. His place is at the altar."

Blanche gave a nervous little shriek.

"Never, Thibaut! It would be desecration!" He looked at her, to see if insanity showed on the outside. "Will you please explain why it would be desecration?"

"I can't, Thibaut—it's just a feeling I have. He doesn't come from what I'd call a priestlike ancestry."

She thought she had confessed the whole thing, and rather counted on him to annihilate her. But he seemed relieved.

"No, I'm a poor father for anything churchly, I admit, but I've reformed, Blanche, and the boy will plead for me."

She went off into an hysterical laugh.

"It isn't funny too, is it? Very well, it's funny. But he's going to be a priest."

"He is not!"

"Well, we needn't decide it today. He's young yet."

But by the time he was sixteen years old, Blanche knew the decision had been made, very gradually and without words. The boy and his father thought alike on all points, they lived the same life, they were rarely apart for more than a few minutes of the day. She was not surprised when they faced her together, in the great hall of the castle. The presence of the boy gave Thibaut courage.

"Blanche, if he's to study for the church, he ought to begin soon, and he and I have been

talking about the right city to send him to, and the most learned seminary. Have you any suggestions?"

As they stood together, she noticed how dark the boy's hair had turned, and how much he resembled Thibaut. It startled her. No, she had no suggestions, except that perhaps he ought to stay at home and serve the world in a humble way. The youth and his father regarded her with pity.

"You were once a pious woman, Blanche. I never expected the day when you would disapprove of the priesthood for a son of yours."

"I never expected it either, but it's come." "You'll leave the decision to the boy, I suppose?"

"I will not! I will protest to the bishop!"

"I've been talking with the bishop myself, Blanche, and I took occasion to explain that you and I have exchanged positions as to the church. He thinks that in saving my soul you may have overstrained yourself, as it were, and become susceptible to my former spiritual handicaps. How does that strike you? In any case, the bishop accepts the boy as a candidate, and I've made a thank offering of—"

"Is there enough left to buy food with, Thibaut?"

Before her son left her, she had a quiet talk with him, to no purpose, as it turned out.

"Surely you wouldn't think of the priesthood without examining your heart, my dear boy. Are you certain a holy life will satisfy you?"

"Nothing else will, Mother."

"Have you no impulses, from time to time, of a—?" It was hard to say, and she hesitated a long while. "I mean, the appeal of the senses is strong in men—in some men. A priest should know nothing of such temptations."

"I hope to know nothing of them, Mother."

"Don't you sometimes wish—?" It was too hard for her again. "You know, you've seen nothing of women, except the servants

and me. If great beauty were suddenly revealed to you—"

"Mother, your questions show no faith in my virtue. Have you reason to think I shan't keep my vows?"

"My dear boy, if you take them, you must keep them, but examine your heart first. Have you ever thought it might be pleasant to—"

He was mildly indignant. "Mother, why don't you ask me if I shouldn't like to murder someone, once in a while?"

"Don't tell me you really want to!"

He knew his father's suspicions were correct—she was unbalanced.

"Give me your blessing, dear Mother, and pray for me, and let me pray for you."

"I can't let you go! Even if you are innocent now, it will appear later, at the very altar, or in the confessional, or at a deathbed!"

Her vehemence astounded him.

"Mother, I really believe you think my soul is occupied by secret devils, who will break out some day."

"Yes," she said, "that's what I fear."

The look on her face made him serious for the rest of his life. When he thought of the problem of evil, he always remembered his own mother, a woman who led a sheltered existence, a woman of piety and admirable background, who nevertheless was beset with villainous thoughts. He learned to be gentle with the really fallen, the sinners who without her advantages gave way to temptation.

In short, he was a saint—his father's blessing and the illumination of his age. When they made him a bishop, both parents attended the consecration, Thibaut incoherent with joy, Blanche wondering whether she ought to be proud, and if so, what of. As she watched them in the shadows and lights of the cathedral, she was further perplexed by the fact that, except for the young priest's raven locks and Thibaut's snow-white hair, they were as alike as two peas.

Riley by George Ade (Continued from page 76)

made them interesting as companions belonged to James Whitcomb Riley. I cannot be mistaken in assuming that there is a certain Hoosier "type" and that James Whitcomb Riley was the quintessence of that type. The calamity to the state has been that those who know something have not been able always to control those who merely suspect something. Maybe too many of our head-liners have moved out of the state and permitted our local affairs to be managed by ghost-dancers and witch-burners and those who bark at the moon.

Riley remained at home to leaven the whole lump. He never dreamed of spending his summers on Long Island or taking a "studio" in New York City and having the bookish people in to tea. To him New York was a vivid and dreadful hell on earth—vast interwoven caverns filled with noise, distress and confusion. All of Dante's descriptive stuff about the Inferno is tame and colorless compared with the stories Riley used to tell of his nerve-shattering experiences in New York.

I am assuming that thousands of people who will read this piece know something about Riley and would like to know more. Without pretending to be his Boswell, permit me to assure all the inquiring friends that our old favorite was about the most interesting individual who ever lived, and those who knew the most about him are the ones who remember him most pleasantly.

He was cast in a special mold. He had his own point of view on every subject, his own passionate preferences and prejudices, and a manner of expressing himself so individual that nothing he said seemed trite and usual and commonplace.

There are very few facts regarding him which need to be held back from his admirers, because his smaller frailties were outweighed by tons and tons of kindness, charity, tolerance and

that sweet quality which he once described in dialect:

Fer the world is full of roses,
An' the roses full of dew,
An' the dew is full of heavenly love
That drips fer me an' you.

It is true that when he was a young fellow he traveled with a kind of medicine show, playing the guitar and decorating fences with gay advertisements of "Wizard Oil." It is also true that persons who didn't know him referred to him familiarly as "Jim" Riley, but those who were in daily contact with him didn't "Jim" him very often. We who met him once in a while and liked him so intensely and understood his worth and importance always addressed him as "Mr. Riley." After he received his advanced degree we called him "Doctor" and he liked the title.

He had no use for class distinctions, but when it came to companionship he did his own picking and did it carefully. He abhorred the loud talkers and shoulder-slappers and those who tried to exploit him and exhibit him as a curious specimen. Under ordinary conditions he was dignified and reserved and he could close up like a clam unless the environment struck him as being genial and genuine and human.

I think the reason why he remained off the rostrum for so many years was that he learned that he could not go around and give readings without being "entertained" by gushy strangers who terrified him and disturbed the simple routine which he always liked to follow.

He was careful of his manners and fastidious regarding his clothes. He did not go in for any of the sloppy trade-marks of bohemianism. He wore the best suits that tailors could make and no Knickerbocker aristocrat in the brownstone district was more neatly groomed. His



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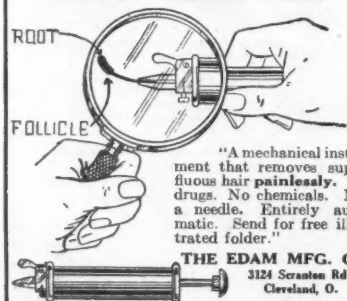
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usual costume was a morning coat of rather formal cut, trousers with a dark stripe and a quiet cravat against snowy linen, and very little jewelry. In other words, he was ready at almost any moment to attend a daylight wedding. The other day I was playing golf with a dentist who was employed by Riley and he said he never knew a man who was more careful regarding the appearance of his teeth.

The people who ask you if he was not a wild one and a harum-scarum are the ones who knew nothing about him. There were stories about him to the effect that he was convivial on a large and impressive scale. The fact is that Riley was so high-strung and emotional and sensitive that he could not dally with stimulants without going through a lot of remorse and headache—a lot more than he deserved for the degree of his offending. Most of the time he was a total abstainer.

After years of wandering and platform experiences and camping out in hotels, Riley found a safe and quiet anchorage in Lockport Street, a drowsy and charming little byway in Indianapolis, and there he remained until the final summons came. He shunned public appearances, especially during the later years of his life, when he was somewhat of an invalid.

For a good many years he spent a few weeks each winter in Florida, his favorite abode being the Halcyon Hotel in Miami. I saw him there several times.

It was during these quiet and placid years of his later life that many of us sought him out as often as we could and sat with him. I find it difficult to explain just why the man had a marvelous charm. Henry Irving once told him that he would have been one of the great character actors of the world if he had tried acting. I think we were all spellbound in his presence because he was exactly that—a marvelous actor. He knew instinctively every trick of impersonation.

He talked with a soothing drawl and employed the dramatic pause with rare effect. He could squint his eyes and twist his mouth and perk his head with all the superb artistry of a Coquelin. His stories were different from any others in the world because, I really believe, he made up most of them as he went along. He would start a rambling narrative about some fool friends of his somewhere off in Indiana and would go along inventing dialog and elaborating details and weaving a most fantastic and amusing tale out of nothing whatsoever.

Speaking of his unusual histrionic talents, I have among my treasures a remarkable letter from him written from the Savery House in Des Moines, Iowa, November 30th, 1903. Riley had been in Chicago on his way to make some platform appearances out West. John McCutcheon and I took him to see "The County Chairman," a play written by me and dealing with life in the Middle West back in the '80's.

I knew that Riley had been disgusted with a certain type of highly colored melodrama, mixed with horse-play comedy, supposed to depict life in Indiana. I was delighted when he liked "The County Chairman" and told me that my characters were people and not caricatures. The day after he left Chicago he wrote the following letter from Des Moines:

George Ade & John T. McCutcheon, Esqs.—
Dear Friends:

Ever since our parting I've been having a steady flow of bright surprising ideas—not the least of which is naturally in the interest of our sadly declining Drama and to the effect of obviating the present coyness of the general public in being discovered in questionable propinquity to the Box Office. In brief, the idea is that A's next play be written expressly for and around us three fellows. Say! Won't that fetch 'em? Only thing troubles me is that I didn't think of it and spring it for discussion at our joyous "Bird Center"

social Function and Banquet in the Jury Room last night.

Hastily but ever heartily yours

All this, of course, strictly mum, but think it over!

JWR

Of course, I wrote him that I would begin work on his play whenever he was ready to sign a contract to be an actor, but that was all that ever happened. To this day I am wondering if Riley meant what he said. He was such a day-dreamer and spent so much of his time in a world of make-believe that probably the whole idea of the three of us appearing in a Hoosier drama was just one of his floating fancies that gave him a giggle or two as it sailed by.

Riley found no fun in the usual and stilted and stereotyped. He had his own preferences when it came to reading. When he liked an author he liked him vehemently and with loud and rising inflections.

I remember that he warmed up to me one day when he learned that I, too, was very fond of the works of W. W. Jacobs, the English writer who dealt so effectively with the river men along the Thames.

It happened that I had not yet read one of the best—the story in which a sailor named "Ginger" is tattooed by his mates so that he may answer the description of a long-lost son and claim an interest in a public-house kept by a buxom widow. Riley proceeded to tell the story in his own way. He varied the English yarn by introducing a lot of Hoosierisms and punctuating the text with those harmless cuss-words which studded his vocabulary, and I laughed myself to exhaustion.

The man had me absolutely at his command. I have heard all the good story-tellers and reciters since about 1890, and of those who sat at a table and talked to just a few or those who stood out on a rostrum and performed for hundreds, I never knew of another who had the charm and the appeal and the subtle control of sympathetic emotions as compared with Riley, the one and only.

Ninety-eight percent of the people of Indiana can read and write. One hundred percent can quote Riley.

Go into the most secluded and remote and detached township. Go even to Brown County and bear off from the main pike into the loneliest byway. Seek out some frightened child of nature who lives in a cabin and never rode in a flivver and say to him, "When the frost is on the punkin," and he will at once respond, "And the fodder's in the shock."

Indiana has been helped to state consciousness because Riley revealed the Hoosiers to themselves. He built a fire which never has ceased to spread. Without meaning to cause trouble, he broadcasted the literary germ. In this state many well-meaning people who cannot write verse do so. This state is full of undiscovered Rileys—inglorious but not necessarily mute.

James Whitcomb Riley grew up among Hoosiers who were thinking and talking and fighting about the issues which were of real concern to the Republic. They were kind neighbors, but blood-thirsty partisans. Riley sat on the fence and studied them and was vastly amused in a sympathetic way by the endless performance.

Even to this day the voters of Indiana are unanimous on nothing whatsoever except Riley. His books are in every home.

The dull have begun to dream and the dumb are singing since Riley came among us.

Someone called him the "typical" Hoosier, but he was not the type. If all Hoosiers had been like Riley, then Indiana would have been Mount Olympus, rolled out flat. He was the triple extract of all the savoring qualities that we endorse in our native sons. He was, as you might say, the attar of Hoosierdom.

We are beginning to see him in perspective, and now we know that he is safely assured a niche in the Hall of Fame. That he was a real

singer of beautiful songs, a literary craftsman, an imaginative artist—even the most frost-bitten critic is ready to concede. It is acknowledged that he was a genuine poet, even if people could understand what he wrote.

I am trying to tell you something about Riley, the man—the most amazing, the most lovable, the most altogether different person who ever rambled under the soft maples of Indianapolis.

He made his own ratings and never consulted the social register. He loved to sit into the night talking with Benjamin Harrison. Also he was given to long and intimate confabulations with a negro barber, whom he patronized for many years and who always showed a devouring interest in the stories brought to him by Riley. Think of a man sixty-seven years old delightfully weaving these make-believe yarns just for the satisfaction of pleasing one humble listener.

In mentioning Riley's age I am reminded that for many years before he died no one except a few intimate relatives knew his real age. He was just a little older than he wanted to be, so he concealed the date of his birth. The biographers compiling "Who's Who" made a guess that he was born in 1853. After Riley died, his relatives opened the long-sealed family Bible and let it be known that he was really born in 1849.

The heritage of Riley's books is one that youth may enjoy with us, but you cannot estimate the charm and prodigious gifts of the man unless you heard him recite the things he had written. He was the best platform entertainer of his time, always idolized by the public, encored and applauded, and yet he dreaded these public appearances and always suspected that he was about to fail and disappoint his audience. Once I heard him say: "Every morning when I wake up the first thought that comes to me is, 'This is the day they get on to me.'"

He kept himself in the poet's mood by excluding from his life's program most of the activities which we regard as important. The world of politics and propaganda, golf, baseball, bridge whist, collecting bills, selling goods, rushing to the bank, putting ads in the paper, calling committees together—it was a region into which he never ventured and he smiled and wondered to see his friends so busy with things which did not matter in the least. He kept so far away from the dust and noise that he could see both town and country in fair perspective and came to know that a drifting cloud is more entitled to study than a drifting political party.

We move in crowds; we jump our fences after the manner of sheep; we regulate every detail of life by the examples of those living across the street; we deserve to be tied up in bunches, the same as radishes.

It seems to me that Riley, more than any other man I ever knew, disregarded the verdict of the crowd, and stale customs, and orthodox traditions. He did not go to ball games because it seemed such a waste of time to watch men striking at a ball and running from one base to another. Years after the telephone came into general use he declined to sacrifice his peace of mind by talking into a wooden box fastened against the wall.

Many of his colleagues who are now gone and forgotten regarded him as a simple and primitive and childish soul, but perhaps his X-ray vision showed him more of the truth than we have discovered. He saw many people running about in great stress and not arriving anywhere. He saw his friends wearing out their lives to gain certain assets which he knew to be liabilities. He brushed aside all cheap conventions and let the majority go ahead and rule itself, so long as it did not try to rule him.

Thus keeping himself aloof from the lock-step and the treadmill and the dull routine to which most of us condemn ourselves, he found time to watch his fellow mortals and to balance their virtues against their faults and to dream dreams and weave them into musical rhyme.



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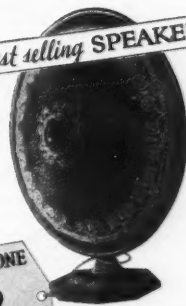
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Tide of Empire (Continued from page 57)

the city of Sacramento, the state capital, now stands. The black Maria, with Vilmont, Jim Toy and the mulepacks crossed on a ferry barge, but in order to save money, D'Arcy pushed into the river with Pathfinder and swam across. The mules, herded in after him, followed the leader tractably, with the other mounted members of the party bringing up the rear.

On the opposite bank the mules were again packed and at nightfall the entire party encamped outside the walls of Sutter's Fort, the center of the vast plantations which Sutter had laid out, beginning in 1836. No farming had been done this year, however, the discovery of gold having occurred coincident with the spring planting, thus depriving Sutter of all of his laborers.

The evening meal disposed of, D'Arcy sought Johann Sutter in the latter's office inside the fort. The despoiled empire builder accorded him a chilly reception.

"What do you want?" he demanded.
"Some information, if you have it to give, Mr. Sutter. How far is it to the Arroyo Chico and what is the best route?"

"A week's travel. Follow the river north."

"Are there any miners that far north?"

"Perhaps a few. I have not heard that any discoveries have been made north of the Yuba and its branches."

"Thank you. Have you any grain for sale?"
"Ha! So you would buy? Have you money to pay?"

D'Arcy nodded smilingly. "I would rest my party here for a week and harden my stock on grain. They have been a long time without it."

"You are different," Sutter answered, and a modicum of the chill and resentment had gone out of his voice. "You are the first to come here who has not been in a mad hurry."

"The race is not always to the swiftest, Mr. Sutter."

"I have grain. It is not very good, but it will cost you three dollars a bushel."

"I will take ten bushels. Here is the money."

"I have no food for sale."

"I require none."

Sutter laughed. "All are fools but you. Have you tents?"

"No. But I have tools to build cabins."

"So."

"Have the miners formulated any mining regulations at Coloma?"

Sutter nodded. "Each district makes its own rules, and the first to come organize the district, regulating the use of water for washing the gravel and outlining the size of the claim each man may have. At Coloma and on Mormon's Bar below my sawmill the claims are ten feet square."

"Are they very rich?"

"Very. There is gold in every stream that runs from the Sierra to the river."

"Thank you. If I may have the grain now I will be your debtor."

When his men had carried the grain away to their camp Sutter questioned D'Arcy regarding conditions in San Francisco. What news had he of the road? None of interest? Sutter had heard of a murder committed a few miles beyond Benicia ten days previous. An American had been roped from his horse by a Californian and dragged to death across the plain. The dastardly deed had been accomplished at twilight while the man was riding in advance of his party.

The murderer had not been identified, but suspicion pointed strongly to Romauldo Guerrero, son of Don José Guerrero, of the Rancho Arroyo Chico. Sutter had heard that the man had insulted him at Semple's Ferry by alluding to him and his sister as greasers. Had D'Arcy known of the incident?

D'Arcy professed ignorance and the conversation shifted to other matters.

Later, when D'Arcy joined his fellows, he drew Bejabs Harmon aside and related what Sutter had told him of the murder.

Bejabs grinned. "I'll bet my share of

Sierra gold young Guerrero did the trick, Dermot. I sized him up as a chap who would lack the courage to call his man out. Certainly a Hispano-Californian did that job. That is an old trick of theirs and one at which they are mighty dog-goned handy. An American would never descend to that."

"Romauldo's mother was a quarter-bred Indian. The girl is his half-sister, but her blood's pure."

"I wonder if she knows how Romauldo settled the grudge."

"I doubt it. He must realize she would disapprove of such a course."

"Yet she sicked him on to the feller. Remember, she claimed the privilege for the Guerreros, when we offered to call the skunk out."

"I cannot believe that girl ferocious enough to stimulate her relative to murder." Bejabs noted the misery in his partner's eyes. "I wish that disgruntled Sutter had kept his gossip to himself."

For a week, much against the desires of his companions, D'Arcy lay encamped at Sutter's Fort. In that week, however, he gleaned much information of value to him. Food was scarce in the diggings and very high. A side of bacon, for instance, was not purchasable under fifteen dollars and the farther the demand from the source of supply and the more difficult to get it there, the higher the price. Already wagon- and pack-trains were in operation by freighting companies, the wagons bringing the supplies from Sacramento, or Nye's Landing farther up the river, and the pack-trains distributing it throughout the mining country where, as yet, there were no wagon roads. Barges, towed by steam launches, brought the supplies up-river from San Francisco.

D'Arcy, Bejabs, McCready and Judson had ridden up the American River and interviewed the miners working on the bars there. Later they had crossed the ridges to the various forks of that stream, noting the methods of operation, which in all cases were of the crudest kind. Upon returning to Sutter's Fort D'Arcy purchased more nails.

"After the expiration of my service in the Mexican war I returned to Sonora and had about six months' experience in placer-mining there," he informed his associates by the light of the camp-fire. "It was mostly dry placering, but I did evolve a method of separating the gold in sluice-boxes when we had water available. I can wash a great deal more gravel and save a great deal more gold by my method than can be done by any method I have observed thus far."

"Us Yankees are strong on inventin' things," Bejabs assured him. "We're all better at usin' our heads than our arms. Well, when do we start to make our everlastin' fortune?"

"The day after tomorrow, Bejabs. We've wasted all the time we are going to waste—although I think it has not been wasted. Has it occurred to you to consider the advantages that accrue to us by reason of our being a well-outfitted party? We have our own pack-train and are independent of the local freighting robbers; by buying our food here and packing it in ourselves we will save money."

His mien agreed with him. He continued: "We are going to proceed north, following the river, for about eighty miles. I want to go far beyond the farthest point where any mining has been done as yet. I want to locate a good stream, with plenty of water in it, prospect it and if it proves up well, we will, among our own company, organize a mining district and set up our own mining laws. Which reminds me. We must have some books in which to keep the records of the district. Bart, if you're good, I'll make you the District Recorder."

The Bart eyed him humorously. He realized D'Arcy had taken his measure correctly and was rather pleased than otherwise about it.

"We'd ought to elect an *alcalde* first off," Bejabs suggested.

"There you go, Old Law-and-Order. Well, the Bart can fill that office also."

"How about his Reverence?"

"Mr. Poppy shall learn the gentle art of flinging gravel with a shovel."

Mr. Poppy announced, in his rotund bass, that he was entirely agreeable to that program.

"Where the miners are settled thickly,"

D'Arcy resumed, "one may not possess a claim larger than ten feet square. That is why I am moving on to some spot where we will not be crowded—at least for a while. It is customary for the original discoverers of a rich district to be allowed claims double the size of those who arrive subsequently, so—"

"Who allows it?" McCready wanted to know.

"Public opinion, Mac, which is the law where there are no statute-books. In our own area we will be Public Opinion. Our claims will be one hundred feet long and as wide as the river from bank to bank. As original discoverers, we will each then be entitled to a claim two hundred feet long. And as we will be the original preemptors of the water we will have prior rights thereto."

"How're we goin' to maintain those rights?" Judson wanted to know.

"By force—until we're outnumbered or outvoted. We'll set up a law and obey it. Then, if we have to fight for it, our cause will have a semblance of justice."

"Well, we can put up a pretty good fight while we all hang together," Judson admitted. He was one not at all averse to conflict.

"We must hang together. Therein will lie our strength. I have heard—and we all have noticed—that gold brings with it a peculiar sort of madness—the madness of dissatisfaction. Men with a rich claim on the Tuolumne hear of a richer strike on the Consumes, and immediately abandon their claim to race to the new strike. No sooner are they settled there than the old wild-o'-the-wisp lures them elsewhere. They spend their precious time wandering like gypsies."

"I propose that if we find a satisfactory claim we stick by it and work it to a finish."

"We'd ought to have some sort of partnership agreement," McCready suggested.

"We shall. I've already worked on that—I have the papers here—and I'll get to work again tomorrow and try to evolve something sensible and just. After I have outlined the main program we will discuss it and add amendments."

He sat down the following afternoon in the shade of an oak-tree and fell to this task, to be interrupted presently by a gruff voice saying:

"Stranger, if you'll be good enough to git out from under this here tree I can show you a better use for it."

D'Arcy looked up. Before him five men sat with their horses, and in the midst of them another horseman, with his hands bound behind him, was looking at him with dumb pleading. The bound man was Romauldo Guerrero.

"What's this?" D'Arcy demanded.

"Goin' to hang a greaser, that's what!"

"What for?"

"Murder."

"Got any proof?"

"Proof enough."

"Let me hear it."

"We ain't got time to listen to no argument. Git out from under that tree."

"Not so fast, my friend, not so fast. Look behind you."

The quintet turned. Behind them stood the Bart, Mr. Poppy, McCready, Judson and Bejabbers.

"Who are these fellers?" the leader of the horsemen demanded.

"They represent Public Opinion. Incidentally, they are my partners and quite as curious as myself. What proof have you got that this young man has committed a murder?"

"He's the only feller that had a reason to commit it."

"Perhaps, then," D'Arcy smiled back at the

man, "it was justifiable homicide. Did any of you see him commit the murder?"

"All five of us."

"Did you recognize him at the time?"

"No, but we recognized his hoss."

"You refer, I believe, to the murder of the man who was roped and dragged to death near Benicia some two weeks ago. There was some sort of quarrel between that man and some other Americans at the Martinez side of the Semple Ferry."

"That's the ticket!"

"I was present when that man alluded to this young man as a greaser. The remark applied equally to the prisoner's sister. I am a friend of this prisoner's family and in that capacity I offered to fight the man who used that obnoxious word greaser. My associate behind you, Mr. Harmon, insisted on taking the job off my hands, but the young lady reminded us that it was the business of her brother to avenge such insults to their blood and I agreed with her."

"Well, he avenged it, all right. None of us would have cared a whoop if this greaser had called his man out, but—"

"But you have no absolute proof that he roped the man and dragged him to death. You have nothing but suspicion, and you are about to hang this man on mere suspicion."

"Suspicion's good enough for us."

"It don't go in this company," Bejabbers Harmon had spoken. "Hands up."

The five men, turning, saw a pistol in each of Harmon's brown hands; saw pistols in the hands of McCready and Judson, while the Bart, in lieu of a more lethal weapon, had picked up a large piece of granite. D'Arcy stepped up to Romauldo Guerrero and cut his bonds.

"Your horse is weary, Señor Guerrero."

Romauldo smiled. "They caught me far up the river. I was with my father's peons working cattle, so I rode hard for this man Sutter's place, thinking there would be men here who would protect me. A mile out my horse failed me and I was overtaken."

"Did you kill that man at Benicia?"

"I did not. I intended to, but one of my relatives relieved me of the task. I was still too ill to sit a horse. But my cousin rode my horse—his own is still too green to rope well from—and the good deed was done. I am sorry to have been too ill at the time to do this thing myself but—well, it was a family matter."

"I see. And these men—all armed—got between you and home?" Romauldo nodded.

"If you should reach your home safely, can you protect yourself there?"

"I will have fifty men at my back."

"Come with me."

D'Arcy led the boy to his camp and saddled Pathfinder. "Here is a horse that may not be overtaken. Mount and ride him home. I will keep your horse and some day I will call at the Rancho Arroyo Chico for this animal."

"I will treat him well, Sir. I thank you. My father will thank you. My sister will thank you. Twice I owe you my life." He vaulted lightly into the saddle and jogged carelessly away. At a little distance he halted, faced about and kissed his hand airily to his late captors, who still stood immobile under the menace of Public Opinion.

"Adios," he called.

Half an hour later Public Opinion put up its guns and strolled back to camp. Bejabbers squatted on his heels and stared at D'Arcy, enthroned on a crate of bacon opposite.

"Well," he announced presently, "I reckon you got your head about you, Dermot. Lendin' the young feller your horse is just about the best excuse I know of for callin' on the Señorita Guerrero. As a gringo, it's up to you to make yourself mighty acceptable when you call."

"He'd kill that man, Bejabbers. He told me so. He was frank about the matter and I believe him."

"Who cares? All I'm interested in is law and order. Besides, the evidence didn't support the verdict anyhow. 'Tain't fair to hang a man on circumstantial evidence. However," he added humorously as he watched the five

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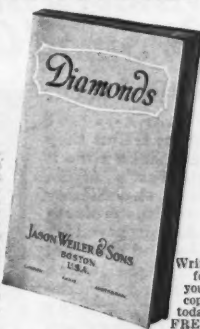
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disappointed horsemen ride off toward the fort, "we could have done without them five additional enemies! But then, as the feller says, the path o' true love never did run smooth!"

The dry midsummer heat of interior California lay oppressively upon the Rancho Arroyo Chico and furnished Don José Guerrero with an excuse he did not need for refraining from even the slightest form of physical endeavor. He lay at his ease in a crude hammock, fashioned from a bullock's hide and slung between two of the rough uprights that helped to support the long veranda of his *hacienda*. Close to the veranda an ancient bay-tree cast a grateful shade upon Don José, and with its pungent, pleasant aroma, aided by the drone of insects, sought to lull him to his siesta. Close at hand stood a tall home-made commode, upon which reposed a bottle of white wine, a glass, a plate of black figs and a packet of Mexican cigarettes.

In a lovely park-like grove of white valley oaks, the *hacienda* squatted, infinitely forlorn in that vast, silent plain. It was a one-story building of sun-baked adobe bricks that subsequently had been given a coat of wet clay, which, after hardening, had been whitewashed. The house was perhaps a hundred and fifty feet long and about forty feet wide, roofed with a thatch of tules cut along the river bank and in adjacent marshes.

The house had windows regularly spaced—a window to each room, doubtless, but the windows contained neither sash nor glass, a grilled iron shutter serving instead. A climbing white rose embraced the uprights of the veranda along the entire front of the house and spread out over the low roof, upon which red chilli peppers gleamed in the sunlight.

Over the broad main portal an old ship's lantern hung; wooden benches were set against the wall for the full length of the veranda, which, like the house, was floored with boards whipsawed from the native fir timber. In the dust under the oak-trees about a dozen chickens of the game variety fought each other without much enthusiasm or sought grasshoppers, while two dogs of indeterminate ancestry lay on the veranda and snapped at the flies that ventured near them.

Although he appeared to sleep, Don José was in reality very much awake, due to an unwonted cerebral activity which for the past few weeks had daily made of his attempted siesta a signal failure. For the first time in his calm and untroubled existence he was worried—and by a number of matters.

The owner of eight square leagues of the richest agricultural and grazing land in the world, upon which roamed four or five hundred horses and twenty-odd thousand cattle, Don José gradually had come to the realization that he was a much impoverished man in all save his pride of lineage. For the past few years the hide and tallow business, upon which the *rancheros* of California had depended for their sole income, had been going from bad to worse.

Such income as he might hope to glean in the future must come from the sale of beef to the miners who were invading Alta California and who in the very near future probably would come to mine on Don José's grant, the eastern extremity of which ran far up into the Sierra foot-hills.

Don José believed firmly that all gold in the beds of streams on his rancho belonged to him and, although he never would take the trouble to mine it himself, he resented the prospect of others doing so, particularly without his permission and without paying him a reasonable royalty. He felt, quite justly, that he had a legal right to demand a royalty, but he also was aware that there was no legal authority in the land capable of enforcing his demand. Consequently, Don José realized he must abandon the idea and trust in God to protect his horses and cattle from similar appropriation as the invaders increased in number and decreased in quality.

At that date his broad lands had practically

no value except in so far as they supported his horses and cattle. A steer was worth about two dollars for its hide and tallow and there was no market for the beef, at least for the present; horses too were of little worth.

He had perhaps fifty retainers on the rancho and while he paid them nothing for the little work they did, nevertheless they dwelt under the mantle of his philanthropy and must be fed and clothed. And it irked the generous man to see anybody ill-fed or naked.

Don José's worries over his economic situation were as nothing compared with those of his children. At eighteen, his daughter was unmarried, yet she was singularly unimpaired at the prospect of being accounted an old maid at twenty-one. He had arranged for her a wholly desirable alliance, and she had refused it flatly and flouted his authority.

The result was a social impasse—and for this reason: Don José was of pure Castilian blood. All of his people had been soldiers or civil servants, and in an age when the servants of the state were bound by a tradition that forbade degrading manual labor it was but natural that Don José never should have performed any feat more arduous than playing a guitar, gaffing a game-cock, riding a wild horse, lassoing a wild steer or a grizzly bear and playing a customarily disastrous game of Mexican monte. The motto of his time and race suited him in all respects. *Dolce far niente!* Sweet doing nothing!

Yet he had to do something—at least for his daughter. Here in Alta California there was no eligible young man she might marry—that is, among the families with which a Guerrero might ally herself. Already these social limitations had resulted in the Guerreros finding themselves related to all of the first families in California—and there was a point, in the following of this tradition, beyond which one might not go! On the other hand, Don José was resolved that his daughter should not marry into a family which, no matter how wealthy or socially prominent, was known to carry a strain of Indian blood. And few of the Californians, he realized, were wholly free from that taint.

True, in a moment of youthful passion Don José had married unwisely, but fortunately the death of the lady a few years later had enabled him to recover his pride by consummating a second marriage in his own select circle. Indeed, it had been this early and bitter experience which had indicated to him the necessity for his daughter's making a suitable marriage, and because of her refusal to conform to his desires, he was now a prey to many conflicting emotions.

For his son Romauldo, Don José had no such brave aspirations. Romauldo was at least an eighth Indian. Therefore, the traditions of his father's class effectually barred Romauldo from that class, even had the young man the slightest inclination to enter it, which he had not. For Romauldo was a throwback to his mother's primitive ancestors.

Although handsome and the darling of the ladies of what might be termed the middle and lower classes, he was a born wastrel. This did not cause Don José to love him less. Whatever the boy might be, nevertheless he was his father's son. Don José had been young himself and at no period of his youth had anybody been so optimistic as to suggest that he might adorn the habit of a Franciscan friar!

"Satan afflicts me," he murmured, half to himself, as Josephine emerged from the house, sewing basket in hand, seated herself and commenced to crochet.

"I have a fellow feeling for Satan, my father," the girl declared. "The poor red one must do something to pass the weary days; hence he afflicts people, that he may laugh at their misery and thus amuse himself."

Don José saw himself drifting into a confidence he was not willing to grant. He spoke, lazily and comfortably: "There is a thunder-head among the Sierra foot-hills yonder. I think it will rain there. I hope so. It will

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wet the gringos. May the Devil skin them all, to make nightcaps for their mothers!"

"With the exception, my father, of one to whom this house owes much."

"Ah, that young man D'Arcy. Yes, a very agreeable fellow, I must admit. In fact, a gentleman. It is unfortunate that I may never have an opportunity of expressing my debt of gratitude to him for saving Romauldo from drowning."

"You will, one day, have such an opportunity."

Don José sat up in the hammock. "You think he will visit us?" The girl nodded. "But I have not asked him."

"I have."

A little frown darkened Don José's sun-baked countenance. Under the stimulus of some secret emotion he poured himself a glass of wine and sipped it moodily. Then, "I have a suspicion this gringo has turned your head, my daughter, even though you have met him but casually. Tomas Espinosa informed me—"

"A plague upon that sniveling infant! Please, my father, let us not speak of Tomas again, I entreat you. It is my hope that when I marry I shall marry an American," the girl interrupted with quiet vehemence.

Don José was scandalized. "What! You prefer one of these gross fellows to a man of your own people?"

"I prefer for a husband a man who will do things, and no Californian does anything save drink, gamble, race horses and fight chickens. They are lazy, jealous, indifferent to the commonest requirements of their wives and children. Once they are married"—she snapped her little fingers—"they give orders. Bah, I despise them! How selfish they are!"

"That is a severe indictment, my daughter. Do you think a gringo will do more for you?"

"He will work. He will use his head. He will prosper and support his wife and be tender of his children, seeing that they are fed and housed, dressed and educated. He will plant flowers under his home and make of it a place pleasant to look upon. The American is clean in his person, he is gay and scorns to take offense at trifles, although when he fights he is worth six of our young men. He is active, not a lazy bone in his body, and all of the California girls I know who have married Americans are happy."

"Bah! I do not believe it. Would you wed a man not of the faith?"

Josepha sighed. "I would, provided I loved him."

"Blood of the Devil, what talk is this of love? I know what is well for you, child. Now, harken to me, Josephita. If this D'Arcy comes, he is welcome, but—"

His abrupt silence indicated that there were certain customs and precedents to be observed by D'Arcy, if and when he should present himself, and that a failure to observe them would make it incumbent upon Don José to indicate to him, politely, that he was offending; hence that he had best be off.

"Since when have you achieved such an admiration for the gringos?" he resumed witheringly. "Once you disliked them, but since meeting this young man D'Arcy, you have changed, it seems."

"I dislike most of the Americans I have met. They are not well-bred. But when they are well-bred—ah, that is different."

"This is rebellion," Don José murmured weakly. Each successive wordy battle with his daughter had served to render him easier to defeat and he was defeated now. He lighted a cigaret, picked up his stiff-brimmed red vicuña-wool hat from the ground and eyed it gloomily. "The fact is, Josephita, you are unhappy. It is the English blood. A restless blood, that. I do not understand it."

"I would rather discontent and loneliness than Tomas Espinosa."

"As thou wilt, child. As for Don Dermot D'Arcy, him you will not see again, I think. He is busy with thoughts of gold, and when he has found gold he will return and marry a

girl of his own people. All men are alike. I know."

Her feminine wisdom told Josepha her father really knew nothing of any importance. Nor did any other California gentleman of her acquaintance. However, content with her victory, and realizing instinctively that she had won her point, she forbore further remark. Don José too appeared willing to direct the conversation into new channels. So he said:

"This wine is very poor."

"Why not? It is gringo wine, from Boston. An American, resident in California, would not drink it. He would plant his own vines and make for himself a much superior wine."

Don José sighed. "A vineyard is a devil of a nuisance."

"We have cows, but milk, butter and cheese we know not. In the Mission gardens the *padres* raised a vast variety of luscious fruits, but few *rancheros* have bothered to follow that example. To have an orchard, to raise some vegetables other than beans, chilis and cabbage, is always a devil of a nuisance. Ah, how weary I grow of the same food, year in and year out."

"It is sound, nourishing food," Don José protested. He looked at his daughter sadly and accusingly, as if she had offended him wantonly. "Your father's house is all your father has to offer you, little one," he reiterated. "If you are unhappy—well, is it not your own desire? Marry Tomas—"

"Tomas is the sort of man who would have me, whether I loved him or not—so enough of that monkey. Here comes Romauldo."

It was characteristic of Don José that he should look first at the horse his son bestrode. "Hah! Where did you get that horse, my son? By our Lady of Guadalupe, it is the horse of the gringo, D'Arcy." The Don leaped up and ran to his son. "If you have bought this horse, Romauldo, our fortune is made."

"I did not buy him," Romauldo replied sullenly.

"Then, vagabond, it must be that you have stolen him, since D'Arcy would never permit you to ride him otherwise. Explain!" Don José's voice was raised to a note his son never had heard before; the proud fine head was lifted and a fierce glance swept the boy. "Blood of the Devil, thou hast been fighting. If thou hast disgraced thy blood—"

"The gringo lent me this horse because my own was weary and I had need of a fresh fleet mount. But you are in error, my father. I have not been fighting. I have been assaulted by five gringos."

"Ah, poor boy!" Don José tenderly aided his son to dismount and embraced him. "You have a blue eye, my son, and there is blood on your face."

"I have been beaten, my father."

"There will be an accounting."

With characteristic disregard of his mount's comfort, Romauldo dropped the bridle-reins over Pathfinder's head and left the animal to drowse in the sun beside his father's blue roan. Leaning on his father's arm, he limped into the house and called for warm water and towels. His sister followed.

"What has happened, Romauldo? Tell me."

"What happened," her brother replied haughtily, "is not a matter for discussion with women. However, it is enough that you should know that while I, with our men, gathered cattle at the south of the rancho yesterday, five gringos, well mounted, cut me off from my companions. I saw they meant mischief and that it would be useless to argue with them, wherefore I fled. My sole hope of escape lay in reaching Sutter's Fort."

"A little distance from the fort my horse stumbled, whereupon the fall and the fatigue of the chase enabled these thrice-cursed gringos to capture me. Forthwith they beat me. I fought back, but I was overpowered. They then bound my hands behind me, set me on my horse and rode to the nearest grove



The crude picture at the left Mr. Shirley drew before taking the Federal Course. The picture above is one he made recently. It has a commercial value of \$50. Note the improvement. Read Mr. Shirley's interesting letter below.

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of oaks, it being their intention to hang me from a stout limb."

"In this extremity I trust you comported yourself with the dignity and reserve of a Guerrero," Don José suggested grimly.

"I cursed them and defied them, although I knew I was doomed. Fortunately, in that grove of oak-trees was encamped Don Dermot D'Arcy and his party. Immediately this charming fellow made inquiry and, being satisfied that justice was not being done me, he and his men, with drawn pistols, denied me to my captors. Then Don Dermot, seeing the pitiable condition of my horse, lent me his great mount Pathfinder and bade me go home. I departed, with joy in my heart, well knowing that with Pathfinder between my knees I could laugh at all pursuers. . . . Well, I am here, and I am very lame and bruised. Yes, but for Don Dermot I would now be dancing on air."

"May the Virgin Mother guard him as he has guarded my son. But tell me, Romauldo, of what gross crime did you stand accused by these five gringos?"

"They mistook me for another, who had roped one of their party from his horse and dragged the man to his death."

"Hah! The American who was slain beyond Benicia the night we crossed the ferry. I remember we passed the corpse as we rode north." Romauldo nodded. "You could not have done this thing, of course, my son. From the moment you came ashore at Benicia you were with your sister and me. Why, then, did these men suspect you?"

Romauldo washed his bruised features and did not answer. His shrug, however, was an eloquent admission of ignorance. His father questioned him no further, but Josepha gave him a curious, hard glance and left the room, passing through to the rear of the hacienda. About two hundred yards from the hacienda a score of small adobe huts strung out in line indicated the abodes of Don José's peons; beyond the huts stood the large corral where a number of horses, saddled, awaited any use that might arise.

"Porfirio," the girl called.

A ragged fellow, of predominant Indian blood, emerged from his house and ran toward her.

"There is a horse in front, Porfirio. My brother borrowed him from a friend. He is a valuable horse. See that he is unsaddled, groom him and feed him well. Nor is he to be turned into the corral with our other horses. They might kick him and injure him."

Porfirio hurried around to the front of the house and led Pathfinder away while Josepha resumed her crocheting.

"Ah, the abandoned one," she murmured, and her hot tears fell on her work. "He is ungrateful. He thinks but of himself always. He would even neglect the horse so beloved of the man who has twice saved his life. Ah, Romauldo, thou wicked one! There is an evil reckoning coming to thee."

The father emerged presently and seated himself again in the bull's-hide hammock. "The poor boy is in pain. He has ridden far and fast and his very bones ache. I have sent him to bed," he informed her. "Ah, these gringos. They are devils."

"They are just men—according to their ideas of justice."

"What! You would defend murderers? Josephita, you desolate your old father."

"It is true that Romauldo did not rope that gringo and drag him to his death. That we know, my father. But what of his cousin, Ramon Ortega, the companion of his rascalities?"

"What of Ramon?"

"That first night we camped after leaving Benicia, Ramon, who you will remember accompanied us to San Juan Bautista, joined us after dark. He was riding my brother's horse and the animal was wet with sweat."

"And why not? Romauldo was ill. He did not desire to ride again that day the horse that had so nearly drowned him, so Ramon

mounted the brute and gave him a lesson in department. Romauldo rode a gentler horse. "I speak English, my father. Enough to converse with the gringos. When we rode past the scene of that killing the dead man's companions cried out to me that my brother had done this thing, and when I asked them what reason they had for that statement they told me they had recognized his horse. Yes, the same horse that had leaped overboard with him at Semple's Ferry."

"Romauldo heard my conversation with D'Arcy at the ferry and when we reached Benicia he thanked me for saving for him the gringo who had insulted us. 'You will do nothing to this gringo, foolish boy,' I told him. 'I but claimed vengeance for you to spare trouble and bloodshed to the man who saved your life.'"

"What happened next?"

"He called Ramon to him and they talked. Later Ramon mounted my brother's horse and rode ahead of our party. Remember, the gringos were in advance of us that entire afternoon. I have a suspicion Ramon killed the man who insulted Romauldo. The two are like brothers, as you well know. You know too, my father, that Ramon is a bad man. Has he not stabbed four men in drunken quarrels? And did not one of them die?"

Don José nodded miserably. "Yes, he is a wild boy, I admit. But it is not like my son to delegate to another the settlement of a matter of honor. He is a Guerrero."

"Romauldo," the girl reminded him tragically, "is not a gentleman, and my father knows why. Listen to me, dear one. For my sake Don Dermot saved Romauldo from the vengeance of the dead man's companions, and for that Don Dermot has made himself five enemies. He is too generous and he has wasted his generosity on an ingrate."

"It would be well for him to leave this house tonight," the girl went on sadly. "One rebuff does not defeat a gringo. The five who pursued and captured him will come for him here, and since we have no adequate number of firearms to defend him, it is best that he depart into the south and remain there for some months visiting with our relatives."

"I will talk to the boy," her father decided and went to his son's room. When he returned half an hour later his fine old face was a mask of misery and Josepha saw he had been weeping.

"He has confessed," the old man murmured miserably. "Ah, that a son of mine should hide behind a kinsman's back in a matter of his family honor! I am disgraced, for my son has suborned murder."

The girl went to the suffering old man and drew his head down on her shoulder. "I dislike those who carry tales, but I had to tell you, my poor one, for Romauldo, it seems, has no conception of his danger."

"I have ordered a fresh horse for him—one of my best. A few hours of rest and then he must be gone. You are very wise, light of my life. Had these gringos come for my son and had I not known what I know now I would have fought for him to the death."



"Can he really play?" a girl whispered. "Heavens, no!" Arthur exclaimed. "He never played a note in his life."

They Laughed When I Sat Down At the Piano But When I Started to Play!—

ARTHUR had just played "The Rosary." The room rang with applause. Then to the amazement of all my friends, I strode confidently over to the piano and sat down.

"Jack is up to his old tricks," somebody chuckled. The crowd laughed. They were all certain that I couldn't play a single note.

"Can he really play?" I heard a girl whisper to Arthur.

"Heavens, no!" Arthur exclaimed. "He never played a note in all his life. . . ."

I decided to make the most of the situation. With mock dignity I drew out a silk handkerchief and lightly dusted off the piano keys. Then I rose and gave the revolving piano stool a quarter of a turn. The crowd laughed merrily.

Then I started to play. Instantly a tense silence fell on the guests. I played the first bars of Liszt's immortal Liebesträume. I heard gasps of amazement. My friends sat breathless—spellbound! I played on.

A Complete Triumph!

As the last notes of the Liebestäume died away, the room resounded with a sudden roar of applause. I found myself surrounded by excited faces. Everybody was exclaiming with delight—

"playing me with rapid questions. . . . 'Jack! Why didn't you tell us you could play like that?'"

"Where did you learn?" "Who was your teacher?"

"I have never even seen my teacher," I replied. "And just a short while ago I couldn't play a note."

"Quit your kidding," laughed Arthur, himself an accomplished pianist. "You've been studying for years. I can tell." "I have been

studying only a short while," I insisted. "I kept it a secret so that I could surprise you folks."

How I Learned to Play Without a Teacher

Then I told them the whole story.

"It seems just a short while ago that I saw an ad of the U. S. School of Music, mentioning a new method of learning to play which only cost a few cents a day! The ad told how a woman had mastered the piano in her spare time at home—and without a teacher! The method she used required no laborious scales or exercises. It sounded so convincing that I filled out the coupon requesting the Free Demonstration Lesson."

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The presence of these poisons explains why you take cold easily, get headaches, have a pale, sallow complexion, no pep and a cloudy, non-productive brain. Worse, they are a generic cause of high-blood pressure, hardened arteries and stomach, liver and heart disorders.

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"I knew that. It is better, therefore, that he should go away. It hurts me, my father, to wring your dear heart, but—Romaualdo has already wrung it and he will wring it again and again—and harder each time. If he goes now, time will bring forgetfulness."

He nodded. "You have the wisdom of the English—and something of their hard nature, their love of justice, no matter how or whom it hurts."

"This home is all we have. It must not be a battle-ground," she reminded him. "Ramon Ortega is with his people at the Rancho Solano. He must not visit us again."

"The black one of the black heart! He shall not."

"With reference to Don Dermot's horse. What does Romaualdo say?"

"He tells me Don Dermot will call for him, as he rides past en route to some stream north of us to seek gold."

The girl's face rippled in a sad smile. "I knew he would come," she murmured.

The five men who would have hanged Romaualdo Guerrero departed peaceably enough when Dermot D'Arcy, after realizing that the Californian was now beyond the slightest possible danger of recapture, gave them leave to go. Their leader glowered at him.

"You've got the drop on us. You win," he declared. "Seems to me, my friend, you're mighty interested in that greaser."

"His excellent old father and his sister are friends of mine, that is all. I believe, however, that your late prisoner is thoroughly no good; I think he'd rope and drag a man for a drink of *aguardiente*. But you didn't prove your case. He tells me his cousin did the job for him. The boy was quite frank about it, and somehow I think he told me the truth."

"Who's his cousin?"

"He didn't tell me."

"But this chap's an accessory just the same; you'd ought to have let us swing him."

"Not until you proved conspiracy—and your man didn't confess conspiracy to me. He said it was a family matter and I take it, therefore, that any of his kinsmen felt justified in settling it."

"Mighty underhanded, cowardly way of settling it. Well, we'll try to catch the young skunk some other time, when you're not around. I suppose you got a right to your opinions, Mister, but remember this: Don't interfere in my business again. I don't like it." He stared at D'Arcy stonily. "I'll not forget you." With a wave of his arm he summoned his men and they rode off toward Sutter's Fort.

Bejabers watched them until they were out of rifle range, then turned humorously to his partner. "By cracky, you *are* Irish, ain't you? You got rings on your fingers and bells on your toes and hell will be popping wherever you goes."

"You're a poor poet, Bejabers, but an unusually good philosopher. Keep your eye on me while I resume my job of drawing up our partnership agreement." And D'Arcy settled down again with his back to the bole of the tree and commenced writing.

By sunset he had completed a rough draft of his articles of association. Briefly, the party bound themselves to be led by him and to labor hard and honestly for the common welfare until such time as, his leadership proving unsatisfactory or unwise to any member of the party, that member might call a meeting of the total membership and propose a new leader. A majority of votes would elect such a leader. Conditionally upon the faithful performance of all of the articles of association, each member of the party was to own an equal interest in the assets of the association, the interest to be repaid to D'Arcy out of each individual's share of such gold as they might acquire.

In the event that any member voluntarily quit the association, or was by a vote of two-thirds of the members expelled for just cause,

he was to forfeit his interest in the assets to the others, but whatever sums he had paid on account of the purchase of his interest were to be returned to him. All gold produced was to be turned into a common fund and mutually guarded and equally divided at such intervals as might be decided upon at any meeting of the association.

Each man was to put in one day weekly as housekeeper and cook. The assignment of claims should be by drawing lots and any additional labor engaged should be paid for out of the common funds, since it would be for the common good. Any member discovered "holding out" on gold, upon conviction by the other members, should forfeit all of his interest absolutely and be deprived of membership in and to the benefits of the association. Any question of common interest could be brought before the association at any time and a vote settled it.

Rebellion against the vote of the majority called for prompt expulsion from the association with forfeiture of all rights of every kind and nature. The members were bound to protect each other and fight for each other under any and all conditions.

In the light of the camp-fire D'Arcy read the articles after dinner. Bejabers Harmon promptly moved their acceptance, the Bart seconded the motion and it was promptly and unanimously carried. Thereupon all the members signed and, for lack of a seal, they shook hands with each other very solemnly and very heartily. In the brief silence that followed, Mr. Poppy had a brilliant inspiration. He suggested a drink.

D'Arcy waited an appreciable time. Then: "I do not hear a second to that motion, Mr. Poppy."

"I second the motion," the Bart boomed in desperation.

"It is regularly moved and seconded that the association have a drink. All those in favor say 'Aye.'"

The Bart and Mr. Poppy voted in the affirmative.

"Contrary-minded?"

"No!" In the vigorous and unanimous response there was no hope of division.

The Bart could not forbear expressing his sense of outrage. "Upon my word, Dermot, my dear fellow, aren't we a bit—ah—narrow-minded? On a solemn occasion such as the present—"

"I move the Bart be expelled from the association for violation of Article Seven," Bejabers announced maliciously. "Buckin' at the decision of the majority is barred."

"Second the motion," Judson observed quietly.

In his most dignified manner D'Arcy put the question and the Bart promptly was expelled by a rousing majority. Mr. Poppy, pained beyond measure, did not vote.

The Bart was horrified. "Gentlemen, gentlemen," he protested, "have you no sense of humor?"

"I make a motion to amend the constitution," the remorseless Bejabers went on. "Any member drinkin' alone and without the consent of a majority gets expelled."

The amendment was promptly carried.

"I move another amendment," McCready piped up. "When a question is before the house it's got to be voted on, yes or no. Any member who don't vote gets expelled."

That amendment promptly was written into the articles of association but Mr. Poppy pleaded that his offense could not be regarded retroactively and was upheld by the Chair. Nevertheless, he was badly frightened, but not to such an extent that he was unable to make a moving and dramatic plea for clemency in the case of his beloved friend, Sir Humphrey O'Shea, Bart., K.C.B.

"What's that?" Bejabers yelled. "K.C.B. That means Can't Come Back. The Bart's out."

"It would seem, gentlemen"—here D'Arcy fixed his glance on Bejabers—"that there is something to be said in the Bart's favor. The

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rules and regulations of our association are so new and human nature so weak that it is, perhaps, only natural that the Bart should have forgotten them."

"I heard them read but once, Dermod, my boy. I submit I have had insufficient time to commit them to memory."

"Well, I won't be no killjoy, Chief." Bejabbers appeared to be struggling inwardly. "I move we retract the Bart's sentence of expulsion and leave his punishment up to the chairman of the association."

A chorus of "Ayes"—Mr. Poppy's louder than the others—promptly carried this motion, whereupon D'Arcy sentenced the Bart to get up first every morning for a week, make the fire and put water on to boil. In addition he was to wash and wipe the dishes and kitchen utensils.

"I respectfully and humbly protest at the sentence as excessive and humiliating," Mr. Poppy boomed in his best pulpit voice. "A knight of the British Empire transformed into a scullion is the sorriest sight human eyes can gaze upon."

"Mr. Poppy, you and the Bart are both entering upon the greatest experiment in democracy the world has ever known. There is no aristocracy in California today, not even the aristocracy of brains, for in the adventure before us success may be obtained only by men willing to engage in hard and continuous labor. Furthermore, your remarks are out of order since I suspect that since deserting the British Navy the Bart is no longer a baronet."

"As for the K.C.B., most likely he gets read out of the party at that," Bejabbers suggested. "A Knight Commander of the Bath sure must appreciate the value o' soap and water, as applied to dishes as well as the human body. No more buckin' and pitchin' at the chairman's decision, Parson, or I'll make another motion."

Mr. Poppy and the Bart thereupon subsided so incontinently as to wring a gale of laughter from all hands, including Jim Toy.

"Reduced to the level of a Chinaman. Good Lord!" the Bart whispered.

"The meeting is adjourned," D'Arcy said. "It is now nine o'clock. Mr. Poppy, you are on camp guard until ten o'clock. Judson, you go on from ten to twelve; McCready, twelve to two, and I will relieve you at that hour. At four the Bart will relieve me and enter upon his sentence. At six o'clock we'll be packed and en route to seek our El Dorado."

There was no sleep for any of the party after the first faint grayish tinge appeared in the east, however. Thousands of birds that had roosted in the oaks awakened at that hour and promptly set up a terrific clamor to greet the new day.

"What a sweet reveille!" the Bart exclaimed. "To one who has known the smell of the salt sea for a quarter of a century, the change to the odor of mother earth and the grasses sparkling with diadems of dew is most refreshing and adds a subtle comfort to my reduced social condition. What a glorious country! Who wouldn't cast his past behind him to revel in such a future? But I say! Whom have we here? The late candidate for hempen honors, or I'm a bailiff."

He was right. Into the camp rode no less a person than Romauldo Guerrero, mounted on his father's big blue roan mustang and leading Pathfinder behind him. He doffed his hat and dismounted.

"Good morning, my friend. Don Dermod, I am happy to return you this wonderful horse which you so kindly lent me yesterday, and with your permission I will linger long enough to have breakfast with your party. I am bound south."

"You are welcome to breakfast, Don Romauldo, and I congratulate you on your decision to get out of this country. Your father's idea, I take it."

"No, my sister's."

"Was it her idea that you return my horse as you rode south?"

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Ovaltine is a delightful, pure food-drink. It contains no drugs. It is the special food properties of Ovaltine—and absolutely nothing else—that bring its wonderful results and popularity. It has been used in Switzerland for 30 years and is now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war Ovaltine was served as a standard ration to invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today it is used in hundreds of hospitals. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only for sleeplessness, but because of its special dietetic properties, they also recommend it for nerve-strain, malnutrition, backward children and the aged.

Many take a cup of Ovaltine two or three times a day for its natural stimulation. It's truly a "pick-up" drink.

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All druggists sell Ovaltine in four sizes for home use. Or they can mix it for you at the soda fountain. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10 cents, to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in the coupon with 10 cents.

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FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

"No, that was a suggestion of my father's. He realized our benefactor would sorely miss his wonderful horse and might perhaps find difficulty adjusting himself to mine, even for a few days."

"Ah! I am sorry, Don Romauldo. Your excellent father's concern for my comfort has deprived me of a reasonable excuse for calling at the Rancho Arroyo Chico to pay my respectful compliments to him and your lovely sister." D'Arcy's words were polite but chilly.

Romauldo, electing to ignore them, tied Pathfinder to the wheel of the black Maria, sat down on the wagon tongue and gave himself up to the delights of a cigaret.

"I reckon the old man's sort o' got the notion your room's to be preferred to your company," Bejagers struck in slyly. "This young blackleg appears to admit it."

D'Arcy and his men, penetrating the wilderness, come upon an unbelievably rich El Dorado—and D'Arcy makes love to Josepha under Spanish difficulties—in Peter B. Kyne's December instalment

Stripes of the Tiger (Continued from page 95)

in spite of her magnificent control. She forgot that if she within these few minutes had learned to see a little, how very much more must she be visible to the patient watcher on the edge of the bed.

There was a sudden swoop above her like the body of some great bird descending upon its prey; and a pair of eyes glittering with a greenish lambent fire stared into her own. Corinne's heart turned over inside her breast. The avenger was here, then; the moment of retribution so often imagined during these last weeks had come, but in a fashion a thousand times more terrifying than she ever had imagined.

Her arm shot up in a frantic clutch towards the bell, but never reached it. The intruder struck with the swiftness of a serpent. One great hand closed about her wrist, a band of metal about a stalk of straw. Her lips made a horrible bubbling sound, and she shuddered down in her bed; but that bubbling sound was not allowed to swell into a cry. For the palm of the intruder's right hand had covered her mouth. In an extremity of fear, she bit at it like a wounded dog, but she might as usefully have bitten at a piece of iron. The flat of the hand pressed down her lips and kept them sealed, his thumb upon one side and his last two fingers upon the other held her small face as in a vise, and to add to the final horror, his first and second fingers, crooked, took her nostrils between them and closed.

Corinne flung herself from side to side, but she could not loosen by a hair's breadth that relentless grip. It was inconceivable to her that she could suffer torture so poignant and still live. She could not breathe. The darkness whirled about her flecked with blots of fire. Corinne was drowning in her little house in the middle of Mayfair, and with her one free hand she thrashed the bedclothes in her agony.

"So!" Clutter let her go and she slipped down in the bed, drawing the air into her lungs with laboring breaths, while her body shook from head to foot like a patient in the rigor of a fever.

"It is all very well for Elizabeth Clutter, no doubt," he said in a low voice with a curious rasp to it, "but when one's own turn comes, it is not so pleasant. You will lie very still, Corinne, with your hands stretched at your sides outside the bedclothes."

"Yes," she answered in a whisper. She obeyed him meekly, and suddenly she began to cry. The tears ran down her cheeks, and the sobs came bursting uncontrollably until her throat ached with them.

"Good!" said Archie Clutter, meaning that he would have no more trouble with her that night. He had chosen his own brute's way to strip from her all resistance in one or two swift seconds of violence. She lay now a thing of wax for his will to mold as he would.

"The fox! I mean the old man. His son hasn't brains enough to come in out of the rain. Yes, Bejagers, I dare say the old Don would prefer to be indebted for his son's life to one of his own people. Well, I've been outguessed," D'Arcy admitted, and immediately added, "but it's another thing to out-play me."

He busied himself with the preparations for their departure and paid no further attention to Romauldo. As for that young man, the moment he had eaten he bowed politely to the company, again expressed his extreme indebtedness to D'Arcy, mounted and rode away. The latter glared at his retreating form.

"The next time anybody wants to hang that young dandy in my presence I'll not object," he announced. "He has interfered with my plans."

Clutter reached out his hand and turned on the lamp by the side of the bed. Outside, in South Audley Street, Strickland saw that light shine out and walked on appeased of his anxieties.

For the first time Corinne saw with her own eyes her enemy; and she, who had thought to have plumbed every deep of terror, discovered that there were depths till then unknown.

The contrast of his dress lent to him a quality which was bizarre and sinister. For he wore the ordinary dress which a man of fashion puts on in the evening. But above this were the big naked face, of a yellowish pallor, under a thick crop of dark hair; the haggard cheeks, scarred and seamed, the outthrust full lower lip, the half-open mouth, the green bright eyes of which the fire for the moment was veiled; and visible through all the deformity of thickened features, starved flesh and the stigmas branded by hatred and passion and cruelty, the traces of an erstwhile beauty. Corinne shuddered as she looked. She felt that she was in the presence of some elemental spirit of evil, which had been even before existence was.

Archie Clutter did not trouble to tie up the handle of the bell above her reach, or to set the telephone receiver down upon the floor. The clasp of his iron fingers about her delicate face had plucked the last least remnant of courage and hardihood out of her.

"Tonight you give me my money, Corinne," he said in the queer, creaking voice which seemed an inevitable part of him.

Corinne whimpered like a child under punishment. She had no money to give.

"The money you hold in trust for me. You give me my money, Corinne, and I forgive you that letter."

Corinne could not assemble her thoughts. "Letter?" she repeated, her forehead wrinkled in her perplexity, and she saw his eyes widen and the animal leap up in them. "I don't know," she said with a sob.

"The letter asking for money to help me to escape. One morning it lay on the hall table. Then it was destroyed—by you, Corinne. That fine inheritance must not be lost. So, lest another letter come, three nights afterwards Maung H'la shifts the glasses by the bed."

It was a very different story from that which Corinne had told in the garden of the inn upon the Portsmouth road. But she did not contradict this verdict. She uttered a little moan.

"Maung H'la! Maung H'la!"

"Yes, he told me."

"Yet you killed him."

"After he had told me. Of course I did. I am not the Lord Mayor. I didn't want any trumpeter to warn you that I was coming. Besides, Maung H'la couldn't live after I was free. So I want my money, Corinne."

Corinne flung her head from side to side.

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Almost she gave her throat to him with a prayer—"Let it be quick!"

"Well?" he insisted.

And in a whisper broken by a whimper came the answer at last: "It is spent."

"What?"

The exclamation was uttered in a low and startled cry. Corinne nodded her head. She had no more words at her command. And Chatter's head dropped so that she could not see his face.

"All of it?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You and the Spaniard?"

"Yes."

Corinne could not tell how hard she had struck—or what dreams he had nursed of some fair domain in a tropical land, where he would live at his ease, master of his own house. He had escaped from the Ile Royale with his little friend Hospel Roussencq. They had forced their way, starving, weaponless, up the infested rivers, through the infested forests of the inland towns of Venezuela—that desperate pilgrimage so often begun, so seldom accomplished. He had worked his passage to Burma, obtained from Maung H'la the facts which put Corinne into the palm of his hand. He had dealt with Maung H'la in the very spirit of disdain in which Wotan in the opera had dealt with Hunding. A contemptuous wave of the hand and the rogue had fallen dead.

He had come back to England, got together a trifle of money, and made his plan. One thing which through the ten years of his imprisonment and his wanderings he had treasured as his heart's blood was the latch-key of his house in South Audley Street. He had learned the lesson of concealment from his fellow convicts. Now all that ignominy reaped its reward. With the money saved he could buy the clothes which passed him without question as a likely visitor. The latch-key passed him as a likely lover. And all these long, unlovely, laboring days ended, he walked according to plan into his own house to find that every penny of the fortune that was his had been scattered down the wind.

Corinne could not fathom the shock of despair, unutterable despair, which had followed upon the complete ruin of his plans. But his dejection was plain enough, and it relieved her for the moment of that fear which had chilled her to the marrow of her bones, that she was in the presence of a supernatural agent of evil.

"You and Battchilena," he said.

But the quality of his voice had changed. It was somehow—indefinably—dangerous. His fingers twitched, his hand stretched out a little towards her, and was withdrawn, and stretched out again, hovering. Corinne watched it with a growing horror, as one might watch a poisonous spider of the East. She wrenched her gaze away from it—and he was looking at her, straight in the face, his eyes blazing—a panther crouched for the spring. She knew that between Corinne living and Corinne dead there was a border-line of no more thickness than a shadow.

"This house?" he asked.

Corinne shook her head. "Mortgaged."

"You have jewelry?"

Even here she could give him no good news, herself no excuses. "A few pieces. Most of the valuable things were sold. Oh!"

"You have rich friends," he said at length.

"None who would give me money."

"There's the Australian."

"Lord Culalla?"

"Yes. He's very rich."

"He has not spoken to me for two years, if he could help it."

"Not since the night when you sprang to your feet in his house and cried out, 'She has—just died this moment.'"

Corinne started up and fell back again with a low cry. "No, no, I didn't mean to move. I was taken by surprise. I didn't think you knew."

"Oh, I knew," he replied, nodding at her savagely.

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By Lucille Young

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The most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows actually grow. Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can have them—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I know that women will be wild to put my new discovery to test. I want them to—at my risk. While everything else has failed, my search of years has at last disclosed the secret.

So now I say to women that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. There are no strings attached to my guarantee! No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes!" New growth or no pay. And you are the sole judge.

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Not just a few, but over ten thousand women have proved that my wonderful discovery works. I have from these women some of the most startling testimonials ever written. I print a few of them on this page. And I have sworn to their genuineness before a notary public. Please note the first testimonial—an amazing statement that my discovery actually produced hair on the forehead, for a "dip," as well as growing eyelashes and eyebrows.

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To fringe the eyes with long, curling, natural lashes—to make the eyebrows intense, strong, silken lines! Think of it. All the mysterious, alluring charm of veiled eyes, the witchery and beauty only one woman in a hundred now possesses in full. But now you, everyone, can have this beauty—impart to loveliness this greatest of all single charms.

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For years, I have sought my discovery—tried thousands upon thousands of ways. But they were the ways others have tried. I, like others, failed utterly. Then I made a discovery, found that the roots of the eyelashes and eyebrows were marvelously responsive to a certain rare ingredient—found that this ingredient must be applied in an entirely new way. There is a secret about my discovery—but no mystery. It accomplishes its remarkable results just as nature does for those women who possess beautiful eyelashes and eyebrows. I know I have now given women the wish of their hearts—made the most astounding beauty discovery yet recorded.

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So he held her really at his mercy. Even if she escaped him for this night, she was his prisoner. Suspicion had been strong against her. Almost she had been arrested after Elizabeth Clutter's death. If that mad hysterical outcry had been known to the police, she surely would have been.

"Culalla must pay for his supper," Archie Clutter continued. "He won't want that story published."

But Corinne knew very well that there was no possibility in that direction. There was no man who would be less likely to endure even a threat of blackmail than Culalla. He was clever, too, and quick. He would get to work upon the instant. Archie Clutter had a weak joint in his armor as well as she.

"Threaten him, through me, through anyone," she replied, "he would pursue you—he would drive you under. You don't know him."

"You have a great friend in a woman."

"Ariadne!" Corinne looked at her enemy warily. Was Ariadne to be dragged into this whirlpool too? Not if she could help it! Rather anything—even those encircling hands! Her debt to Ariadne's generous championship could not be measured. Corinne was all that Trevor thought her—rapacious, unscrupulous, criminal. But she was on her knees to Ariadne.

"She has nothing at all," she replied.

"But she has a lover who has much."

"He is not her lover."

Clutter shrugged his shoulders. He was not there to quarrel over terms. "He would give a great deal if she was in peril!"

His whole fortune, as Corinne very well knew, but she was careful not to say one word. She watched Clutter and waited. All her wits were alert now. She must not miss a word.

"You have got some money in the house?" he asked.

Corinne had thirty pounds and some few pieces of jewelry.

"That will do." He reflected again for a few moments. "She has a car?"

"Yes."

"And drives it?"

"Yes."

Clutter outlined now his plan. He would need some days to find the place he wanted. There was a great stretch of common land between Esher and Cobham where the road ran between heather. Turn off along a by-road and you ran among pine woods, through spaces of empty country. It would be necessary to find some hut, unoccupied—a woodman's hut would do. Corinne must see to it that on a chosen afternoon her friend Ariadne should drive her alone into this wilderness. The rest he and his friend would see to.

Corinne listened. It was just the sort of scheme which a man, separated from the world in a convict station, brooding over his sins, seething with hatred, would invent—at once violent and brutal and childish. Corinne's first thought was "It's impossible! It's crazy!" Her second, "Yet even crazy things are done, if there's audacity to do them." She threw out objections as though she were already a partner in his scheme.

"The next day there would be a hue and cry. Someone would have seen us on the road. There would be a search."

"No, there would be no search."

That same night a warning would be posted in Strickland's letter-box that if he wished to see Ariadne again, he must breathe no word to the police. He must leave his money at a newspaper shop in Soho, say, where letters were received. He must keep no watch upon that shop. It would be known if he did.

"How?" asked Corinne.

"All that day my little friend would sit behind a dingy curtain at a window opposite. Only in the evening when he was sure no watch was being kept, he would send a boy to fetch the package."

Archie Clutter knew the tricks of crime, he had lived among convicted criminals so long that he must know them. The money would be brought out of London at once. Ariadne and Corinne could be safe at home that night.

It was all crazy—yes—and yet such things had happened, did happen. Strickland would pour out his money with both hands for Ariadne at a mere hint of torture.

But Clutter had not deceived Corinne. She saw a little glade hidden by dark, crowded pines and two low mounds of turf side by side. Ariadne and she would be free the moment the money was received. They could both be at their houses that night. Could they? They were to go the same road as Maung H'la. They might lie in their graves undiscovered for a century, or until the builder's pickaxe rang upon their bones.

"Well?" he asked. "Which is it to be, Corinne? Do you help me?"

She stared at him with wide-open eyes. "Yes," she whispered.

He stooped a little lower. "Take care, Corinne!" he warned her. "A word to the police and you answer for Elizabeth's death. A word to anyone else, and you deal with me, Corinne."

"I—I won't breathe a word," she gasped.

"Let me go! Let me go!"

But he shook her hands and laughed quietly to himself. He was amused and his amusement daunted her more than his threats.

"Listen, Corinne. I was a very important person at Cayenne, a person greatly respected, greatly feared. I'll tell you. It'll help you to keep faith with me. Up!"

He dragged her up until his mouth was close to her ear.

"Listen, little Corinne," and his voice cracked as he whispered to her the same amusing secret which Hospel Roussencq had whispered to Mr. Ricardo in the Duke Street Garden. Each had made a mystery of the foul thing he had to tell, and each in turn had his advantage by so telling it.

Corinne fell back with a moan.

"You? You?" she whispered, a look of horror and repulsion upon her face as though a hooded cobra had reared itself hissing in her path. "Oh!" and her voice died in a wail.

Clutter rose and looped up the bell out of Corinne's reach. "Lie still!" he ordered.

"I'll not move," she answered.

Clutter emptied her money out of the drawer into his pocket. In the jewel-case a couple of pearl ear-drops, a small sunburst of diamonds, a ring set with a large emerald, a string of small pearls were all that she had left. They followed the money into Clutter's pocket. He returned to the bedside.

"I go now. In two nights from now! Remember! Or I shall have to say to you—" He was at the door when a jest of exquisite humor came to him. He returned solemnly to the bedside and stood there, towering and immense. He said in a hollow voice, "Corinne, the moment has come to be brave."

These time-honored words which the French executioner utters when he enters the condemned cell and the guillotine is set up in the square tickled Archie Clutter's sense of fun all the more because of the secret which he had whispered in her ear. He had been the Deibler, the Monsieur de Paris of the convict station, and from time to time he had had much work upon his hands. As he spoke, he turned out the light by the bedside with a sudden snap.

She did not hear the door close or a step upon the stair. She could not believe that she was alone—alone and alive. She lay trembling in her bed. Not a sound came to her ears. She dared not move. Then in a panic she sprang up. She felt for the cord of the bell and could not find it. Little whimpering cries broke from her mouth as her hands fumbled against the wall. Something struck against her face, and she screamed now. It was the handle of the bell which had struck her. She seized it and rang and rang and rang again.

A few minutes afterwards Strickland knocked upon the door. The story told to him was told on the spur of the moment. Corinne was shattered by the terror of the ordeal through which she had just passed, her brain was whirling. She had one clear conviction, and that rather felt than formulated—that there would be no

wisdom in any confidence she might make to-night. She might talk wildly and let slip words which never must be spoken. She must have time to bring order and quiet into her distracted mind. So, to give herself that time, she snatched at the first lie which came to hand.

"It was Leon whom you saw," she said. "He has returned."

In the morning, after some hours of fever and restlessness, two resolves already were formed. She drew the telephone receiver close to her and made an appointment with Ariadne.

"I have to rehearse a new dance at ten. I will come round to your house soon after eleven. Will you please wait for me?"

She then took her bath and while she dressed, she had a suitcase packed by her maid. For the second of her clear resolutions was that never again would she sleep in that house.

She drove to Brownlow House and was taken at once up-stairs. Ariadne sprang up on Corinne's appearance. She looked at her friend with surprise.

"What has happened? Tell me!"

And with a few calculated omissions Corinne told the story of her appalling experience, of the crime planned against Ariadne, of her own forced complicity, of the end—Maung H'la's end—which awaited them both, once the ransom was paid over. If Corinne's vocabulary was unequal to the tale, her shaking voice and frightened eyes so filled it out that Ariadne felt that she herself had been in that room all the while, holding her breath, shivering from head to foot. She passed from incredulity to fear as Corinne had done.

The plan of a madman—yes. But—but—there were the newspapers. They told of crimes no less audacious. Given men mad with years of misery and a horrible servitude and starvation, and a fury of disappointment to crown it all—who could say?

Ariadne looked out of her window. Beneath her there were men and women going briskly about their business, in the street, beyond the railings across the park. She saw none of them. She, too, saw a glade among the pine-trees and two mounds side by side reared with turf. She saw her little car hidden in some ravine miles away. She saw men who searched and searched in vain. Just for a moment the horror on her face softened as she saw who led the search. She stood up suddenly.

Suppose Corinne had kept the story to herself! Suppose that in two nights' time, when Clutter came again to visit her, she had made some bargain which would have saved herself! . . . Might that not have been possible? She laid her hand on Corinne's shoulder.

"Thank you, my dear! I shall never forget!" she said gently.

"But the danger's not over," Corinne exclaimed, turning to her imagination. "Don't you see that? Neither for you nor for me. The moment he discovers that I've fled, that I've betrayed him—you haven't seen him Ariadne—then sooner or later—both of us—yes, both of us—"

"You must call in the police, Corinne."

Corinne shook her head. "I shall be ruined." Ariadne was not satisfied. Ruin is a big and a vague word. This was a moment for precision and clear meanings. If Archie Clutter were arrested, no doubt it must be disclosed that Corinne had spent Elizabeth Clutter's fortune.

"And that I spent it with Leon," Corinne added.

"After all, the money was left to you, Corinne."

Again a long interval followed upon her argument. Then Corinne admitted in a low voice:

"But there's more than that."

"If I am to get hold of anyone to help us, I ought to know what you mean when you say there's more than that," Ariadne said.

Corinne had a feeling that now at last she was put upon her trial. There were certain omissions which she had made in her narrative. She had to repair them now, and warily.

"He knows," she said, "that a letter was sent by the Brothers of the Coast in Dutch Guiana asking for money to help him to escape. He would make the most of that if he were arrested."

"But how?"

"To discredit me," said Corinne.

Ariadne thought that explanation over, and could make neither head nor tail of it.

"But the money was sent. Three months before Elizabeth Clutter died. You told us both so. I mean Strickland and myself"—a wave of color flooded her cheeks as she corrected herself—"in the garden at Ripley."

"I said that I supposed it was sent," Corinne answered quickly.

"Yes. Then there's nothing Clutter could say about that which could hurt you, is there? Not a thing!" Ariadne declared. "On the contrary. For with your influence over Elizabeth Clutter, you could no doubt have prevented that money being sent at all."

Was there a tiny note of question in the slow and deliberate statement? Corinne, at all events, fancied she detected one. Was she to lose her friend now? Then was her case indeed without a glimmer of hope.

"Yes, I could," she said in a passionate appeal. "But I didn't! Ariadne, I didn't! I take God to witness!"

Against her will, doubt flowed in upon Ariadne and was repelled and flowed in again.

Corinne had to go on now, since she received no acceptance of her appeal.

"He knows, too, of the supper-party at Greyhawk on the night when Elizabeth died."

Ariadne swung swiftly about. "He knows that? But he can't. We all agreed that it should be forgotten."

"Someone has broken the agreement. For he knows. Sitting on the edge of the bed he told me. Yes! Suppose he was to tell that to a judge and call you all as witnesses! You can see what that would mean for me."

Ariadne was staring now straight at Corinne. "Yes, I can," she said in the strangest toneless voice.

"Ruin — irretrievable ruin — perhaps"—Corinne's voice broke and she wrung her hands in fear—"yes, perhaps even worse."

Here was the true reason why Corinne dared not move openly against Archie Clutter. Ariadne recalled that evening in all its details—the gay party about the table, Culalla at the head of it with his curious habit of holding a class—a question to one, and a question to another, a glass of champagne to quicken your wits and a considered intelligent answer expected—the open windows, and then Corinne flinging in, flushed, hysterical, on wires from her fingers to her pretty feet, and half an hour afterwards springing up with her loud startling cry—"She has just died! This minute." And the cry ringing out through the windows across the moonlit lawn and glistening river—just at the hour when Elizabeth Clutter actually did die.

Ariadne always had accepted that outburst as an instance of telepathy between Corinne and her sick friend a hundred miles away in the Isle of Wight. But what would a counsel make of it in a court of law? Or a judge? Yes, it would mean ruin—irretrievable ruin and perhaps worse.

Ariadne moved swiftly across the room and sat down again in the window-seat, at the side of Corinne but a little behind her. She stretched out her hand and laid it on her friend's arm.

"My dear," she said, and it was she who now hesitated and appealed, "as far as I am concerned—of course I never could forget that you ran straight to me with your story—the whole plan to get money out of Strickland through me—so even if—" She broke off again, though her meaning was clear enough to the one who listened. "But, you see," she resumed, "if someone else is to help us, I have got to play fair, haven't I? So tell me—the whole truth. Did you know that night at Greyhawk—that was happening?"

"No!" cried Corinne, and she turned with the protest of one who is wounded grievously.



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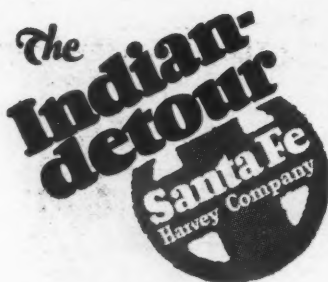
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"Ariadne! You couldn't believe it. Of course not."

Her heart sank as Ariadne persisted. She had been a little too dramatic, perhaps, a little too strident.

"You had no sort of arrangement with the Burmese servant? About changing those glasses?"

"None, none! Ariadne, I swear it! I'd swear it on anything."

Ariadne had not described herself amiss as primitive. Under her iridescent cloak of gaiety she harbored a good many old-fashioned fears and pieties. Lying on a table within reach of her hand was a curious cross of white ivory with a Christ, beautifully carved in amber, stretched upon it, the crown of thorns upon the head, the hands and feet nailed. Ariadne took up the cross and held it out to Corinne.

"On this, then, Corinne!"

Corinne, on the other hand, was pagan to her finger-tips. She took the cross without a tremor into her hands. She bowed her head and kissed the feet of the amber Christ.

"I am innocent," she said, in a voice which contrasted very distinctly with that which she had assumed before. She used a grave and convincing simplicity; and she had her reward.

For Ariadne crossed at once to the telephone and rang up John Strickland. She did not reach him, and her failure was something of a shock to her. She had got used to finding him when he was wanted.

Then she rang up Lord Culalla at many addresses and finally discovered him.

"He won't help me," said Corinne.

None the less, he consented to supply luncheon to the pair of them when Ariadne insisted, and since the luncheon was to be private, at his own house in Carlton Gardens. Corinne drove to it with Ariadne in more than a little trepidation, but Lord Culalla met Corinne with so easy a courtesy that she soon found it difficult to believe that there had been a break of two years in their acquaintanceship.

He listened to their story and took the same serious view which they took. Here was a wild animal loose, and heaven only knew to what swift outrage fury and disappointment might spur him when he found that his prize birds had flown. At the same time he agreed with Corinne that if it were possible, the police should not be invoked.

"None of us wants the story of that supper-party at my house told to the world," he said. "I think there's a better way."

He took his time to elaborate that better way, partly because he was seriously concerned for the safety of Ariadne, and partly because once Archie Clutter was put upon his trial, some mud must attach to all whose names were involved in the affair. No doubt, too, the position in which he found himself tickled his humor. To play providence to two of the loveliest girls in London, who sat at his feet in the most exquisite attire and with big wistful eyes imploring him to rescue them from their troubles, was to him a very congenial business; and he was not averse to prolonging it.

"Listen, children!" he said. "I have a good many houses, here and there. The perfect house is one neither you nor any of my kind friends know one little thing about." He rose and fetched an atlas. "It's in France. You see the advantage of that, Corinne? It's the one country into which a convict escaped from Cayenne dare not follow you. The house is across the river from Avignon; its tiny park runs down to the Rhone."

He added a few details. There were a man and his wife in the lodge at the gates of the park, who would look after them. Meanwhile, he himself would stir up all his interests and friends in France to insist that the authorities move for the extradition of Archie Clutter.

"As soon as that is done you can come back."

The two girls accepted his offer.

"Very well," said Culalla. "Now the essential thing is that you should go at once, and go very secretly."

Thus, then, it was arranged. Culalla's servant was to fetch Corinne's suitcase, travel by the evening train with it to Folkestone, reserve rooms in the hotel on the pier, be on hand when they arrived at three in the morning, put the car on board the steamer, and see them off.

"I'll send a telegram tomorrow morning, as soon as I hear from you at Boulogne, to make sure that the house shall be ready for you," Culalla said. "The Villa Laure, Ville-neuve-Avignon. That's the address."

And from the Villa Laure at Ville-neuve-Avignon a letter reached Strickland a week afterwards.

Strickland heard the history of the flight to France later in the day from Lord Culalla, to whom Ariadne commended him. Her letter contained only the briefest epitome.

"The days will be splendid here. The park is just a huge meadow studded with trees where cattle feed. There is shrubbery and a garden at the end of the house and a terrace overlooking the Rhone, which flows not a hundred yards away from the windows."

Yes, the days passed easily enough, but Ariadne found the nights overlong.

Strickland at this point reflected with some amusement that probably Corinne was by now wearing a little thin. As a sparkling firefly, she was exquisite; as a solitary companion, she was likely to fall short of the requirements. He was contented with her, however, for one reason. She was still afraid, and so brought about their early retirement to that up-stairs suite. Even so, Strickland disliked intensely the picture which the letter evoked—the two girls barricaded in a corner of an empty house set in a lonely park. It was a creepy business. Something ought to be done about it. He turned back to the letter, and there in the last few lines was the suggestion that he himself should go to see about it. "What an amazing coincidence!" he said to himself.

"There is no reason why you shouldn't come," Ariadne wrote meekly, and Strickland had little difficulty in interpreting that sentence. Julian Ransome had put an end to the ill-assorted arrangement.

"It's all wrong," Strickland said to himself, and tried desperately hard to be sorry. "Twenty-one should marry twenty-nine. However—"

He chased Lord Culalla over the telephone from address to address, and ran him to earth in the house at Kew.

"I thought that I might hear from you about this time," said Culalla with a laugh. "Come out here and lunch today at half-past one."

Strickland ran down in his car to Kew, and was disappointed to find a medley of a dozen people besides his host. Culalla came forward.

"I had an opportunity of meeting you for a few moments at the Choral benevolent dinner," he said. "We will talk after luncheon. Meanwhile I have a question I would like to ask you," and he had led the way into the dining-room.

Strickland was to be set an examination paper. He remembered Cowcher (George) writing upon that habit of Culalla's to Caroline Beagham. And his thoughts switched into a speculation as to which of these four men waiting at table was Cowcher (George).

The first course was hardly served when his thesis was set him.

"You have been in Burma, Colonel Strickland, Ariadne tells me," and somewhere behind him a plate clattered upon the floor.

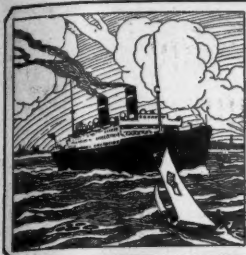
"That's Cowcher (George)," Strickland said to himself, but his manners forbade him to turn. "Yes," he answered.

Then I should like to have your views with reference to the mentality of Europeans in the East who become Buddhist monks."

"It's rather a large subject," he murmured.

"It is, indeed. So take your time, Colonel Strickland! Cowcher, some champagne for Colonel Strickland."

Now at last Strickland saw Caroline's



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correspondent—a fat, placid man with large smooth cheeks, small eyes and a bald head. He filled Strickland's glass with a steady hand, just as, no doubt, he had filled Corinne's on that night when she had sprung hysterically to her feet and uttered her damnable admission. She might have been sitting on this very chair. The windows stood open then as now. Only the lawn was warm with sunlight and noisy with birds now instead of quiet under the moon, and the river ran flashing in gold instead of shining in silver. Strickland found it a little difficult to concentrate upon his theme, but he happened to know of one case to the point, and so passed his examination with honors.

The rest of that company drifted off when luncheon was over. Strickland was left alone at the table with Culalla, and moved up to his side.

"Yes, we'll have our coffee and cigars here, Cowcher," said Culalla, and as soon as they were alone: "I know that you will be anxious to hear all that I have to tell you about our charming fugitives, Colonel Strickland."

"I heard from Ariadne this morning enough to inform me how much her friends owe to you, Lord Culalla. But I know no details."

Culalla supplied them in their order until the story was complete.

"So there the two girls are in the Villa Laure, as safe as canaries in a cage," he said with a smile as he pushed the decanter of liqueur brandy towards his visitor. "But that's not all, of course, that has been done. There's the other side of the affair."

"Archie Clutter," said Strickland.

"Yes, Archie Clutter and his little friend Hospel Roussencq. There were two steps to be taken. First, to persuade the French to apply for their arrest and extradition; then to locate and keep a watch on the men themselves, who were found to be living at a little foreign restaurant in Soho. Their movements were interesting. The day after Clutter paid his visit to Corinne they each bought a new outfit at a misfit shop in Bedford Street, Strand—clothes, shirts, collars, underclothes, hats, sticks, gloves and suitcases—the whole equipment of a man going upon his travels and traveling light. The next day they sold Corinne's jewelry and got a fair price, considering the suspicious character of the sale. Over two hundred pounds. The night after, Clutter paid his second visit to the house in South Audley Street and found the house locked and empty. Then little Hospel Roussencq trailed you for a day."

"What day was that?" Strickland asked curiously.

"Three days ago. Today's Thursday. It was Monday."

Strickland recalled his doings throughout that day. They had been quite commonplace—his club, a luncheon-party, an afternoon at Ranelagh, then dinner and theater. But it was uncomfortable to know that someone had trod at his heels throughout all those hours and that he never once had suspected it.

"Well?"

"The next day, Tuesday, they lunched together in an Italian restaurant in Frith Street, and sat over their coffee and for a long time afterwards, looking very dejected and talking very earnestly. They must have realized then that the game was up, the Clutter money scattered to the winds, and all their hopes smashed." Lord Culalla leaned forward. "You know, you made the great mistake," he said very quietly. "For yourself, for Ariadne, for Archie Clutter, too. That night behind Mogok, when you had Clutter at the end of your rifle, you should have pulled the trigger."

"Don't I know it?" Strickland cried. "But I didn't! No, I didn't! No, I didn't! No Clutter and his friend must go back to Cayenne."

"But Clutter and Roussencq have after all slipped through our fingers."

"What?"

Strickland's cry held so much consternation that Culalla was taken by surprise. He



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had guessed accurately enough that Strickland loved Ariadne, but there seemed to him to be no reason for so great a pother in this setback. After all, it only meant delay.

"We shall pick them up again pretty quickly, never fear, Colonel Strickland," he said in soothing tones. "We only lost touch with them yesterday."

"Yesterday?"

"Yes."

"In the morning?"

"To be precise, the last time Clutter was seen was at half-past eleven. He was lost in the great stores in Oxford Street. You know what a crowd there is thronging the aisles at that hour. Hospel Roussencq got away about the same time in the tube station at Piccadilly Circus. They made a bolt for some other burrow. I haven't a doubt of it."

"I wish I hadn't," said Strickland.

A pit black with menaces and horrors was opening at his feet. He edged his chair a little closer to Culalla's and lowered his voice.

"Which of your servants was it," he asked, "who collected Corinne's suitcase at the Noughts and Crosses Club on the morning after Archie Clutter's visit?"

Culalla, without any premeditation, lowered his voice to the pitch of Strickland's. "Cowcher," he answered.

"Did he know, too, to what place the ladies were traveling?"

"Yes, he knew. I sent him to the post-office with a telegram addressed to the lodgekeeper at the Villa Laure."

Strickland raised his face for the first time since he had begun to ask questions. It was as white as the table-cloth. He took out his watch.

"I'll tell you where Clutter and Roussencq are at this minute. It is five minutes past three. They are in a *rapide* which is slowing down as it approaches Lyons."

Culalla stared open-mouthed at his visitor. Not for years had he been so disconcerted. His head was in a whirl.

"It's impossible!" he said, keeping still to that low voice which Strickland's example prescribed. "Cowcher isn't the man to stand in with Archie Clutter."

"I agree," said Strickland grimly. "Stand in? No, Archie Clutter would see to that. But—" He broke off, and pointed to a bell-button. "Where does that bell ring?"

"In the butler's pantry," Lord Culalla whispered back.

"Near this room?"

"No, at the other end of the house."

"Good! We will see now. Will you be good enough to ring that bell and tell Cowcher, when he comes, to bring me a glass of water."

Culalla rang the bell at once. Strickland raised a forefinger for silence and both men strained their ears to listen.

But the bell was not answered at all.

"You see?" continued Strickland. "Cowcher never heard that bell ring in his pantry on the other side of the house, because he's standing in mortal terror outside this door here with his ear to the panel to overhear us. I must tell you about Cowcher (George)."

Strickland told Lord Culalla in a low voice the story of his visit to Mrs. Beagham's, of the theft of Cowcher's letter, of its contents as revealed in the copy.

"There's little doubt in my mind that Clutter and Roussencq were the thieves."

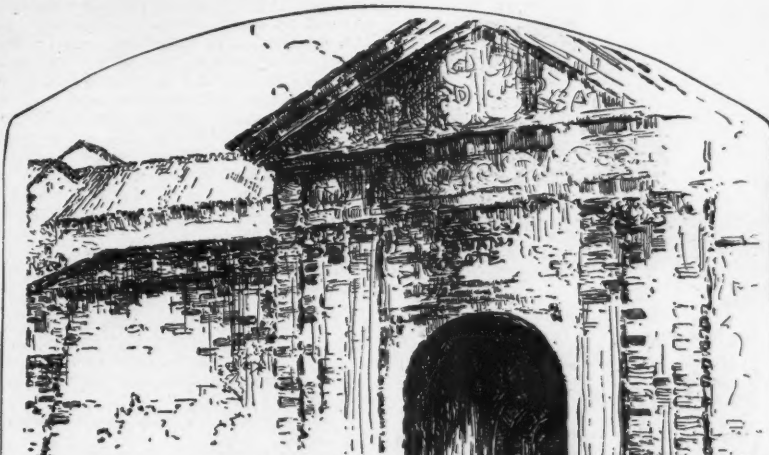
Culalla agreed. "But—Cowcher!" and in exasperation he rang the bell again, and yet a third time.

Both men were listening, even holding their breath that they might listen the better. They heard an urgent whispering in the corridor outside the door. Someone had come from the servants' quarters to warn Cowcher that he was wanted.

A pause followed, then he entered the room sedately.

"You rang, my Lord?"

His Lordship was brutally direct, knowing his man. "You wrote an account of an event which took place in this room to a certain



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Caroline Beagham and you were paid for it."

"I did, my Lord?" Cowcher stammered.

"Yes. That letter was stolen. What communication have you had during the last three days with the man who stole it?"

Cowcher admitted that a man had written to him saying that he was in possession of the letter.

"Name?" asked Culalla.

"He signed himself 'John the Hangman,'" said Cowcher lamentably. "I was told to meet him at a certain place, my Lord, at eleven-thirty that morning."

"And you did?"

"Yes, my Lord."

"Describe him!"

Cowcher left no doubt in the minds of his auditors that John the Hangman was Archie Clutter. "John the Hangman," in addition, was the name which Archie Clutter would have chosen. It was alarming and it suited his particular form of humor.

"What did you tell him?" Lord Culalla asked.

Cowcher's tears rained down his face. "I told him where the young ladies had gone."

"Get up! Pack! Go!" Culalla said. "You must be out of the house in an hour."

Cowcher sniffed his way out of the dining-room without another word. He went out of the thoughts of the two men he left there at the same time. They looked at one another in consternation. Culalla was the first to break the silence.

"I am humiliated beyond words," he said.

Strickland went over to the window. Tonight the Rhone would be flowing past the park of the Villa Laure. Would those two men be stealing across the park? They would reach Avignon at half-past seven, if the train ran true. He fell to calculating times, and trains. As he calculated the cloud lifted a little from his face.

"I was wrong in thinking Clutter would reach Avignon tonight. He would go first to some secret rendezvous where he would meet Hospel Roussencq. They would lunch together and they would not lunch quickly. Remember that they had had a blow! He and Roussencq would have to take stock of their money, to talk over new plans.

"I can see this desperate idea of a swift rush to France, a pounce upon their victims, creeping into their talk, always rejected, always returning. Many a Frenchman in the same case has slunk back into France and died there an old man, at liberty. Instances would be quoted. In the end—for there's no alternative—they accept the risk. They'll go. Yes, but they wouldn't travel by a night service. Too few passengers. They must travel when the passenger traffic is at its busiest, the decks of the steamers black and passports stamped without a glance."

"By the one-o'clock boat, then, from Dover to Calais," Culalla interposed. "Yes, I think that's probable."

"I think it's certain," continued Strickland. "He left Dover by the boat—this morning. He may be at Amiens at this moment. He will be in Paris tonight, at Avignon tomorrow morning. He has on paper the advantage of twenty-four hours over me. But in fact he has only twelve. I shall reach Avignon tomorrow night."

It was after five o'clock in the afternoon when Strickland left Culalla's house at Kew. He drove to a telegraph office and dispatched a telegram to Lady Ariadne Ferne at the Villa Laure, in the following terms:

Please move with Corinne on receipt of this telegram to the hotel at Avignon. Most serious and urgent. Wait there until I come. John Strickland.

It was a quarter past six when he pushed this telegram under the bars of the counter.

It was impossible, therefore, that it could be delivered that night at a house some kilometers from the postal town in the south of Provence. But Strickland was not really troubled by the delay. Clutter would have no reason to suspect that Cowcher had revealed his share in the matter. He would take his time. Strickland probably had two or three days to spare; and meanwhile Culalla would pull his strings in Paris. On the whole, Strickland caught his train that night with a mind fairly free from apprehension.

He started from Paris at nine o'clock the next morning by the *rapide* to Marseilles. He would find the two girls safe at the *Hôtel de l'Europe* in the town. Meanwhile his train was late; by half an hour at Dijon; by an hour at Valence.

That morning Corinne had risen early. Strickland had drawn the right inference from Ariadne's letter. There is no greater test to which friendship can be put than the test of isolation.

When Strickland was taking his seat in the train at Victoria on Thursday night, Ariadne rose from the piano.

"I would like to make an excursion tomorrow to Les Baux, Corinne," she said.

"What in the world's that?" asked Corinne.

"The Castle of the Troubadours. It's a wonderful drive, I believe, and a wonderful place of ruins on the top of a hill."

Ruins upon the top of a hill meant less than nothing to Corinne.

"I have an idea," she said. "You go to Les Baux. The Moldavia puts into Marseilles tomorrow morning, and I believe I have some friends on board. I'll ring up the hotel for a motor to come out for me, and I'll catch the early train."

Ariadne agreed without hesitation. "You can get back?"

Corinne consulted a time-table. "Yes. But I shall be a little late, I expect. I shouldn't get to the house until nearly midnight."

Ariadne laughed. "It doesn't sound dreadfully late, does it? I don't expect that I shall get back until fairly late myself. I'll wait up for you."

Thus it was arranged. Corinne was downstairs the next morning by eight o'clock.

The economy of the Villa Laure becomes here a matter of importance. Denise Bochoin, the wife of the lodgekeeper, was in the habit of arriving at the villa at half-past six in the morning. She let herself in with her key, lighted a fire and made the coffee, and soon after seven took it up with some *bricoles* to the young ladies. She then went about her duties in the house, and took in the letters. This she did on the morning when John Strickland left Paris by the day express.

Corinne got up at once, ate her early breakfast as she dressed, knocked on Ariadne's door, and cried: "I am off," listened to a very sleepy reply of "Good hunting!" and went downstairs. In the drawing-room, upon a table in one of the great windows which looked out upon the Rhone, the letters were laid in a little heap. On the top of them lay a telegram.

Corinne pounced upon it. She did not even think of reading to which of them it was addressed. She inserted a finger and flicked it open. She read Strickland's telegram.

Corinne dropped into a chair. She felt sick and faint. The words of the telegram needed no interpreter. Archie Clutter and his friend Roussencq had slipped into France, were after her, had some inkling certainly of where she was, might even have in their possession her actual address. A sense of utter despair stole over her. Almost she gave up, but in the moment of yielding she felt the great hand close over her mouth, and the morning went black before her and the blood in her veins turned to ice.

Clutter is indeed close on the trail of Ariadne and Corinne—and that merciless pursuit reaches its goal in the breathless climax of A. E. W. Mason's final instalment—in December

1927

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